SPECIAL REPORT

JULY 30, 1984

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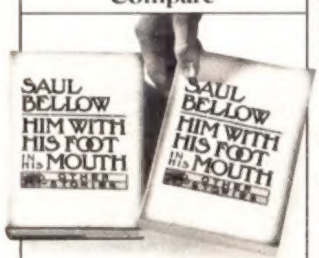

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JULY 30, 1984

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. 124 No. 5

A Letter from the Publisher

When the Summer Olympics were held in Los Angeles 52 years ago, TIME's pre-Games coverage amounted to one column of miscellaneous notes and statistics. (Sample: the 69-member Brazilian team was so strapped for funds it had to sell bags of coffee to finance its stay.) We have come a long way since 1932. This week TIME marks the return of the Summer Games to the U.S. with one of the biggest editorial issues in its history. In addition to 15 pages of convention coverage, the magazine contains a 38-page Special Section, by far TIME's largest Olympic undertaking. Under the direction of Assistant Managing Editor Walter Bingham and Senior Editor José M. Ferrer III, Special Projects Art Director Tom Bentkowski, along with dozens of writers, photographers, correspondents and reporter-researchers, put together a preview of the quadrennial event that offers not only a sense of its vastness but, in Ferrer's words, "creates a sense of focus. Our stories introduce a relatively small number of U.S. and foreign participants and work, we hope, as a selective guide to the myriad individuals and statistics involved in the Games."

ANTONIO SUAREZ

Castro and Leifer: the landmark had a sore arm

Among those individuals are 18 athletes from nine countries (Britain, China, Egypt, Greece, India, Italy, Japan, Kenya and the U.S.) whom TIME has photographed against one of their homeland's famous symbols or landmarks. This 14-page photo essay, with captions by Senior Writer Paul Gray, provides dazzling evidence of the artful eye of Photographer Neil Leifer, who also took the cover picture of U.S. Track and Field Star Carl Lewis at the Statue of Liberty. "Not only was this the best assignment I've ever had," says Leifer, "it was the best I've ever heard about." It was certainly one of the longest: 18 months from first proposal to final prints, involving substantial amounts of planning, travel and especially diplomacy. "Persuading star athletes to interrupt their training schedules and sometimes go hundreds of miles to pose for pictures took a lot of cajolery," recalls Leifer. "So did getting officials at the Parthenon to close the temple early so we could shoot in late-afternoon light and convincing the Chinese that I indeed wanted to shoot at the Great Wall and not at the Temple of Heaven, even though the temple was in Peking and the Wall a 2½-hour drive away." Leifer was aided in his planning by Deputy Picture Editor Michele Stephenson and Staff Assistant Antonio Suarez, who helped with the entire assignment.

No one, however, was able to foresee some of the difficulties Leifer was to encounter. In England he found his first choice for a backdrop, Big Ben, sheathed in scaffolding. Result: the shoot underwent a fast change of locale to Windsor Castle. Scaffolding also loomed as a potential problem at the Statue of Liberty, which was scheduled to be shut down late last year for repair and refurbishing. Leifer quickly corralled the busy Carl Lewis and got him to pose last October in what was then the only prototype of the U.S. Olympic uniform. "The real difficulty," says Leifer, "was getting him up at 5:30 a.m. to be at the statue when the light is best. Carl hates to get up early."

Included in the original assignment were three Communist countries, the Soviet Union, East Germany and Cuba, which have decided since May to sit out the Games. Leifer had the notion that Cuba's "landmark" was President Fidel Castro, who obligingly posed with the island's superheavyweight boxer, Teófilo Stevenson. Afterward, when Leifer asked Castro to autograph a picture from an earlier session, the President's arm was so sore from holding Stevenson's hand aloft in a victory salute that he could barely write. The arm was not too sore, however, to offer Leifer a light for his Cohiba Cuban cigar in the souvenir photo above.

John A. Meyer

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The Olympics: A Prospect of Golden Moments

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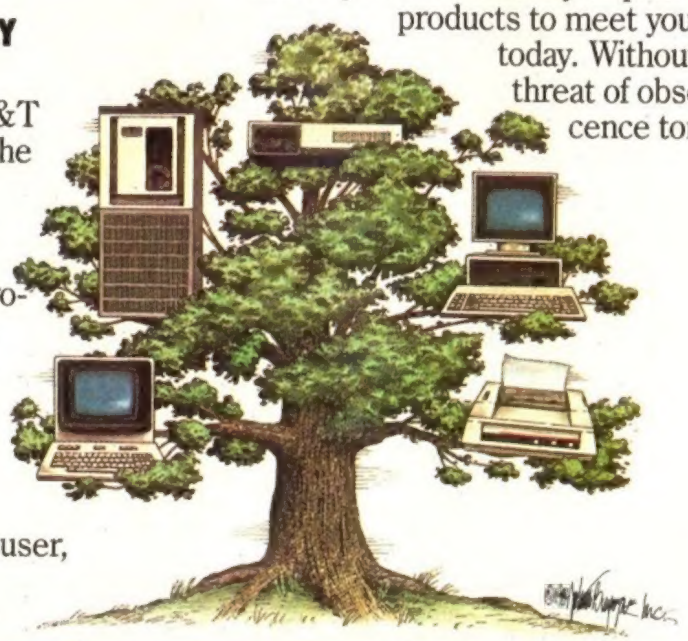

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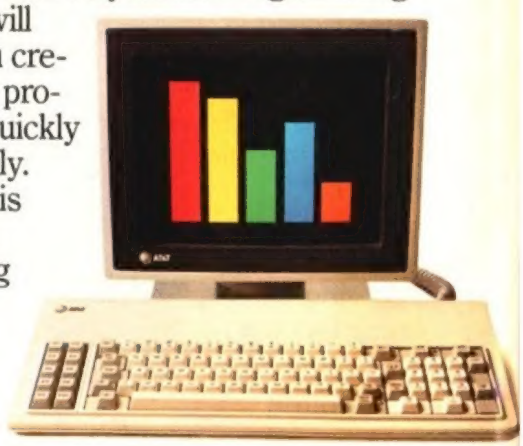

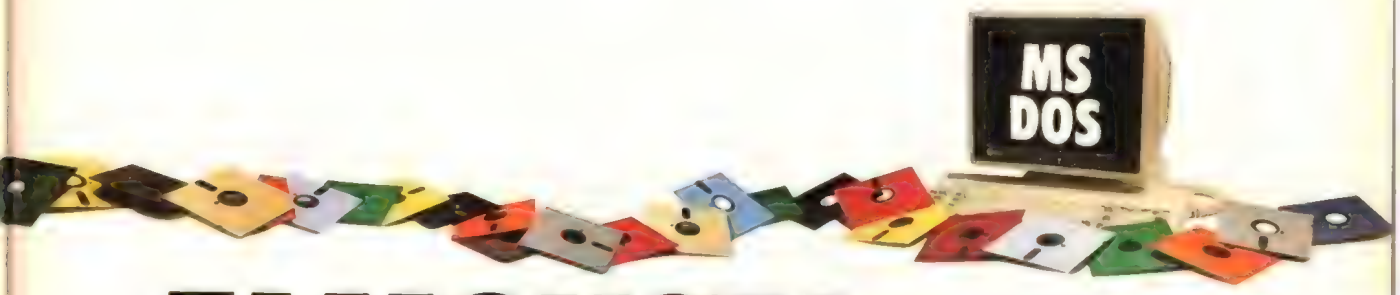

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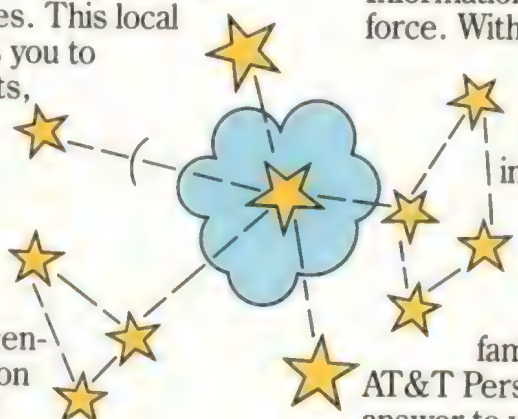

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Letters

Changing Israel

To the Editors:

I am an American Jew who is an ardent supporter of Israel and at the same time a proud and thankful American. So long as Israel remains a democracy, those problems you so correctly reported [WORLD, July 9] will be resolved.

Eric O. Harpman
New York City

I have just returned from doing anthropological research in Israel and found your story on the complexities of that country's society accurate. But there are two issues on which Israelis are united: Jerusalem and the West Bank. Never again will Jerusalem be divided, nor will Arab guns point down into the Plain of Sharon from the West Bank hills.

Richard V. Weekes
Houston

Israelis should get out of all Arab lands. Then the U.S. could sever the umbilical cord that links us to Israel in a relationship that costs us so much money and gives us so much trouble in dealing with other nations.

Anthony A. Cordova
New York City

I was bemused to read that a member of Israel's Knesset feels that U.S. aid is causing Israel to lose its independence. He should know that many Americans resent the billions given to his country from our taxes. An alien theocracy is the antithesis of American democracy and all it stands for.

Donald Conklin
Palatine, Ill.

Roving Jackson

Jesse Jackson [NATION, July 9] is not the diplomat he thinks he is, and he never will be until he can tell the difference between diplomacy and being used.

Dennis Rainwater
Noble, Okla.

I resent the negative reporting of Jesse Jackson's Central American tour. It is time someone traveled abroad to represent those of us who are dismayed by the Administration's Central American policy. It is apparent Jesse Jackson's "disruptive diplomacy" is the only diplomacy that is achieving results.

Susan Smith Melton
Boston

I would not vote for Jackson for President, but I am glad we have him. The U.S. played a major role in coups in Guatemala and Chile, not to mention other smaller actions in Latin America. I have no love for Communism, but our support of dictators is appalling. Jackson forces us to see with a fresh perspective.

Philip J. Russell
Corte Madera, Calif.

Jackson successfully negotiated the release of nearly 50 prisoners from Cuban jails. This deed stamps him as a deft, skilled diplomat whose finesse in sensitive dealings with foreign nations is worthy of special commendation. Jackson should be considered for the Nobel Peace Prize.

Milton Mazo
Sunrise, Fla.

I am glad that someone has the guts to fight for his beliefs peacefully. If there were more people like Jesse Jackson in the Administration, we would be talking with the Soviets.

Kelly Rhuda
Mahopac, N.Y.

I am shocked by what Jackson is saying and doing against my country. It is infuriating to know that someone will stoop so low as to take advantage of freedom of speech to make critical remarks about the U.S. in an unfriendly country.

Stella Woodall
Junction, Texas

You end your article by stating that "Democrats at home can only hope he shows the same desire for peace at the convention." What Democrats are you talking about? I am a black Democrat, and you do not speak of me. Jesse Jackson's campaign for peace and equality has elevated the consciousness of all Americans. He is an eloquent, compassionate, able and dedicated leader.

Timothy H. Austin
White Plains, N.Y.

Nice going, Jesse. Just what we needed: more drug pushers in the U.S.

Gerald J. Dadich
Westmont, Ill.

Whether you like it or not, Jackson managed to reunite prisoners with their families and again proved that things can be achieved by sincere talking rather than cold war mongering. As to the charge that Castro and Jackson were "using" each


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Letters

other, it is better that they use each other for peaceful ends than for divisive ones. If Ronald Reagan's foreign policy is wrong, it should be attacked from wherever possible, on these shores or abroad.

Phyllis D. Crockett
Alexandria, Va.

Perhaps the reason Jackson did not separate himself sooner from Minister Louis Farrakhan is that Farrakhan says what Jackson feels but cannot say.

John Easley
McHenry, Ill.

Jackson would have done more good if he had come up with a way to get drug traffickers into jail.

Thomas R. Shepard
Camarillo, Calif.

Starting START

I want to make a correction in the etymology of the term START given in your story on arms policy [WORLD, June 25]. You say, "Pipes and Allen wanted to call the new talks SART." In fact, this was the term that first cropped up in the Administration after President Reagan decided to press for reductions of nuclear weapons. I thought this acronym unattractive and at a meeting of the National Security Council staff held early in the Administration suggested START as an alternative. This suggestion was accepted.

Richard Pipes
Baird Professor of History
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Export-Import Gap

The effect of the Third World recession on the U.S. trade deficit warrants more attention than it received in your article "The Threatening Trade Gap" [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, July 9]. In 1980 U.S. exports to the developing countries were more than those to Europe and Japan combined, and throughout the 1970s the Third World accounted for the largest share of gains in U.S. exports and export-related jobs. Thus, while the U.S. and other industrialized countries are emerging from the recession, the U.S. export sector is not likely to achieve its previous high levels so long as growth prospects for the most dynamic source of new demand for U.S. goods, the Third World, remain bleak. Lower interest rates are essential if Third World growth is to be resumed. The sustainability of our own economic recovery depends on it.

John W. Sewell, President
Overseas Development Council
Washington, D.C.

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Letters

sacrificed long-term objectives for quick, short-term profitability, hence our decline in the world markets, where staying power and ability to meet fierce competition are of vital importance.

Bijan N. Tabrizi
Glendale Heights, Ill.

Large Truths, Small Truths

The fuss and fury over Alastair Reid's transgressing the rule of literal exactness in his chronicles for *The New Yorker* [PRESS, July 2] have me baffled. The myth of journalistic "objectivity" only serves to build a false sense of security in the trustworthiness of the news provided by the press. Quoting with verbatim accuracy is not the ultimate way of arbitrating truth. As a writer and a knowledgeable watcher of the Iberian scene, I have followed and appreciated Reid's accounts in *The New Yorker*. They reflect the verity of Spanish society far more faithfully than most other reporting. Reid proves that poetic license, when handled by a competent mind, has a legitimate place in journalism.

Georges Dupont
Meschers-sur-Gironde, France

Making Moral Distinctions

I cannot believe Charles Krauthammer means what he writes in "The Moral Equivalent of . . ." [ESSAY, July 9]. Nor can I accept the assertion that we are blurring the "obvious" moral distinction between Right and Wrong, Us and Them, because of our "world weariness," produced by 40 years of cold war. To the contrary. After 40 years of superficial, self-righteous superstition, the American public is searching beneath the "obvious" and discovering that there is actually precious little that separates Us from Them.

William F. Bristow
Spokane, Wash.

Krauthammer revealed the irony of our times. The concept of morality is meaningless unless seen as both universal and immutable. Many today find it convenient to bear the lance of moral judgment to condemn, rightly or wrongly, this nation's Central American or nuclear arms policies. Yet many of these same individuals rise in indignation at the prospect of imposing morality in treating issues like abortion and pornography. The selectivity found in the moral sense is inconsistent. It is at best tragically flawed.

J. Bernard Forster
Akron

It is Charles Krauthammer, not Dr. Seuss, who oversimplifies. As much as most of us would enjoy the comfortable childhood myth that the good guys wear white hats and the bad guys wear black, it is just that—a myth. Moral distinctions can be and still are being made. What troubles Krauthammer is that Dr. Seuss has the audacity to suggest to children that even the good guys may have feet of clay.

Krauthammer would be comfortable in a prison setting, where distinctions are clearly drawn. The bad guys live in cages, and the good guys lock them in. As for intelligence, morality and personal integrity, there is little or no difference at all.

Jean Harris, 81-G-98
Bedford Hills, N.Y.

"Right" and "wrong" are absolute words. What is terrifying is that they often provoke absolute reactions.

Thomas True
North Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Miss Liberty's Torch

When I saw the corroded torch being removed from the arm of the Statue of Liberty, I felt that nature might be telling us what our politicians refuse to admit, that the deterioration of the great lady symbolizes the erosion that has taken place in our immigration policy [NATION, July 2]. Perhaps it would be in the best interest of America if we halted all immigration for two years, so our borders could be protected and our laws reconstructed, just as the torch is being rebuilt.

M. Randall Thomas
New York City

What a pity the Statue of Liberty is getting all patched up. When the Simpson-Mazzoli bill gets passed, we will have to take the statue down. How can you have Miss Liberty in New York City saying "come" and our Congress in Washington saying "get lost"?

Peter Lorenzen
West Lafayette, Ind.

Radio Blabbermouths

Radio Host Howard Stern [SHOW BUSINESS, July 9] is not a "belligerent broadcaster" like the others mentioned in your article who inflame their listeners and prey on their fears. Instead, Stern makes light of personal and cultural differences through his humor. Audiences laugh not at the individual caller but at Stern's comedic madness, which mocks the bigots who thrive on fear.

Mark Aaron Zidzik
Toms River, N.J.

Howard Stern of WNBC says, "Some people find me disgusting, while others love me. But they all listen." Wrong! I turn the radio off rather than listen to Stern and his colleagues.

Francine B. Upton
Maplewood, N.J.

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Flag-waving finale: the balloons, lights and blaring band are a standard convention windup, but this time the enthusiasm was genuine

TIME/JULY 30, 1984

Now for the Real Fight

The Democrats soared in San Francisco, but can they beat Reagan?

CONVENTION 84

It was a typical convention-ending scene: thousands of balloons descending toward the packed floor, the band blaring rousing music, the delegates waving small American flags, colored spotlights panning the rostrum, washing over the smiling, happy candidates. But what happened in San Francisco last week was more than a ritual display of party unity. The cheers were genuine, and so were the tears of joy that flowed unabashedly from the eyes of many delegates. The Democrats knew they were making history: the woman up on the podium was the first ever selected for national office by a major party. As Geraldine Ferraro had told them earlier in accepting her nomination (by acclamation) as the vice-presidential candidate, "By choosing a woman to run for our nation's second-highest office, you send a powerful signal to all Americans. There are no doors we cannot unlock."

It was not the first time tears flowed at last week's Democratic Convention, nor the first time history was made. Two nights before, the Rev. Jesse Jackson, voice hoarse, shirt soaked with sweat, had moved even delegates opposed to him with an evangelical plea for "the desperate, the damned, the disinherited, the disrespected and the despised." He was the first black to play so pivotal a role at a major-party convention, the leader of a significant bloc of delegates (he got 465½ votes on the roll call for the presidential nomination) whose every move and word stirred anxious speculation. So much so, that amid all the cadenced fire, it was a simple declaration, one that would have sounded anticlimactic from anyone else, that many delegates waited most eagerly to hear: "I will be proud to support the nominee of this convention."

But all the history, all the tears—what were they leading toward? In the most emotional moments, every delegate on the floor of the Moscone Center knew that Presidential Nominee Walter Mondale, no matter how galvanizing his choice of ticket mate, was fighting against heavy odds. In the modern era, when presidential nominations are decided in primaries and caucuses and Vice Presidents are chosen by their running mates, a convention has functions other than picking a ticket. It serves as a kind of combined pep rally to lift the spirits of a party's electoral foot soldiers and a huge free TV commercial to put a campaign message, as phrased by the party's best orators, before the public. A divided and bickering convention can destroy a candidacy, but a harmonious and uplifting one may bring little more than a temporary boost in popularity.

What the San Francisco convention could do to give the Democratic ticket a rousing send-off, it accomplished. As symbolism, the mere presence of Ferraro, and to a lesser extent Jackson, on the podium might help bring to the polls many women, as well as blacks, Hispanics and members of other minorities who have not voted before. As show biz, the convention produced such an exceptionally high

History-making ticket: presidential and vice-presidential nominees savoring victory

level of oratory that some oldtimers were arguing which speech was the best in their memory: Jackson's stem-winder or the stirring keynote by New York Governor Mario Cuomo. Party-splitting brawls were avoided, and unity was pledged by many orators, some of whom sounded as if they meant it. Colorado Senator Gary Hart promised full support of Mondale, who defeated him in a grueling and bitter primary campaign, and Jackson, after losing a string of floor fights over platform planks, made a point of apologizing to any fellow Democrats who might have been offended by his preconvention stridency. More important, he appealed penitently to the Jews who had been especially disturbed by his previous oratory. Said Jackson: "We must turn from finger pointing to clasped hands."

The Democrats also zeroed in on the issues and themes they will stress in the campaign. Speaker after speaker painted a portrait of false prosperity menaced by gargantuan budget deficits and of a fragile peace threatened by Ronald Reagan's alleged warlike proclivities. But the overriding message of the convention was that America must return to old-fashioned values: hard work, playing by the rules and, above all, devotion to family. If that sounds rather Republican—indeed, Reaganite—Mondale, Ferraro and their supporting cast converted it into an assault on the "fairness issue." In contrast to what Mondale in his acceptance speech called Reagan's "Government of the rich, by the rich and for the rich," they said the Democrats will treat the entire nation as an extended family, offering unstinted help and succor to all its members.

At the end, the delegates left San Francisco a great deal more upbeat and determined than they were when they arrived, but only marginally closer to victory. Mondale and Ferraro now face the daunting task of persuading the public to vote against a popular President at a time of surging economic growth and no obvious threat of war. Many Democrats, including Mondale's top planners, readily concede that the nominees can win only if they shape and carry out a virtually flawless strategy and get some breaks besides. Willie Brown Jr., speaker of the California assembly, wryly suggests that divine intervention may be needed too. Says he: "It's going to take the Lord's being more interested in Mondale than Reagan."

Moreover, Mondale, who can afford to make few, if any, mistakes, made a big one even before launching his campaign. Rather than waiting for the convention to end before replacing the Democratic National Committee chairman with his own man, as is customary, Mondale jumped the gun. As the convention was about to meet, he attempted to dump D.N.C. Chairman Charles Manatt for Bert Lance. Dissuaded by an uproar within the party, he reinstated Manatt and installed Lance as general chairman of the Mondale campaign instead. To the nominee and his aides, Georgian Lance is a steadfast Mondale loyalist and an expert on Southern politics who might be able to shape a victorious strategy in a vital region. But the public remembers Lance—and if it has forgotten, Republicans will offer numerous reminders—as the Office of Management and Budget director who, despite Jimmy Carter's initial assertion, "Bert, I'm proud of you," was forced out of the Carter Administration by a furor over his freewheeling practices as a private banker. Lance was later brought to trial on 33 counts of bank fraud and other financial misdeeds; the jury acquitted him on nine charges and deadlocked on three others, and the judge dismissed the remainder.

Gleeful Republicans plan to cite Lance's presence in the Mondale campaign if the Democratic challenger tries to attack the numerous ethical lapses by the men and women Reagan has appointed to office. Lance, said a delighted Reagan campaign aide, "eliminates the sleaze factor for us." The Reaganauts also think the Lance appointment will help them tie the Democratic nominee to the still unpopular Carter Administration, in which Mondale was Vice President. A major element of Reagan's message to the voters will, in effect, be the question: Do you really want to go back to the Carter days?

Even without Lance's complicating


EDDIE ADAMS

An embrace and tears of pride unite two delegates on the floor

matters, Mondale figured to start the campaign far behind, at least according to polls taken before Ferraro's selection. A Gallup survey completed on the eve of the convention gave Reagan a 53%-to-39% lead. Private state-by-state polls, claim Democrats who have seen some of them, were considerably more jarring. Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers said he did not know of one state in which Mondale led prior to the convention. Pollster Pat Caddell, an adviser to Hart during the primaries, asserted that only in Massachusetts did Mondale trail by fewer than 10 points.

A presidential election is really a set of 50 simultaneous state elections out of which a candidate has to put together 270 electoral votes. Reagan's strategy is simple: sweep the West and South, where his social and economic conservatism and stress on military strength are highly popular. Even if he missed a few states, his Sunbelt strength would bring him so close that he could win the election by adding one or two Northeastern or Midwestern industrial states. New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Connecticut and Michigan are the likeliest targets.

Mondale's planners still have not drawn up a firm list of pivotal states. Before the convention, their battle map was the reverse of Reagan's: sweep the industrial Northeast and Midwest, which have become the new Democratic heartland, then pick off a few big Western or, more likely, Southern states. Lance mentions Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina and Florida as possibilities, and adds, "We have to win Texas to be elected."

But by the end of last week Mondale strategists were insisting that with the selection of Ferraro and the national exposure she received during the convention, all bets are off. "These overnight polls are incredible!" exclaimed Campaign Manager Robert Beckel at midday Friday as he examined charts spread out on a table at the Meridien, Mondale's headquarters hotel in San Francisco. Campaign Chairman James Johnson, studying the same figures, said that "tracking" polls showed a rise in the popularity of the ticket every night of the convention, with an especially sharp jump of 10 to 15 points after the nominees' acceptance speeches on Thursday.

BEN MARTIN

Demonstrators rallying for the runner-up

Tracking polls are quick surveys of small numbers of voters who have been polled previously that attempt to ascertain whether news events have changed their minds. Whether the results that so elated Mondale's staff will later be supported by more comprehensive polls and whether the phenomenon will last are open to question. Nonetheless, on the strength of the new data and the enthusiasm over the Ferraro candidacy, Mondale's planners now say they will make a much more extensive effort than originally intended in the South. At a meeting arranged by Lance between Ferraro and Southern Governors and party leaders, she was invited to campaign in each of 13 states. In the West, Mondale strategists initially talked of possible victories only in Washington and Oregon. Now they vow a significant drive in California, which they had all but written off.

Mondale's aides regard Ferraro, despite her liberalism and Queens accent, as a woman for all regions who can appeal to every type of voter. Blue-collar, urban ethnic voters, especially Roman Catholics, will listen to her, they think, because she is one of them: the Catholic daughter of an Italian immigrant who represents a conservative blue-collar district. Well-educated suburbanites may be attracted to her as a symbol of new ideas and new departures in politics, even though her voting record in the House followed a rather traditional liberal Democratic line. Democrats hope she will win voters under 40, who in recent polls seemed to be turning heavily toward Reagan. That is an ominous signal to Democrats, not only for this election but for the future. Men 50 or older, not surprisingly, were most opposed to Ferraro's selection in early surveys. But according to Johnson, Mondale's tracking polls showed that her performance at the convention was changing more minds in that group than in any other. Ferraro will campaign extensively on her own and probably make some joint swings with Mondale.

The Democrats' highest hope is that Ferraro's presence, and the aura of tradition-breaking excitement she brings to the ticket, will spur their efforts to register millions of new voters. Even before her selection, they had been talking of a total voting turnout on Nov. 6 of up to 100 million people, *vs.* 86 million in 1980. The bulk of these first-time voters, they calculate, will be minorities sympathetic to the Democratic Party; many others will be women energized by the Ferraro campaign. Johnson classes crucial Texas specifically and the whole South generally as "registration states," where a heavy turnout of new voters could upset all current political calculations.

Prospects for drawing new voters to the polls for Mondale, however, depend not just on Ferraro's appeal but on Jackson's efforts among blacks and other minorities. While Jackson is pledged to support the ticket, the degree of enthusiasm he may bring to that task is not certain. The day after his fiery speech to the convention, the volatile preacher was telling a caucus of black delegates that "you all got nothing" out of the gathering. But after the convention closed, he asserted at a fund-raising dinner that with 106 days left before the election, "I will commit for at least 100 of those days for the nominee." At about the same time, Lamond God-

BILL PIERCE

Whip for the winner catching a quick nap

win, a Jackson campaign aide, talked of Jackson's forming a new political organization that would "be a force within the party as organized labor is a force within the party."

Jackson is holding out for specific concessions, like the naming of blacks acceptable to him to top posts in the Mondale campaign. Even if he can be satisfied and stumps hard, however, his efforts would present another problem for the party. They might spur Republican attempts to sign up conservative-minded whites whom Jackson frightens, at least partly offsetting Democratic registration drives.

TOM KLEIN

Mondale and Wife Joan watching the roll call as his triumph drew near

In any case, Mondale can hardly rely on new registrations and Ferraro's help alone to put him over. Even with Ferraro at his side, he cannot win a campaign based on personality and image. Reagan is just too genial, too popular, too skilled in handling television, a medium that diminishes Mondale. Says Robert Strauss, former head of the Democratic National Committee: "This country is never going to like a Walter Mondale as much as a Ronald Reagan. But they can respect him more for his qualities of governing this nation." To have much chance of winning, the Democrats will have to develop a cogent and compelling case on the issues, a job that can be performed only by the head of the ticket.

It is a forbidding task. To begin with, the Democrats have to make it clear they are criticizing Reagan's policies rather than his person, since an *ad hominem* attack would almost certainly backfire. But the effort "to separate the salesman from the product," as Cuomo put it in his keynote address, turns on subtle distinctions that are not easy to draw on the stump.

In order to make his case, Mondale last week challenged Reagan to a series of six televised debates, each confined to detailed discussion of a single topic, like arms control or the deficit. Democrats think such a format would give Mondale an opportunity to expose weaknesses in White House arguments. Reagan, however, will probably agree to only one or at most two debates, and Mondale would have no choice but to accept, though his supporters are gloomy about his prospects. A wide-ranging debate puts a premium on the instant image and snappy response, classically typified by Reagan's quizzical look and "There you go again" line to Carter during their 1980 face-off. At least one debate between Ferraro and Vice President George Bush is likely too, and Democratic chances in that would be much better. Bush would be under considerable restraint, having to gauge how sharply he could assail a woman opponent, who would not have to win to be effective. Ferraro would just need to prove that she could hold her own against the man Republicans insist is far better qualified to stand a heartbeat away from the Oval Office.

On the tube and the hustings, Reagan can and will campaign on what at least appears to be a rosy record. With production growing, inflation sharply reduced and joblessness a shade lower than when he took office, he will not hesitate to ask again his question of 1980: Are you better off than you were four years ago? He knows that this time most voters will answer yes. He will boast of increasing military strength and a firm foreign policy that has won the respect of adversaries. Failures like the stationing of Marines in Lebanon he will simply ignore.

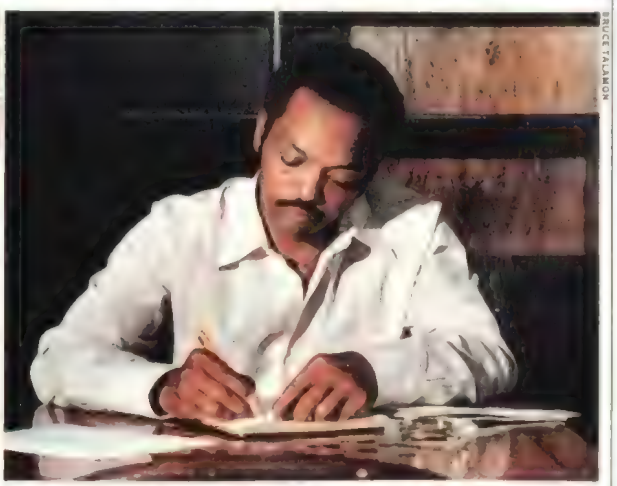
There is little chance that events will undermine this case, at least in time to do Mondale much good. Interest rates may rise further, but it is unlikely they will topple the economy into a new recession that would be felt by Nov. 6. "By the luck of the draw, it looks like we are going to wage a campaign at the top of the economic cycle," said a Reagan aide last week.

The President's political planners do fear a new leftist offensive in El Salvador that might present Reagan with the glum choice of increasing U.S. military involvement in that country or risking its loss to Marxism. Failing that, though, they doubt that voters will be much disturbed by overseas events. "The public does not focus on foreign policy unless American boys are committed somewhere," says a Reagan planner. Preliminary talks with the Soviet Union on banning antisatellite weapons, should they take place in Vienna in September, could help the White House counter vehement Democratic charges that Reagan is more interested in winning an exorbitantly expensive and deadly nuclear arms race than in trying to restrain that competition.

The Democrats began developing their line of attack at the convention. On the key issue of the economy, often decisive in U.S. elections, they are sounding two themes. One is that the drop in inflation was bought only at the price of a sav-

SIPA—SPECIAL FEATURES

Hart conferring with Aide Theodore Sorensen on his speech draft



BRUCE TALAMON

Jackson polishing the rhetoric of his fervent stem-winder

age recession, succeeded by an uneven recovery whose effects have yet to reach many of the poor and disadvantaged. In his keynote speech, Cuomo contrasted Reagan's performance with the Democrats' 50-year record of striving to build prosperity shared by all. His eloquence drew wild applause from the delegates, but to some outside the hall he seemed to be dwelling in the past. SUDDENLY, IT'S 1936, jeered the headline over a *Wall Street Journal* editorial.

The second Democratic theme is to present the party as one of hard, tough realism, willing to look beyond the glitter of temporary prosperity and demand the sacrifices necessary to head off a calamitous bust. Thus Mondale in his acceptance speech became perhaps the first candidate ever to run for President on a pledge to raise taxes. To lower the deficit, he said, "that must be done. Mr. Reagan will raise taxes, and so will I. He won't tell you. I just did." Mondale also vowed to cut federal spending, telling Congress, in words that sounded odd from a Democratic rostrum: "If you don't hold the line, I will. That's what the veto is for."

Intellectually the Democrats' case is eminently arguable. But politically it is hard to sell. Voters may not believe that a party whose convention resounded with exhortations about the sanctity of Social Security and Medicare is serious about cutting spending. Mondale's promise to raise taxes certainly was courageous enough, but the deficits that prompted it are too large to be anything but an abstraction to many American voters, and the pledge is open to obvious Republican attack. Gibed White House Spokesman Larry Speakes: "We will let Walter Mondale do the talking about raising taxes. This Administration has been talking and working for three years to ease the burden of taxation on all Americans." Worst of all, from the Democrats' viewpoint, the party will appear to be preaching fear of the future, and that is scarcely as appealing in the voting booth as Reagan's all-weather optimism.

Perhaps the cheeriest thought for the Democrats, as images of the convention fade from TV screens and delegates return home, is that more than three months remain before the election. In modern politics, that is half an eternity. Just about anything can happen, as witness the dizzying twists and jolting turns of the Democratic primary season. Certainly three months ago, hardly anyone thought the Democratic vice-presidential nominee would be a woman named Geraldine Ferraro. But it will take something almost as unexpected to prevent the tears of Democratic joy and pride that flowed last week in San Francisco from turning into tears of a very different sort come November. —*By George J. Church.*

Reported by Robert Ajemian, Sam Allis and Douglas Brew/San Francisco

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Mr. Inside *vs.* Mr. Outside

Mondale being sworn in as Minnesota attorney general in May 1960

Walter Mondale, more than any other modern presidential candidate, is a child of the political system and the Government he seeks to control.

Aside from a few years of practicing private "political" law back in the '50s, Mondale has been campaigning for, or serving in, public office his entire adult life. His view of the nation and the world has been shaped from within the Government looking out. He has seen the private sector through the prism of lobbyists and favor seekers. Though he has drawn a six-figure salary as a Chicago lawyer for the past three years, his worth was measured by proximity to Government power. For nearly 30 years Mondale has devoted his life to spending other people's money in the belief that Government can be a force for good in their lives.

When all is said and done in this singular campaign, that may be the most important consideration. The final confrontation could be classic: Walter Mondale, who knows and values the role of the state, *vs.* Ronald Reagan, who has built his power by a direct dialogue with the people and given much of his long professional life to fighting Government.

Mondale got his law degree on the G.I. Bill, went immediately into campaigning for Minnesota politicians, was appointed the state attorney general, named U.S. Senator to fill a vacancy, was elevated to Vice President by Jimmy Carter and has been running for President since January 1981.

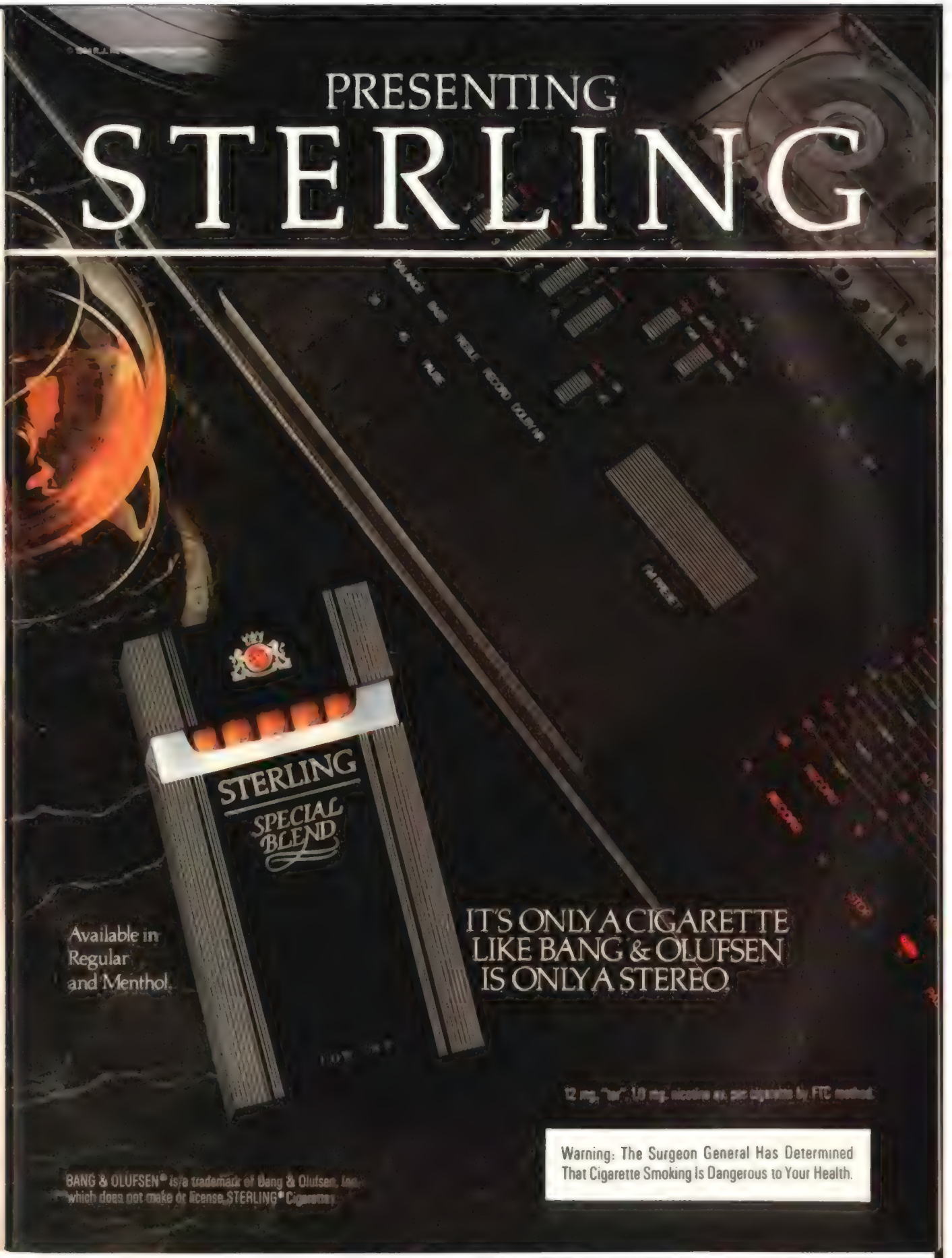
Reagan eked out an education doing odd jobs. He made his way successfully through the desperate Depression years on his genial Irish manner, his appealing profile and his enduring head of thick hair. He invested his movie earnings in real estate and made a bundle more, then entered government in protest against its size, cost and intrusion into individual lives. His view of power politics is still that of an outsider looking in.

Seventeen years separate these two men, and that seems to be an eon in the affairs of this country. Reagan as a young man never indulged in self-pity. He fought the Depression and won, gaining strength and stature from the challenge. Mondale, as a Midwest preacher's child in those years of drought and deprivation, was scarred by the suffering. Then he heard the glorious promises of Government from his mentor, Senator Hubert Humphrey, and he never looked back.

Mondale, sometimes more missionary than executive, overflows with compassion and concern, and for him Government is always there, comforting and handy, playing an important and worthy role as a resource against almost any adversity. Markets and profits and personal enterprise he reads about in newspapers. Mondale knows Government's processes, understands their limits and possibilities and has a feel for how they work. He is Government's grandest product.

Reagan believes that too many Government promises and programs have already dimmed the national spirit. He is convinced that the magnificent goose, whose golden eggs Mondale loves to distribute, does not live in the White House but resides in the private sector, fed by the vision of great reward and the fear of failure. Government now threatens rather than encourages the creation of wealth, the source of American strength, by Reagan's lights. He does not know Government very well, nor does he fully understand what has happened to this society and the world during his long life. But his unshaken belief that individual initiative is still the main ingredient of each person's success has already changed American society in a remarkable fashion.

That is the choice. Nobody said it would be easy.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"There is despair, Mr. President, in the faces that you don't see, in the places that you don't visit in your shining city . . . This nation is more a tale of two cities than it is just a shining city on a hill."

"We must get the American public to look past the glitter, beyond the showmanship, to the reality, the hard substance of things. And we will do it . . . not so much with speeches that will bring people to their feet as with speeches that bring people to their senses."

"We proclaim as loudly as we can the utter insanity of nuclear proliferation . . . if only to affirm the simple truth that peace is better than war because life is better than death."

"We believe in a single fundamental idea . . . the idea of family. Mutuality. The sharing of benefits and burdens . . ."

—Mario Cuomo

BILL PIERCE

Drama and Passion Galore

Despite its foregone conclusion, the convention was a sizzler of a show

CONVENTION '84

As Walter Mondale prepared to end his long march to the presidential nomination at last week's Democratic Convention, he and his staff left no detail, large or small, to chance. Yet no planner can manufacture drama and passion, and the Democrats' four-day spectacular in San Francisco surprised everybody with its abundance of both. From New York Governor Mario Cuomo's poignant evocation of the party's melting-pot past to Jesse Jackson's sweaty, moving, 51-minute tour de force to Geraldine Ferraro's winning performance in her unaccustomed role as history maker, the Democrats put on a sizzler of a show. And to end it, even Fritz Mondale, with his vision of opening doors to the future, gave what may have been the best speech of his life, one that he had honed through no fewer than 15 drafts.

Yet Mondale very nearly scuttled all his meticulous plans with an uncharacteristically impulsive act on the eve of the convention: his move to oust Democratic National Committee Chairman Charles Manatt. Presidential nominees usually replace their party chairmen with their own people, but they generally wait until after the convention has ended. Even so, the firing of Manatt would probably not have caused much of a national stir had it not been for Mondale's choice of Bert Lance, President Carter's scandal-tainted Budget Director, to replace him. Whether they liked Manatt or not, and many did not, scores of delegates rushed to his defense. Willie Brown Jr., California's Democratic assembly speaker, sarcastically professed to see a plus for Mondale in the debacle. "He will now be perceived as a miracle worker," cracked Brown. "He made Chuck Manatt into a sympathetic figure."

Mondale, who felt indebted to Lance for helping him win crucial primaries in Alabama and Georgia last March 13, evidently hoped to ram through the appointment while the convention was celebrating Ferraro's nomination as Vice President. But a series of news leaks riled the delegates before they arrived in San Francisco. By the time Mondale showed up on Monday, they were fighting mad, even though the Mondale camp had wisely decided to back off, at least halfway.

Manatt was kept on, but with a watchful Mondale loyalist, Michael Berman, installed as director—and *de facto* ruler—of the D.N.C., and Lance was given overall charge of the Mondale campaign. It had been a damaging blunder: not only had Mondale saddled himself with an unseemly link to the Carter Administration; he had seemed weak and vacillating in handling the uproar. Said Campaign Chairman James Johnson: "We did it in a clumsy way, and we wish we hadn't."

Mondale's two opponents, Jackson and Gary Hart, saw the dissension over Lance as a last chance to pry away Mondale delegates and block a first-ballot victory. Hart's aides happily spread the word that some 50 delegates who had been unpledged or in Mondale's camp had expressed interest in voting for Hart out of disgust over the Lance affair. Mondale's retreat, however, took much of the steam out of the fledgling revolt.

The Lance fiasco put delegates in a relatively subdued mood as they assembled in the 836-ft.-long convention hall. Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley sounded an opening plea for unity that would be heard again and again: "We are not here to beat up on each other, but to beat up on Ronald Reagan."

The advice was followed with powerful effect by Cuomo. At times clasping his hands like a lawyer appealing to jurors, the Governor let his voice rise and fall to convey sympathy and deep conviction. He cited Reagan's claim that America is "a shining city on a hill" and then turned the words against him. "A shining city is perhaps all the President sees from the portico of the White House and the veran-

"There is a time to sow and a time to reap. There is a time to compete and a time to cooperate . . . I will be proud to support the nominee of this convention."

"If in my high moments I have done some good, offered some service, shed some light, healed some wounds, rekindled some hope or stirred someone from apathy . . . or in any way . . . helped somebody, then this campaign has not been in vain."

"I am not a perfect servant. I am a public servant doing my best against the odds . . . God is not finished with me yet."

"I would rather have Roosevelt in a wheelchair than Reagan on a horse."

"We must leave the racial battleground and come to the economic common ground and moral higher ground. America, our time has come."

—Jesse Jackson

BILL PIERCE

da of his ranch, where everyone seems to be doing well." With biting irony, Cuomo declared: "There is despair, Mr. President, in the faces that you don't see, in the places that you don't visit in your shining city." Cuomo urged his party to "get the American public to look past the glitter, beyond the showmanship, to the reality, the hard substance of things." People should not be diverted by "the President's amiability," he said, but must "separate the salesman from the product."

Speaking solemnly, but with a kind of coiled power, throughout his 39-minute address, Cuomo charged that Reagan would not have won the 1980 election if he had told voters that he would "pay for his so-called economic recovery with bankruptcies, unemployment . . . and the largest Government debt known to humankind . . . That was an election won with smoke and mirrors and illusions. It is that kind of recovery we have now as well." Setting out a Democratic campaign theme, Cuomo said his party believes in "the family of America . . . the sharing of benefits and burdens for the good of all." Cuomo was interrupted 50 times by applause and by chants of "Mario, Mario."

By Tuesday, Mondale's strategists faced three lingering obstacles to a harmonious convention. First, there were rumors of an incipient move among the 271 Hispanic delegates and alternates to abstain on the first roll call, as a way to dramatize their opposition to what they consider the discriminatory nature of the Simpson-Mazzoli immigration bill, which has been passed by both houses of Congress but in different forms that still must be reconciled. Second, Jackson was pushing four minority reports that sought changes in the party platform and using his sway over black voters as a lever to get them passed. Finally, Hart was backing one platform change and was still insisting, with no tangible evidence, that he would eventually win the nomination.

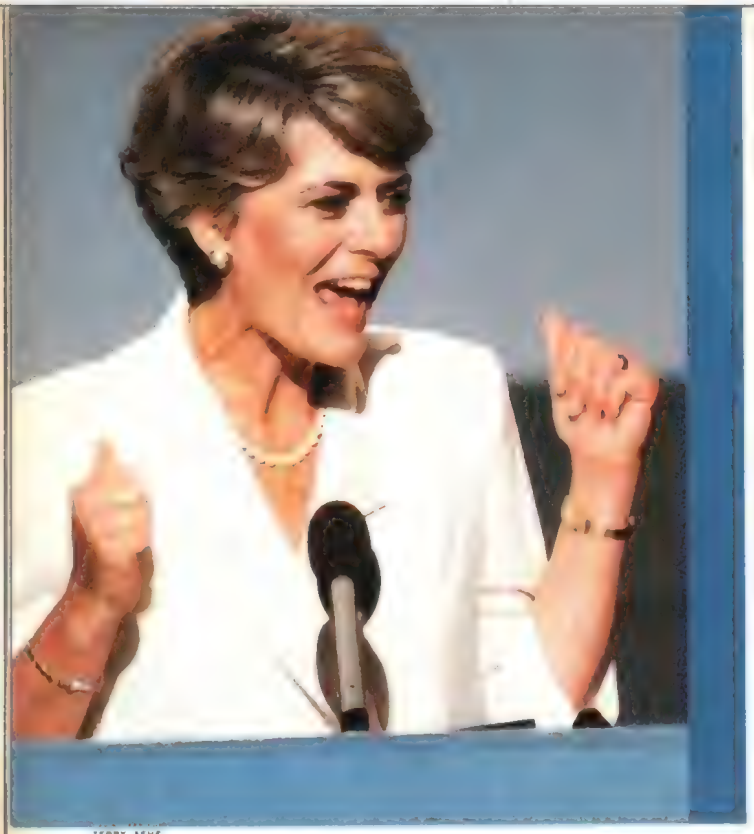
Hispanic disgruntlement came to a head at a noisy caucus on Tuesday morning. Mario Obledo, president of the League of United Latin American Citizens, made an impassioned argument that Mondale had not taken a firm enough stand against the immigration bill. "Abstain! Abstain!" shouted delegates. A resolution advising abstention finally lost on a 38-to-38 tie amid boos and shouting.

The Jackson platform challenge was more troublesome. Jackson was annoyed at not being consulted about the Lance appointment, complaining to numerous groups, "For women it's Ferraro, for the South it's Bert Lance, but for the blacks and Hispanics, so far they can point to nobody or no concrete commitment." The Mondale forces easily defeated Jackson planks calling for the U.S. to renounce the first use of nuclear weapons (2,216 to 1,406); a real decrease in defense spending rather than a modest rise (2,592 to 1,128); and the elimination of runoff primaries when no candidate receives a majority in the first vote (2,501 to 1,253). The intensity of black feeling over the dual-primary issue was demonstrated in almost brutal fashion when Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young spoke against the Jackson plank. Other black delegates booed and shouted throughout Young's brief speech. "You damn turncoat!" screamed one black delegate. "Uncle Tom!" cried another. Sweating profusely, Young looked shaken as he left the podium.

The Mondale forces wisely compromised on the fourth Jackson proposal, which called for a variety of affirmative-action techniques to provide greater job opportunities for minority applicants. Mondale operatives finally agreed to support the plank if Jackson would drop his demand for "quotas" in employment and substitute "verifiable measurements." This partial victory did not end black restiveness, and flyers circulated on the floor urging the 700 or so black delegates to vote for Jackson on the first roll call.

While Hart wanted to block Mondale from a first-ballot win, he had been boxed in. Mondale strategists had reluctantly agreed not to resist Hart's one floor motion, which sought to ban the use of U.S. troops, particularly in the Persian Gulf, until after all negotiations had failed and only if U.S. security was at stake. In return, Hart instructed his delegates to vote against the Jackson dual-primary plank. In an earlier unifying move, Mondale had agreed to let Hart address the convention on Wednesday night, right before the nomination balloting was scheduled to begin.

Still, the frustration felt by blacks raised fresh uncertainties about how Jackson would handle his long-awaited hour of glory at the convention podium on Tuesday night. When he appeared, he somehow managed to lift everyone, turn-



TERRY ASHE

"I stand before you to proclaim tonight: America is a land where dreams can come true for all of us."

"Americans want to live by the same set of rules. But under this Administration, the rules are rigged against too many of our people."

"It isn't right that a woman should get paid 59¢ on the dollar for the same work as a man. If you play by the rules, you deserve a fair day's pay for a fair day's work."

"By choosing a woman to run for our nation's second highest office, you send a powerful signal to all Americans. There are no doors we cannot unlock. We will place no limit on achievement."

"The issue is not what America can do for women but what women can do for America."

—Geraldine Ferraro

ing the political gathering into a revival meeting, complete with a humble confession and a plea for forgiveness. Subdued and speaking softly at first, he brought tears, then stirred delegates to shouts of joyful agreement with the powerful litany of his attack on Reagan's policies.

The first sustained applause came as Jackson vowed not to be a spoiler in the coming campaign. "There is a time to compete and a time to cooperate," he said. Then, in muted tones, he summed up his conduct as a candidate: "If in my high moments, I have done some good, offered some service, shed some light, healed some wounds, rekindled some hope . . . or in any way . . . helped somebody, then this campaign has not been in vain." Next he made a confession: "If in my low moments, in word, deed or attitude, through some error of temper, taste or tone, I have caused anyone discomfort, created pain or revived someone's fears, that was not my truest self . . . Please forgive me. Charge it to my head . . . so limited in its finitude; [not to] my heart, which is boundless in its love for the entire human family. I am not a perfect servant. I am a public servant . . . Be patient. God is not finished with me yet." Some delegates shouted, "Jesse! Jesse!" Others wept. Many did both.

Jackson made it clear he was reaching out to Jews, offended by his references to "Hymie town" and his slowness to repudiate the anti-Semitic rantings of the Nation of Islam's Louis Farrakhan. "We are much too intelligent, much too bound by our Judeo-Christian heritage . . . much too threatened as historical scapegoats, to go on divided, one from another." His face glistening by now, the Baptist preacher closed on an upbeat note. "Our time has come. Our faith, hope and dreams have prevailed. Our time has come." The emotional night ended as delegates, black and white, clasped hands high and swayed rhythmically to a stirring spiritual, *Ordinary People*.

But the next morning black frustration flared again. At a packed caucus of black delegates, Coretta Scott King, widow of Martin Luther King Jr., pleaded for unity. Her eyes brimming, she said, "Those of you who wronged Andy Young need to say, 'I'm sorry.'" She also was booed. Later, Jackson scolded the black delegates. "It is a source of embarrassment to me for those of you who respect me and my leadership to boo or hiss any black leader," he said. Looking at King, his eyes now tearful too, he added, "She deserves to be heard."

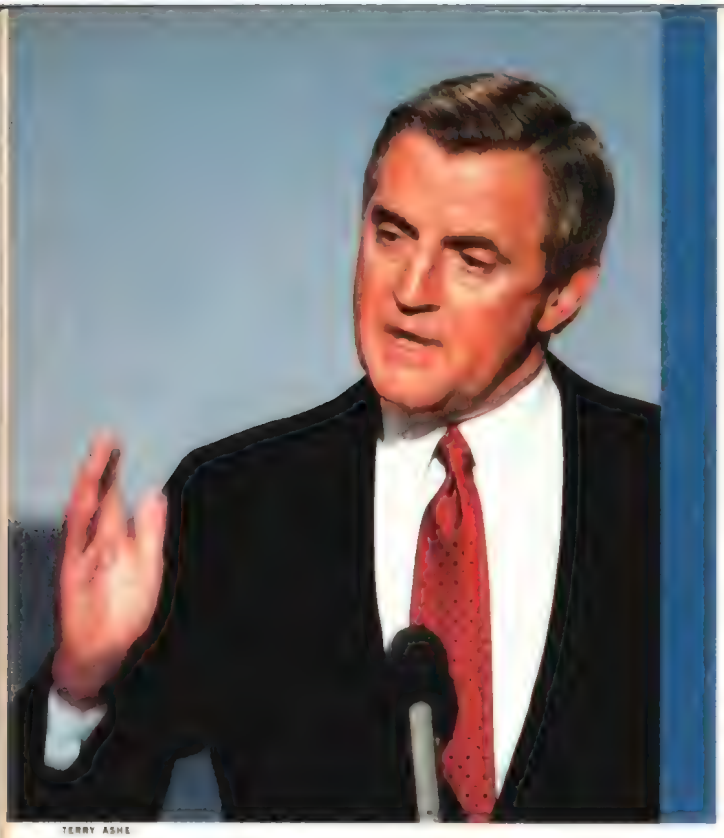
Appearing at the black caucus with Ferraro, Mondale took off his suit jacket and also appealed for a united front. He praised Jackson's address as "one of the most remarkable speeches in modern times." After noting his own strong record on civil rights, he said amid cheers, "I do not ask you today simply to join us in the campaign, but in Government, in the courts and in the Cabinet." Any large-scale defection of Mondale delegates apparently had been stemmed.

As the Wednesday-night balloting approached, only one substantive question remained: What kind of message would Hart deliver in his prime-time convention swan song? As it turned out, Hart paid obeisance to Mondale without explicitly abandoning his forlorn quest for the nomination. He praised his opponent's "unsurpassed grit, perseverance and determination." He told the loudly applauding delegates that whatever their nomination choice, he would "devote every waking hour and every ounce of energy to the defeat of Ronald Reagan." And he added a nice line: "This is one Hart you will not leave in San Francisco."

Still, Hart could not resist some not-so-veiled echoes of his earlier complaints about Mondale. "We have failed when we became cautious and complacent," he said of his party. He criticized "the policies of the comfortable past that do not answer the challenges of tomorrow." His followers gave Hart a warm ovation, and some wept in the realization that his candidacy was over. Others in the hall felt he had been less than gracious in defeat.

The actual roll call proved anticlimactic. The final tally, before Hart made the traditional motion for a unanimous decision, was Mondale, 2,191; Hart, 1,200; Jackson, 465. Mondale had fallen just nine votes shy of the 2,200 targeted by his staff and was a comfortable 224 votes above a majority.

Now the remaining suspense centered on personalities and performance. In a convention of blazing oratory, how would the nation's first woman vice-presidential candidate stand up to her first big test? How would the reserved Mondale measure up against the forceful Cuomo and mercurial Jackson? The answers, when they came on Thursday,



TERRY ASHE

"I do not envy the drowsy harmony of the Republican Party . . . They are a portrait of privilege, and we are a mirror of America."

"Mr. Reagan will raise taxes, and so will I. He won't tell you. I just did . . . To the corporations and the freeloaders who play the loopholes and pay no taxes, my message is: your free ride is over."

"It is time for America to have a season of excellence. Parents must turn off that television; students must do their homework; teachers must teach. And America must compete."

"Why can't they understand the cry of human beings for sense and sanity in control of these God-awful weapons? Why? Why? Why can't we meet in summit conferences with the Soviet Union at least once a year? Why can't we reach agreements to save this Earth? The truth is, we can."

—Walter Mondale

were pleasing to the Democratic Party.

As the convention's versatile band played the theme from *New York, New York*, the slender woman stepped with poise into the hall's glaring lights to accept the historic nomination and one of the emotional convention's most spirited ovations. Once again the faces of delegates, beaming or moist or both, reflected the excitement of the breakthrough.

"My name is Geraldine Ferraro," she said in a low-keyed but firm voice when the tumult subsided. "I stand before you to proclaim tonight: America is a land where dreams can come true for all of us." Her selection, she said, sent "a powerful signal to all Americans. There are no doors we cannot unlock. We will place no limit on achievement." Stressing the openness of her party, she declared, "Change is in the air, just as surely as when John Kennedy beckoned America to a New Frontier; when Sally Ride rocketed into space, and when Rev. Jesse Jackson ran for office of President of the United States." More cheers.

On campaign issues, Ferraro said that as an assistant district attorney in New York, "I put my share of criminals behind bars . . . If you break the law, you must pay for your crime." She charged that because of the Reagan Administration, "the rules are rigged" against too many Americans. "It isn't right that a woman should get paid 59¢ on the dollar for the same work as a man." Turning to cuts in student-loan funds, Ferraro bluntly addressed Reagan: "You fit the classic definition of a cynic; you know the price of everything, but the value of nothing."

Mondale was introduced by a fit-looking, relaxed and sardonic Edward Kennedy, who lashed Reagan with Boston clubhouse punches. "Send him back to Hollywood, which is where both *Star Wars* and Ronald Reagan really belong," shouted Kennedy, who went on: "By his choice of Geraldine Ferraro, Walter Mondale has already done more for this country in one short day than Ronald Reagan has done in four long years."

In his acceptance speech Mondale avoided the high-pitched delivery that sometimes sounds shrill on television, speaking more slowly and in more natural if nasal tones. Mondale contended that "the drowsy harmony of the Republican Party" contrasts with the open debates of the Democratic Party, and he claimed that there was another difference: "They are a portrait of privilege, and we are a mirror of America." Addressing anyone who voted for Reagan in 1980, he said, "I heard you. And our party heard you." He had learned since then, he conceded, "that America must have a strong defense, and a sober view of the Soviets . . . That government must be as well managed as it is well meaning . . . that a healthy, growing private economy is the key to the future." Added Mondale: "If Mr. Reagan wants to rerun the 1980 campaign, fine. Let them fight over the past. We're fighting for the American future—and that's why we're going to win this campaign."

"By the end of my first term," he vowed, "I will reduce the Reagan budget deficit by two-thirds." Mondale said he would use his veto power to check needless spending if Congress did not. "To the corporations and the freeloaders who play the loopholes and pay no taxes," said he, "my message is: your free ride is over."

Mondale also promised "a renaissance in education, in science and learning," advising parents to "turn off that television" so students can do their homework. On foreign affairs, he pledged that he would "work for peace from my first day in office and not from my first day of campaigning for re-election."

Buoyed by their rousing reception on their night of triumph, the two Democratic candidates moved onto the floor to shake the hands of delighted delegates, while the band struck up rock tunes designed to appeal to the younger generation that the Democrats are courting. They returned to the podium for the traditional show of unity, with the defeated candidates closing ranks behind the winner. The delegates swayed once more in unison as a black Broadway musical performer, Jennifer Holliday, belted out *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Rabbi Jacob Pressman pronounced the benediction.

Months of strain within the party—the bitter primary fights, the wrenching divisions between blacks and Jews, the philosophical struggles between old-style liberals and neoliberals—seemed to fade in that joyous, convention-ending tableau. Democrats being Democrats, however, at least some of those strains are likely to come back in sharp focus before November. ***—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate, David S. Jackson and Christopher Ogden/San Francisco***

BENTLEY—PHOTOREPORTERS

A mobile media event: the nominee presses the flesh at a San Francisco rally

The Life of the Party

Wowing big groups and small, Ferraro is suddenly a heroine

CONVENTION '84

Just a few days earlier she could go practically anywhere without being recognized, much less causing a stir. But in San Francisco last week Geraldine Ferraro was a mobile media event, her every public move and utterance analyzed for substance and style. Citizens thronged around her, and politicians of every color and creed embraced her. Some women cried as they touched her.

The extreme attention was natural. No woman had ever before run for national office on the ticket of a major party, and everybody wanted a closeup look at the pioneer. All week long she seemed at ease in the spotlight. Despite a few iffy moments, Ferraro held her own with the press. With partisan audiences she was unerring: in appearance after appearance she shrewdly ingratiated herself with the various sectors of the Democratic coalition, showing a rapid-fire fluency in the kind of person-to-person political happy talk that will be required for the next 15 weeks of campaigning.

As she prepared for that grind, Ferraro deferred in most matters to the vastly superior campaign expertise of the high-powered Mondale staff. When the week began, she was encamped in a 35th-floor Meridien Hotel suite, down the hall from her running mate, and her principal day-to-day operatives were mostly Mondale transfers. "I have these wonderful men who push me in and out of places," she said, moments after one of her new aides had guided her into a 40-minute meeting with TIME editors and correspondents. The ferocity of a vice-presidential candidate's schedule, she quickly learned, leaves hardly any time for leisurely schmoozing. "I never get to *mill*," Ferraro complained, smiling. "Only a week, and I'm already out of touch."

She was unfortunately out of sight for most of the hundreds who gathered for her first open-to-the-public appearance: Ferraro and Mondale, speaking from the deeply sunken Halladie Plaza, could be seen only by people standing at the front of the crowd above. Nevertheless, the cheers were louder and longer during her short address than during her running mate's.

When she stepped onstage Monday afternoon for a women's political fund raiser, and the next morning at a women's caucus, she was received like a feminist superheroine, history incarnate. At the morning caucus session of 2,000 female delegates and alternates, she kept her remarks brief and understated, as she did in all of her joint appearances with Mondale. Yet, in five minutes the audience whooped and applauded ten times and chanted, "Gerry, Gerry, Gerry." Said she: "I need you. We all need each other." By remarkable coincidence, Ferraro's birthday—Aug. 26—is the date when women got the vote in 1920, and is now celebrated as Women's Equality Day.

Ferraro's most impressive performance came later, on Tuesday, when she addressed Governors from the South, a region unfamiliar to the New York City Congresswoman. But Ferraro's no-nonsense spontaneity turned the skeptics into devotees. "I know I talk funny," she joked to the group, most of whom, like her, do not pronounce the *r* in Georgia. "If you want me to come to your states, I will. If you don't think I can help, I won't." She reminded them of her bedrock bona fides: four years as a prosecutor, a decade as a housewife before taking that job, diehard support for Jimmy Carter. Alabama's Lieutenant Governor, Bill Baxley, was gushy. "You can mark me down as an enthusiastic convert," he said. "I had thought [her selection] was a mistake."

Wednesday she walked through a sort of ethnic-constituency checklist. The 103-member caucus of Asian-American delegates was flattered by her visit. To the Hispanic caucus she reiterated her opposition to the Simpson-Mazzoli immigration bill and established some *simpatía*. "Have you ever noticed," the Italian-American candidate asked, "how Hispanics, like Italians, are so unemotional?" To the black caucus, she said, "I love you," but the response was cool: few black leaders were consulted beforehand about the choice of running mate, and many felt the convention had neglected black concerns. Said a male Jackson delegate: "She's just another white woman. She doesn't do anything for me."

In interviews she made a point of mentioning her motherly weekend plans. With Daughter Laura Zaccaro leaving on a European trip, said Ferraro, "I'm going home to Queens and do some shopping and get Laura packed for Europe." She was developing a stock (but legitimate) reply to journalists' stock (but legitimate) questions about her foreign policy inexperience. "I've been in the Congress for six years, voting on foreign affairs and national-security issues," she explained, then recited somewhat awkwardly the itinerary of her recent, remedial journeys (the Middle East, Central America, the Orient). Asked about her assertion that President Reagan is hypocritical for "calling himself a good Christian," while imposing "unfair" policies, she stood her ground. "I responded to an issue of whether or not I was a good Catholic," she explained. "As long as [the Republicans] don't determine whether I'm a good Catholic by my policies on the issues, I would be happy to leave the issue alone."

By Thursday, her San Francisco finale, Ferraro had hit her stride. Roman Catholic Mass with John Zaccaro, her husband. Breakfast with Mayor Dianne Feinstein. Lunch ($250 a plate) with 1,400 Democrats, where she delivered a hopeful, rah-rah speech. And, finally, her well-modulated prime-time acceptance speech, not too fast, not too fervid. "She did fine," said a veteran of the Carter White House. "But then all she really had to do was show up." That luxurious free ride will not last. As she sets out on the campaign, determined to *really* make history by winning in November, Geraldine Ferraro will not only have to show up again and again but be at her best nearly every time. —*By Kurt Andersen. Reported by John F. Stacks/San Francisco*

Smiles, Tears and Goose Bumps

Women joyously savor a memorable moment of achievement

CONVENTION 84

The Ohio delegation danced in the aisles, and the Texas delegation waved flags. Geraldine Ferraro's nomination turned tired old phrases into literal statements. For women who had pressed so long against a barrier, there was indeed an open door. For talent long wasted by exclusion, there was at last inclusion. But much of the community of emotion in Moscone Center eluded language. Pride? Joy? Incredulity? No word quite defined the feeling that was at the heart: the knowledge that the struggle had been so hard, so long, for so many.

It was 20 years for Helen Williams, a founder of 9 to 5, the National Association of Working Women. It was 13 years for Jane Campbell, candidate for the Ohio legislature and former ERAmerica. She passed around champagne as the Ferraro nominating speeches ended, while across the aisle Texas women hugged and wept. It was O.K. to cry. "Did you ever think you would see the day?" Texas State Treasurer Ann Richards kept repeating. "I've worked 32 years in politics, and nothing has made me so happy," sobbed Billie Carr, Democratic National Committeewoman. Carr was 27 days old when she was taken to the 1928 Houston Democratic Convention, where the nation's first elected woman Governor, Nellie Tayloe Ross of Wyoming, was briefly presented as a vice-presidential nominee and gave a seconding speech for Al Smith.

"I remember the '64 convention," said Frances Humphrey Howard, who worked with Eleanor Roosevelt during the war. "Women were told to scamper. My own brother Hubert was the nominee, and I was told to get lost. Today a great partnership is occurring." Jane McMichael, legislative director for the American Federation of Government Employees, was the staff director of the National Women's Political Caucus during the 1972 Democratic Convention in Miami. "Remember our so-called headquarters hotel? The cockroaches were big enough to steal the typewriters. I remember crying when Shirley Chisholm was nominated for President."

"You wonder all the time if you are crazy, if what you are doing is worthwhile," said Joanne Symons, director of political education of the American Nurses Association and a former New Hampshire Democratic state chair. "Tonight I wrote to my 19-year-old son from inside the Ferraro trailer, and I told him I felt that my life had been validated."

In a way, Ferraro is the phoenix who was snatched from the ashes of the 1982 defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment. Leaders of women's groups and women elected officials began meeting that summer to plan strategies to beat Ronald Reagan. Says Eleanor Smeal, former president of the National Organization for Women: "Once we had proved the existence of the gender gap, we had to figure out how to use it."

BURKEY—CONTACT

Cheering Ferraro's nomination: at long last, an open door

"It seems theological; it is the way the world was meant to look."

In the spring of 1983 the Women's Presidential Project, coordinated by former Congresswoman Bella Abzug, sent questionnaires to all the announced presidential candidates. A follow-up series of meetings were held to "teach them how to reach women," says Mildred Jeffrey, a longtime official of the United Auto Workers Union. In July 1983, five of the six presidential candidates traveled to San Antonio to meet the National Women's Political Caucus. It seems amazing now to remember that this was the first time that presidential candidates had made such a pilgrimage, that until then women had been considered a political sideshow.

In October 1983, at the annual NOW meeting in Washington, the candidates again faced a women's group and were asked if they would consider having a woman in the No. 2 spot on the ticket. Across town that same week, grass-roots Democratic women passed a resolution calling for a woman nominee. Jeffrey remembers: "There was a commitment from an enormous group of feminists that if we ever believed a woman would hurt the ticket, then all bets were off."

After that the idea started to bubble and rise across the country. Women leaders tracking the polls began to believe, according to NOW President Judy Goldsmith, that "a woman appeared to mean the margin of victory."

By mid-June 1984, the idea was gaining serious momentum. At least four Governors and a majority of state Democratic leaders endorsed the idea of a woman Vice President, and so did House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who added a name: Ferraro. Congresswomen Barbara Kennelly of Connecticut, Barbara Mikulski of Maryland and Mary Rose Oakar of Ohio also came out for Ferraro. Finally, on July 4, a delegation of women leaders traveled to Mondale's Minnesota headquarters to make their case. The National Women's Political Caucus sent him a final compendium of arguments for a woman, and then, two days before his decision, forwarded a poll of delegates in which 75% said a woman would boost the party's chance of victory.

Last Thursday, Frances ("Sissy") Farenthold, the former Texas state representative who won 404 votes as a vice-presidential convention nominee in 1972, stood on the convention floor in San Francisco looking up at Ferraro and suddenly remembered something she had repressed for twelve years: "They didn't want me to be nominated, and after my name was placed in nomination, Pierre Salinger came and took out our floor telephone." Mondale's choice of a woman, she said, "felt like a big wave that swept away all the disappointments and defeats of the last twelve years."

"The face of American politics changed tonight," said Sylvia Watson of Louisville. Yes, but the significance of the change was that it was not an isolated stroke. The choice of Ferraro simply made it impossible to go on ignoring the changes that women like Watson had already achieved. A wife, a mother of two daughters, a second-term county commissioner, she said, "When I was elected in 1978, I was the first woman in the area to serve on a county commission. I got 95,000 votes after beginning a race with 2% name recognition. The men I worked with could not bear to have eye contact with me. It was a lot for them to deal with." She smiled and looked down at her arms, at the goose bumps that will be every woman's memory of this year's Democratic National Convention, and said, "I am not the same woman I was ten years ago. I don't cry often, but now I can't keep the tears back. It seems theological, this event; it is the way the world was meant to look, and it has taken so long."

—*By Jane O'Reilly*

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Friendly Advice, but Stern

Party pros urge Mondale to say things people may not welcome

CONVENTION 84

Inside the convention center, the Democrats did their best to project an image of confidence and common purpose. Outside, they spoke more frankly of their divisions and areas of weakness. Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers, former Democratic National Committee Chairman Robert Strauss and Pat Caddell, a political strategist and adviser to Gary Hart, were among eight Democratic leaders and strategists who met individually with TIME*'s editors to discuss the party's prospects. Their main points:*

DALE BUMPERS. If we really run a completely populist campaign, a them-*vs.*-us campaign, it won't work.

We have moved to the precipice of an economic calamity. I would describe the situation in fairly dire terms, and I would try to communicate it to every blue-collar worker and every farmer in Arkansas in language they can understand. We are writing $200 billion worth of hot checks to maintain the economy. If you had told all of those people who voted for Ronald Reagan because he was a fiscal conservative who was going to balance the budget,

STEVE ROBTHUP

Bumpers: "There is still hope—if we act"

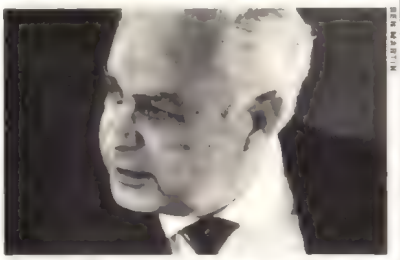
if you had told them in 1980 that this guy was going to double the national debt in five years, they would have insisted on your taking a saliva test. Jimmy Carter would have been under impeachment if he had a deficit this size. But we have no credibility. Democrats were considered to be the cause of it, and they still are. The President has convinced people that it was entitlements set up by the Democrats that caused all the problems.

I would point out that you are not going to solve this problem by saying that entitlements can't be touched, that defense spending can't be cut, that taxes can't be raised, because all of those things have to be done. The first thing I would do if I were Fritz Mondale would be to establish my credibility by saying things that people do not want to hear. If Fritz runs a campaign that is an extension of the New Deal, we don't have a chance.

We have had such a series of failed presidencies in this country that somebody's going to have to do something unconventional. It's very difficult to run a downer campaign, but what you're saying to people is there is still hope—if we act.

ROBERT STRAUSS. Getting Government and the bureaucracy out of your life doesn't appeal just to corporate executives in New York who live on Park Avenue. Government offends the least among us just as much. [The poor] are shoved around by cops, they have trouble getting money for a traffic ticket. They're harassed with their food stamps. They too see this as an appealing theme.

But when you get past that, you find that people aren't talking about more Government or less Government. What they really want is an effective Government. You find they do want a Federal Trade Commission. They want a Food



BEN MARTIN

Strauss: "Come out foursquare on things"

and Drug Administration. They want the FBI. [Corporations] want Government to protect them against imports of steel or autos. Agricultural people want money from Government to keep their prices up.

What people want is better Government. We're not going to get that until we elect a President who knows how to put people in who believe in Government, who understand Government, who are willing to make it work by attacking deficits.

If you're going to solve the deficit problem, some son of a bitch has to be willing to stand up and say there's something wrong. We're wasting a lot of money in Medicare. We're wasting too much of this and too much of that.

I think the best a Democrat could do would be to come out foursquare on things like that. I think the public is ready to receive it. Had President Reagan done that, he could have built the kind of national consensus that we need a President to build. But he couldn't bring himself to do it. He just didn't want to take the chance, I guess. If Walter Mondale had done it, his stock would have gone up dramatically. I don't know of a single soul that would have left him because of it. He would have reached more into what I think Middle America is. To me this is a laydown hand. There is no question how to play it.

If you take on Ronald Reagan [directly], he'll destroy you. You have to take him on sideways. I think he's the best saluter I have ever seen. He's the world champion. You don't try to outsalute him. You don't try to outpopular him. This country is never going to like a Walter Mondale as much as they like Ronald Reagan. But they can respect him more for his qualities of governing this nation.

PAT CADDELL. The Democratic Party is two parties. There is the blue-collar, minority, older, New Deal coalition, *vs.* younger, better educated, more independent, more moderate liberals. The younger voters tend to be skeptical of the New Deal, Big Government programs, more conservative on economic issues but more liberal on cultural matters. The leadership of the Democratic Party is having real difficulties understanding that the second part of the party really exists.

My concern is realignment. The past 50 years, the best demographic group for the Democratic Party has been younger voters. Since 1960, every Democratic nominee has carried younger voters. All of a sudden, in June, they go from being the best group historically for the Democrats and have become the very worst.

The Mondale strategy is clearly that if they can excite the old coalition—blacks, minorities, blue collar and so forth—they can get a higher turnout and win because of the number of Democrats. The Republicans' strategy is to make that [younger] generation believe that they are the party of the future and the Democratic Party is the party of the past.

ROGER RESSMEYER

Caddell: "My concern is realignment"

I hate to be simplistic, but Ronald Reagan is perceived as a leader, even by people who dislike him. Reagan is successful because he's an ideologue, because he's a man who has been willing to lose if necessary. It gives him a certain strength. He's successful because he defines the issues, he picks the terrain and never yields the initiative.

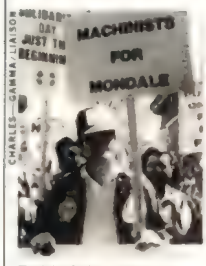
The Democrats have been the party on the defensive. The biggest thing they have to do is get the initiative from Reagan. I don't think the Democratic Party can win unless it's prepared to lose, to say this is where we stand. If Reagan gets control of the definition of the election, then Mondale will lose the under-40 votes by historic margins.

The younger generation is really schizoid. They have fought for issues, but a lot of them rolled off in the '70s. If you can get someone who appeals to their beliefs, their idealism, you can move huge numbers of them. On that hangs the future of the Democratic Party. ■

Convention Notes

LABOR

Low-Profile Politics



Behind the scenes

The bobbing placards at Moscone Center last week proclaimed sentiments ranging from TALKS NOT TROOPS to BEDTIME FOR RONZO. But one cause whose signs usually dot Democratic gatherings seemed conspicuously absent: labor. Union backing was critical to Walter Mondale's success. But except for a march near the hall before the convention opened, labor leaders lay low in an effort to help Mondale shed his damaging image as a captive bearer of the union label. Said Mary Hatwood Futrell, president of the 1.7 million-member National Education Association: "We did not want to give the appearance of domination."

Despite the lack of buttons and banners, labor was in San Francisco in record force. In all, 800 of the convention's 3,933 delegate votes (and 580 of Mondale's 2,191) belonged to union members. Unions took a gamble by endorsing Mondale last fall, well before the presidential primaries. Now that the risk has paid off, unions will be flexing their muscle more visibly. Their challenge: to persuade the 43% of union members who voted for Ronald Reagan in 1980 to switch to Mondale.

LEGACY

Voice from the Past

"Here I go again," announced the grayer but still grinning former President. "And I'm still talking about the same things . . . about simple human justice and basic human rights." It was vintage Jimmy Carter, and the convention crowd greeted his opening-night speech with respectful enthusiasm. But not everyone had been certain that he would be so well received. Troubled by last week's controversy surrounding his former Budget Director, Bert Lance, some Democrats feared that Carter's appearance would only lengthen the shadow of his Administration over Walter Mondale's candidacy. Indeed, Carter had declined initial invitations to speak at the convention. Said he: "I wanted to be sure that the potential nominee would want me to be here."

When Carter arrived in San Francisco, he may have still had his doubts. The Democratic National Committee had scheduled his speech for 8:30 p.m. E.D.T., a half-hour before the networks were to begin their coverage. At Lance's request, D.N.C. officials rearranged the schedule so that Carter could appear in prime time. The welcome response to Carter's address alleviated everyone's fears. By week's end there was even some talk of Carter's playing an active role in the Mondale-Ferraro campaign.


TERRY ASHE
Grayer but still grinning

ETIQUETTE

Sidestepping Ms.takes

As a married woman who uses her maiden name professionally, Geraldine Ferraro has left a lot of people uncertain about how to address her. In a letter last year to the Washington *Post*, she clarified the matter, sort of: "I just wanted to let you know that I am a married Ms. I am Mrs. John A. Zaccaro to my kids' teachers and the electric company; Congresswoman Ferraro when I run for re-election; Geraldine to many of my constituents; Gerry to my friends, and Ms. Ferraro to just about anyone else."

Using the proper title is turning out to be the least of the dilemmas of deportment facing Walter Mondale and Ferraro. "Mondale cannot, whatever he does, kiss her," says Political Strategist Patrick Caddell. But can he open a car door? Should he deferentially usher her into a room ahead of himself? Most political consultants say it is important that the nation's first coed ticket present itself as a professional team, not as a couple. For the convention finale, Mondale's advisers worked out a set of guidelines: Mondale and Ferraro would put their arms around their respective spouses, wave with their free arms, and not embrace each other. "If some silly people want to address us as a couple, that's up to them," says Ferraro. "I'm going to be the Vice President, and he's going to be the President. And that's it."

PATRONS

Saints, Sinners and Scientists


THE FRICK COLLECTION
The sincere Democrat

St. Francis of Assisi and Charles Darwin are rarely paired as ideological foes, but in his invigorating keynote address New York Governor Mario Cuomo served them up as symbols of the philosophical clash between the Democratic and Republican parties. While Ronald Reagan has questioned Darwin's theory of evolution, Cuomo accuses the President of embracing social Darwinism, "survival of the fittest," as part of his supply-side economic theories.

By way of contrast, Cuomo offered as the patron of his party's principles the man G.K. Chesterton called "the world's one quite sincere democrat," St. Francis of Assisi. The wealthy 13th century Italian, a man-about-town who was "born again" and founded the Franciscan order, is a Cuomo favorite. The Governor suggested that if St. Francis were alive today, his ascetic devotion to the poor, sick and oppressed might have led him to progressive politics and the ideals of the Democratic Party. Though Republicans may jeer at Cuomo's sudden secularization of a saint and dismiss his remarks about Darwinism as the origin of the specious, Democrats hope that the erudite comparison will serve them well in drawing the battle lines for the fall campaign.

MUSIC

Harmony for a Diverse Party

As Colorado Senator Gary Hart descended from the podium and plunged into the crowd after his Wednesday-night speech, the hopeful strains of *Chariots of Fire* washed over Moscone Center. The next night Democratic Presidential Nominee Walter Mondale, battle-scarred from his primary brawls, strode triumphantly to the platform and raised his arms like a prizefighter. The song: *Theme from Rocky*.

The Democrats may have talked about unity, but it was San Francisco's 50-piece Dick Crest Orchestra that provided the true harmony. Candidates could choose the music they wanted to accompany their moment at the podium from a repertoire of about 500 songs. Despite the extensive selection, Hart used recorded music. When Mondale requested Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*, the band had to send out hastily for sheet music. Did the dearth of Sousa marches and the absence of brass bands offend convention regulars? Apparently not. "I like variation," said San Franciscan Paul Maag, who attended his first Democratic conclave in 1932. "I don't think I've heard *Happy Days Are Here Again* but twice this convention. And that's a record."

Why We Play

As Los Angeles raises its Olympic banners and 2 billion viewers sit back to

Eight thousand banners, did you say? Covering 120 miles of Los Angeles? Hanging from 300 different types of lampposts? O.K. Some of the brackets for the banners had to be different too; a real headache. Certainly not, you wouldn't want to use just any colors. Had to be magenta, vermilion, chrome yellow, violet, aqua. "Festive Federalism," the designers call it. (What does that mean?) Oh, sorry. Please go on. You were talking about construction: 3,500 construction workers at 67 different sites, including Olympic Villages, places for the Games, training facilities, parking lots. That is, if the cars can get there. Gridlock city, eh? No! Fifty-two miles of chain-link fence? Well, you can't be too careful. By all means, read the grocery list for the athletes. Pork, 63,700 lbs.; beef, 206,555 lbs.; 70,000 dozen eggs. (You *do* deliver?) You say that if someone laid those eggs end to end they'd stretch for 25 miles? One pooped chicken. That's a joke, son. No harm, no foul.

But where is the center of this thing? No, not the $525 million budget or the anticipated infusion of $3.3 billion into the local economy or the 269,000 dozen cookies. One million new trees planted by a conservation group? Good for them. Nothing like a tree. The question is why. Why, as the magenta was going up at the Los Angeles Coliseum, were 7,800 athletes from 140 nations loading their gear and kissing Mother goodbye? Numbers? Here's a number. On July 28, 2 billion people of the great trembling bipolar world will lay down their washing and watch these Games. Why?

Looking mighty Establishment in his white open-collar shirt and navy-blue suit, John Carlos sits at a table in the headquarters of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, where he now works. Behind one shoulder the American flag, behind the other the Olympic. But for a bum ankle, he says, he could still tear up the track. The last time we saw John Carlos was 1968 on a podium in Mexico City, standing in the grainy evening light rigid as an exclamation point. The black-power salute; an antique of the '60s. He is speaking of something else:

"I was a fair-to-exciting swimmer. I guess I put as much energy into swimming at that age [ten] as I ever did into track and field. I wanted to swim the English Channel. I told my father: I want to know something about this English Channel. Why are these people swimming it? How does one swim with, you know, the sharks? How do swimmers go to the bathroom? What happens in the night? And then I learned about the Olympic Games. And I said: Oh, wow. I'd like to do *that*.

"Then I started to ask more questions about swimming. And my father pulled me aside, and he said: Look. Swimming is a bad way to go. You have to be in the water at least six, seven hours a day. He said: Where would you train? You can't train in the Harlem River; you lose seven or eight guys a year drowning, which is true. And he said you can't go to the ocean. The water's too rough. He said you can't go to the public pool; everybody's trying to cool off. Everything he said made sense. So I started to walk off like with my lip stuck out. And he tapped me on the shoulder and he said: Look, man, the heaviest hasn't come yet. They have private clubs, but you can't join any of them. And I said: Why? Because we can't afford it? He said no. Because you're colored; they won't let you in. So I walked off in a kind of mystic mood, dejected but not dejected. My old man looked at me and asked: Well, what you going to do? You gonna quit? Just look around and find something else."

JOSE AZEL—CONTACT

Where is the center of this thing? A man who learned how fast his legs could move because as a boy he outran cops in Harlem, who worked out in cordovan shoes on the F.D.R. Drive because his father was a cobbler and cordovans *last*? Does one watch the Olympics to see a spectacle of individuals? A festival of nerve? Perhaps something collective as well. *Something*. America bursts into song at the torch relay, and 7 million tickets go on sale.

But they said the boycott would kill the Games. Evidently not. No boycott has done real damage; not the

These Games

cheer, athletes from 140 nations of the world prepare to meet a human need

U.S. boycott in 1980 or that of the Africans in 1976 or of some Arab states in 1956 in response to the crisis over Suez. As for this year of Soviet revenge, not only are more nations than ever sending delegations, but people are saying that the Games may be better off without an East-West brawl. Quieter countries will get a chance to strut.

But they said commercialism would kill the Games. Hardly. In a world where weapons are sold like hot cakes, who really worries about getting and spending at a sports event? To the contrary, the commercialism feels right, at least it does for the U.S. Competition in the Games, competition around them. Ever see an amateur capitalist?

So Botswana, a land so arid that its currency is called rain, proudly sends a yachtsman to represent the nation. And Israel cheers 30 athletes and promises 1,000 tourists, though the country has yet to win a single medal. This will be Communist China's first major presence in the Olympics; they are bringing a contingent of 353. Egypt and Italy will be sending the largest delegations they have ever sent. Singapore wouldn't miss it; except for boycotting in 1980, that country has participated in every Olympics since 1948.

Even war does not get in the way. Lebanon sends (fittingly) a team of skeet and trapshooters. (On the TV news recently, the shooters complained—seriously—that they were not getting enough practice.) The Irelands unite North and South for a moment to create a single team. Astonishingly, the Koreas considered doing the same. They matter, these Games: to Belgium's cyclists, Argentina's single sculler, Holland's swimmers, the boxers from the Seychelles. India's field hockey team is out to prove something against Pakistan. Kenya's long-distance runners have things to prove to themselves. Cheers for the Chadians. Hail to the Swazis. Where else would these people come together so eagerly? Not the U.N.

Is this the center, then? An international Woodstock? "The Olympic flame is the only hope for brotherhood, understanding and dialogue," says Juan Antonio Samaranch, president of the International Olympic Committee. What else would he say? "The Olympics are the only times in the history of the world when so many nations come together in one spot in an association of friendship," says Charles Palmer, president of the British Olympic Association. Vested interest. According to Kurthan Fisek, a professor of public management from the University of Ankara, "No single institution in the entire history of mankind has been able to equate itself with world peace as effectively and consistently." Let's not get carried away.

JOSE AZEL—HUNTER

Yet not all of this is cant. Michael Jordan of the U.S. team pretends not to see the basket, then lunges toward it, as if stumbling on the court. Suddenly he leaps, glides, hangs in the air. The ball is cradled in the palm of his hand at the side of his head. Still flying, he flicks his wrist forward, as if waving hello, and the ball sets off on a flight of its own. When the hoop is scored, Jordan is airborne still. Why are we pleased?

Heroes must be part of the answer. There are those like Jordan, Mary Decker, Carl Lewis who enter the Olympics with greatness already thrust upon them; one will test their performances against their reputations. Better still, sudden heroes always seem to emerge and establish themselves, often in sports one has dismissed as boring or has paid no attention to before. Olga Korbut and Nadia Comaneci created gymnastics for most Americans, not because Americans never heard of gymnastics, but because they had not seen the sport performed by virtuosos. A subtle surprise of the Olympics is how individuals can transform the events in which they participate. Boxing enrages and disgusts you. Then Sugar Ray Leonard skips into the ring, and the sport is God and country.

Much of the appeal of the Olympics centers on individual heroes, yet heroism in the Games is lightweight; it bears none of the mythic armor of professional sports. With professional athletes, allegories develop with the records; Mantle was pain,

Unitas skill, Ali poetry and power. The Olympic Games are too brief for spectators to construct a folklore. Personalities like Nadia float to the top for a few days, but only as they are attached to performances. The hero and the act are one. If an allegorical hero is to be found in the Games, it is youth in general. A time of life is held still. For two weeks nothing ages; at least that is the illusion. The Olympics make the illusion grand. All the world agrees to it.

Individuals compete with one another; that accounts for the Games' appeal as well. Some athletes claim to be oblivious of the competition, but the audience never is. One need not argue the merits of winning or playing the game. The fact is that the sight of someone winning is a pleasurable thing. A rarity of the times, it is clean and unambiguous. So is losing. In any Olympic event there is at least one athlete who does not expect to lose. Not *she*. She has never lost. Yet she will lose today. She will pit her enormous will against her battered body, and come in second, third or ninth. One looks for the shock on her face, beneath the fatigue or despair. The shock is everyone's.

Individuals also compete against themselves, and the selves are complicated. "More than an athlete, I'm a human being," said John Carlos. "I have emotions, needs, wants. I got the whole shot." In every volleyball game, in every foot race one sees the whole shot: mind over matter, mind over mind. John Landy turns his head; Roger Bannister shoots by. On the field it often seems more than a struggle for victory; it seems a struggle for a place in the world, self-assertion through combat. Sometimes it looks sublime—in a dive off the 10-meter platform, on the parallel bars. Sometimes it looks dispassionately cruel. Either way the struggle wins the affection of the crowd, which sees in the exercise of discipline a morality play not necessarily related to sports. Throats go dry merely because a fellow human being is doing all that is remotely possible.

For Americans these demonstrations of will connect with their history, or at least they feel that they connect with their history, which comes to the same thing. Everything Americans wish to believe about their national character is housed in sports: vitality, spontaneity, the bursting of bonds.

No state religion for the U.S., but sports will do as well. The Puritans condemned games as antispiritual. Their heirs retaliated by fusing holidays with tournaments—football on Thanksgiving, basketball at Christmas—all blasphemies culminating in Super Sunday. Thorstein Veblen contended that sports and religion have the same genesis in a basic "belief in an inscrutable propensity or a preternatural interposition in the sequence of events." We'll take his word for it. In simpler terms, Americans make stadiums their churches because they trust that therein lies national virtue. Extolling baseball, Albert Spalding, the sporting-goods king, called the game "the exponent of American Courage, Confidence, Combativeness; American Dash, Discipline, Determination; American Energy, Eagerness, Enthusiasm; American Pluck, Persistency, Performance; American Spirit, Sagacity, Success; American Vim, Vigor, Vitality." Only real piety could inspire such alliteration.

Whatever else, these displays of individual worth are simply beautiful. In a way, the Games extend definitions of beauty. Why is synchronized swimming no more beautiful than the bulging grimace of a weight lifter? Art rarely pins these things down. Painters miss it. Writers do worse, with exceptions such as Mailer on boxing, Updike on golf, Hemingway on a bobsled run: "A bob shot past, all the crew moving in time, and as it rushed at express train speed for the first turn, the crew all cried 'Ga-a-a-a-r!' and the bob roared in an icy smother around the curve and dropped off down the glassy run below." The *ands* do it. Everything must keep moving. Housman celebrated an "athlete dying young" because the boy would never have to learn that eventually things slow down, grow old, stop.

The beauty is motion, and motion does not last. Most things ephemeral have limited appeal, but the heart of the Olympics is that things shine for a moment and no more. Did Dwight Stones really clear that bar at 7 ft. 8 in.? One saw it happen a second ago. One saw it again on instant replay. Yet the jump no longer exists, nor can it return. Billy Mills, who won the 10,000-meter run in Tokyo, said, "For one fleeting moment an athlete will know he or she is the best in the world. Then the moment is gone." Bill Russell, pro basketball's philosopher, likes the short-term nature of sports because it bespeaks a world of reasonable expectations. "Sports not only claims smaller bits of time," says Russell, "it also claims smaller bits of truth . . . The only truth [sports] claims is the score." Since nothing lasts, pleasure relies on memory. It is not the feats that are preserved but the joy.

Beauty also seems inseparable from excellence. Often the Games provide more than excellence, since mere proficiency presumes existing standards of performance, and some athletes set wholly new standards. "I began to run slowly," Jesse Owens recalled. "Then faster, gaining speed with each step. My legs were moving at top speed now. I came closer and closer to the takeoff board. At the last moment I shortened my stride and hit the board with a pounding right foot. I felt my body rise in the air, and I scissors-kicked at the peak of it, flying 15, then 20, then 25 ft. through the air—straining closer and closer to the towel. And then I landed—past it!"


LEO MASON

Reasons to do with individuals, reasons to do with nations. Ever since the Soviets announced their boycott, there has been much talk of holding a nationless Olympics, individuals competing as individuals alone. Such a plan is unlikely to work; people would identify athletes by nationality no matter what colors they wore. In fact, nationalism seems an attrac-

tion, not an impediment to the Games. People belong to nations as to families. Things only sour when nationalism brings intentions outside sports. When the Russians bloodied the Hungarians in a water-polo match in 1956, one was not witnessing nationalism but war.

So much importance is given to mere participation. Governments spend a great deal of money and effort for no purpose but showing up, for taking a place in a community of nations. Many African nations see the Games as a chance to become part of international sports. Carlos Giron, a diver from Mexico, views it wider: "You feel like a citizen of the world." Mohammed Abdel Meguid Mohyeldin, secretary-general of the Egyptian Olympic Committee, believes that "participation shows you are interested in humanity, not merely sports."

Such interest creates not one spectacle but two: the spectacle of the Games and that of those watching them. If television cameras had a "reverse gear" that could be applied from country to country, one might see quite a show of Peruvians, Thais and Iowans privately gasping and clapping as they watch the action. Excessive communications are said to work against human feelings, but here the effect is the opposite. Not a show of world peace, perhaps, but something valuable, nonetheless, in a shared set of relatively benign emotions on so vast a scale.

Yet the feelings are not entirely formless, either. There are very few historical experiences that the world holds in common. The Olympic Games are one. "A tradition," says George Liveris, president of the Greek Shooting Federation, and once an Olympic participant. "They are the longest lasting social activity that exists." Maybe that accounts for the remarkable success of the American torch relay. On the roads, the cheers for the torchbearers came out sounding like old-fashioned patriotism, but the impulse seemed to go both broader and deeper, to a connection with Greece, with the past, with everyone's past.

Perhaps this connection is tied to the dreams of peaceful coexistence that the Games seem to promote. "The ideological differences between the Greeks of Sparta and Athens were fully as profound as those between the Soviet Union and the United States today," says Historian and Journalist I.F. Stone. "Nevertheless the Games provided the chief Pan Hellenic festival at which all Hellenic peoples came together under a kind of truce on war and politics." No sports fan, by his own admission, and no cockeyed optimist either, Stone nonetheless sees the early Games as "a symbol of badly needed unity among the peoples, just as the Olympic Games today could be a symbol of unity among all members of the human race." The question is what power such a symbol has, and how long its effects survive. It is easy to point to the 1,503-year hiatus between Emperor Theodosius' suspension and Baron De Coubertin's resuscitation of the Games and conclude that the world did not need them, but the world has only painted itself into its deadly corner in the past 40 years. If, as Stone says, the Games really are a symbol of the "human fraternity," who these days would remove such a symbol?

Or is the appeal of the Games simpler than all this? What one has here, after all, are simple contests, simple consequences, the simple delight of observers at basic human activities. Remove the 8,000 banners, the 52 miles of fencing, and the scene is pastoral. Someone jumps or throws a discus. Someone swims. People play ball. Close out the noise, remove the fancy equipment, and one could feel that the Games show the world rediscovering itself in absolute serenity and innocence. Nothing is supposed to be innocent any more, of course, but it is hard to read corruption in the 400-meter freestyle.

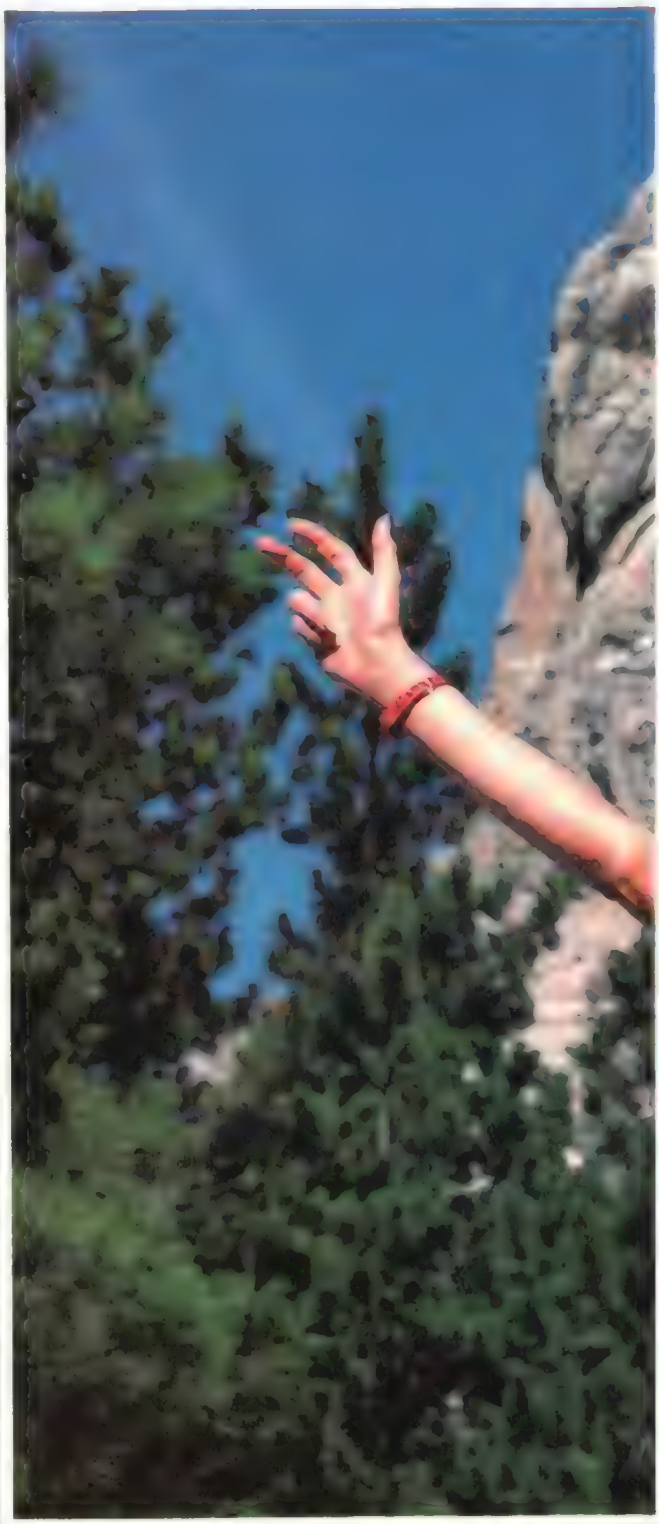
In a few days, gridlock. Los Angeles airport will quake with arriving jets. The freeways will turn to stone. Athletes will start digging into the 70,000 dozen eggs. The 3,500 construction workers, having put up the bleachers and the Styrofoam signs, will relax at home, ready to watch ABC's closeups and moments of Olympic history and expert analyses. No, the hotel never got your reservation. Sorry, this ticket is good only for the first round of archery. The world will look at California, which in turn will look as laid back as Edvard Munch's *The Scream*. Yet the place should survive. For the moment there is a mixture of frenzy, anticipation and smog. This Saturday the final torchbearer will be prepared to do the final leg, the name of the runner kept secret till the last minute by L.A.O.O.C. President Peter Ueberroth, who, after five years of haggling, deserves some fun.

Henry David Thoreau (second cousin three times removed) is sitting in the Los Angeles Coliseum, watching the U.S. pigeon team peck away at the grass. The Games are 23 days away. Thoreau is the Olympic commissioner of track and field. Good-natured to his toes, he looks like everyone's favorite ice-cream man. His seat overlooks the finish line, where all the races will end. Below and around him, workers hammer and drill in preparation for the opening ceremonies. A theater; a set going up. The gateways to the seats have been painted magenta, vermilion, chrome yellow, violet and aqua. The sky is merely blue. Is track and field the center of the Olympics, Mr. Thoreau? Definitely. "Everyone can understand it."

His second cousin three times removed was all for things readily understood. "Simplify the problem of life, distinguish the necessary and the real. Probe the earth and see where your main roots run." On a wall outside the Coliseum, the motto of the Games: CITIUS, ALTIUS, FORTIUS—faster, higher, stronger. Simplify the problem. Now the workers are washing the track. A light breeze swirls in the vast cone. Suds fill the lanes where the kids will run. —***By Roger Rosenblatt***

It's A Global Affair

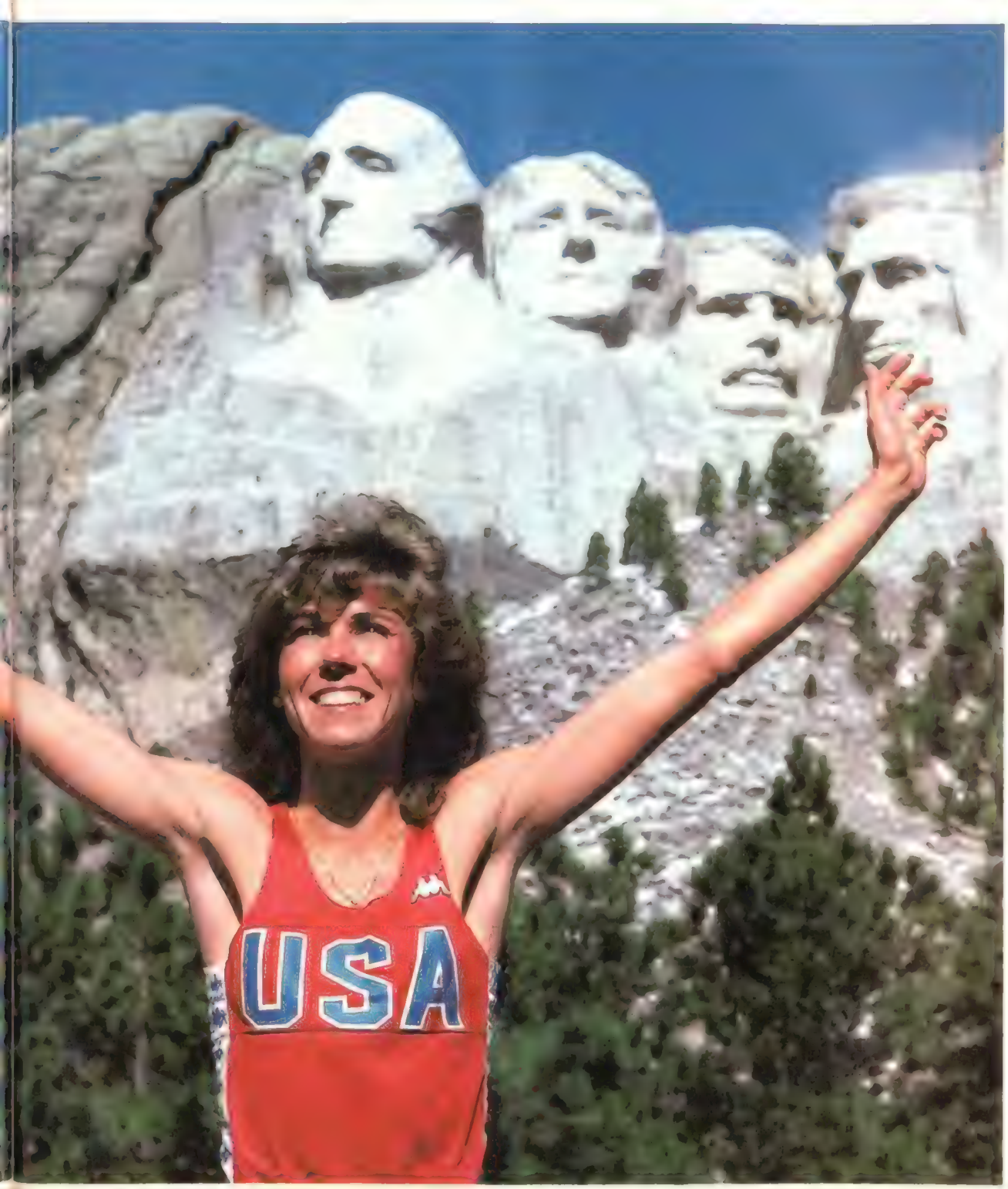
They come, bearing skills, to the appointed arena. And every Olympic athlete brings along another possession as well: a heritage conditioned by distinctive language, customs and geography. This haze of individuality is burned off by the heat of competition; swimmers, runners, jumpers, gymnasts, all of them, doing what they do best, can come to seem alike. That homogeneity defines, in large measure, the Olympic ideal. But the flame feeds on man's diversities as well as similarities. In this portfolio of photographs, TIME portrays some of the men and women who will be competing in Los Angeles. To see them in the places where they have grown is to recognize both a universal quest for excellence and the sustaining powers of home.



It would take stony faces indeed not to smile at the exuberance of Mary Decker. Her joy at competing seems irresistibly contagious. Says the top U.S. women's middle-distance runner: "I *love* to run." Some of Decker's zeal may stem from her childhood, the feuding and eventual divorce of her parents: "If you come out of things like that in the right frame of mind, you're just more competitive." Such resolve exacts a toll. Her relentless training has led to a series of injuries, including one that kept her out of the 1976 Olympics. Then came her two dramatic victories last summer at the world championships in Helsinki, making Decker, who will run only the 3,000 meters in Los Angeles, the favorite for Olympic gold.

Photographs for TIME by Neil Leifer

United States Mary Decker



His gladiatorial physique seems a match for the colossal arena where men once fought and died. Yet brawn alone did not make Italy's Francesco Damiani, 25, the European champion in the amateur super-heavyweight division. Much of the credit belongs to his older brother Marco, who struggled to become a world-class boxer despite the handicaps imposed by childhood polio. Realizing at last that the dream was beyond his grasp, Marco pushed the oversize, underachieving Francesco into the ring instead. Says the younger brother now: "I would love to have seen Marco prove himself, but it was not to be. He has proved himself through me." Francesco's record (69-8-2) justifies this bravado. But two of those losses have come in the past year and a half, both by decisions, both to the U.S.'s Tyrell Biggs. Francesco views a possible third combat between them in a way the ancient Roman audiences would have appreciated: "At this stage, I think I must knock out Biggs."

Italy Francesco Damiani

Is he at the peak of his powers or over the hill? Japanese Gymnast Koji Gushiken, 27, competes in a sport increasingly dominated by younger athletes. Yet the Osaka native began training four Olympiads ago. As a sixth grader viewing TV coverage of the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City, he saw his countryman Sawao Kato win the gold medal in gymnastics and thought, "I have to do something like that." He took up gymnastics immediately, but his progress was slowed by two successive and serious injuries: a torn ligament in his left leg and a severed Achilles tendon. His appearance in international meets was both belated and successful. He won his first gold medal on parallel bars at the 1981 world championships in Moscow. Last year in Budapest, he finished first on rings and second in the all-round competition. Gushiken, realizing that these Olympic Games will be his first and probably last, shows formidable determination: "I didn't grow older for nothing. You'll find out at Los Angeles."

Japan Koji Gushiken

Greece Charalambos Holidis

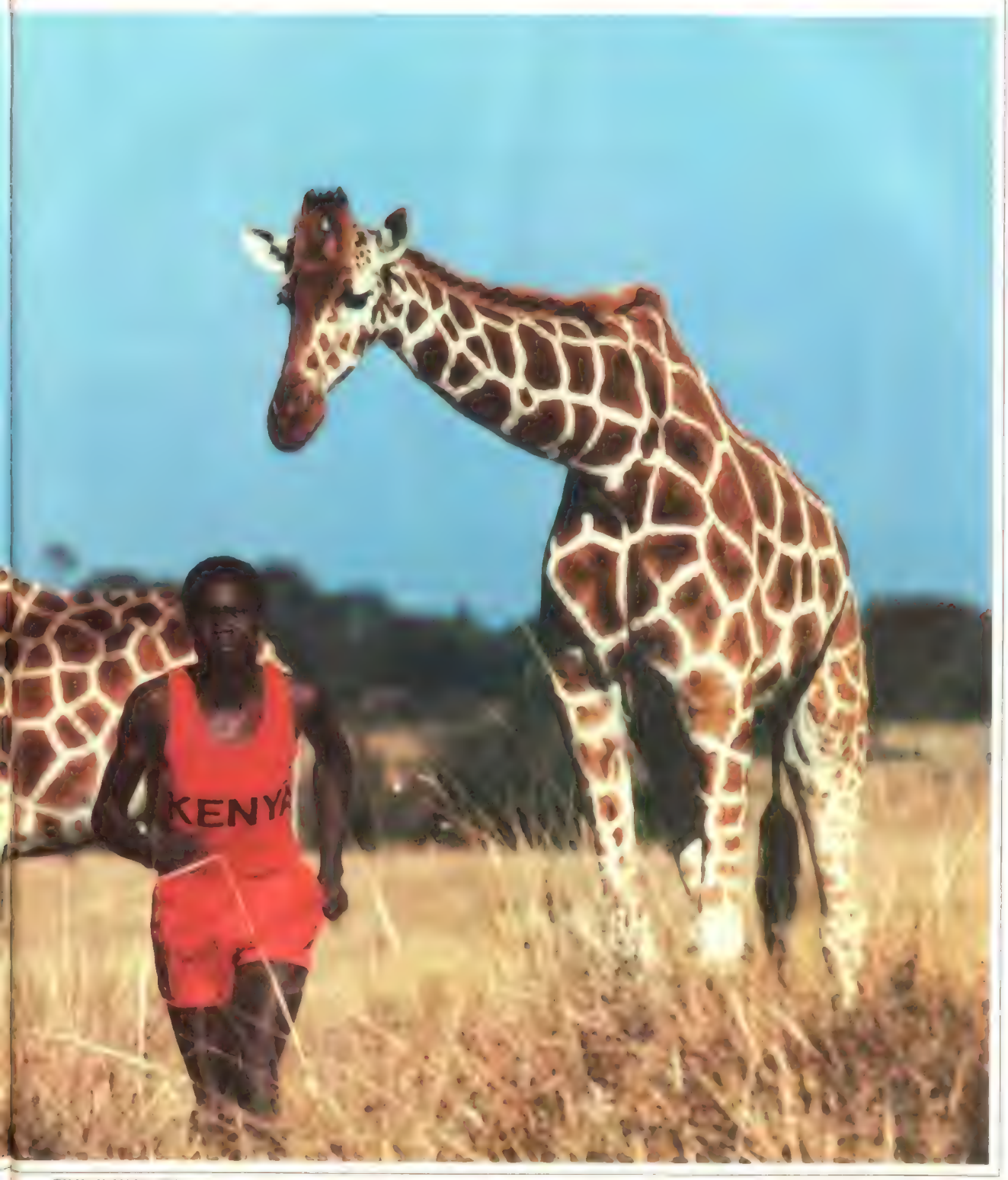
Not far from where the Olympic spirit first caught fire, Greece's Charalambos Holidis, 28, seems poised to carry the Parthenon bodily to Los Angeles. Yet the menacing pose of the Greco-Roman wrestler is only part of the picture. True, Holidis is the reigning European champion in the 57-kilo category (roughly 126 lbs.), and he might have held the world title had he not broken a finger during last year's competition. He finished second, winning high marks for courage and determination. "You should have seen him fighting," says the president of the Greek wrestling federation. "He just refuses to give up." Yet in private, Holidis is timid and self-effacing; he speaks the language of his adopted country haltingly and plainly prefers silence. His parents emigrated from the Pontus region of Turkey when he was nine. He discovered wrestling at 13 and won a national championship within a year. His single-mindedness about his sport has led to bouts of psychological stress and fatigue. If he can grapple with himself, his coaches feel, Holidis' chances for a medal this summer are monumental.

Egypt Muhammad Neguib

The locale and the corkscrew stance both prompt riddles. Egypt's Muhammad Neguib, 32, did not pick up his first discus until he was 25, a good ten years older than most trainees. This seventh of ten children had played a ferocious game of volleyball until a professor of physical education noticed that the young man had the body of a discus thrower: long arms and legs, bulk (286 lbs.) and strength (a chest circumference of 51 in.). These raw materials remain uncoached; Egypt, which has not had an Olympic medalist since 1960, spends little on developing its amateur athletes. Says Neguib: "I do not know how to get the maximum power from my body. My movements are still rough." His full-time job as a police officer in Cairo limits his daily workout to spare time. Before the Soviet-bloc pullout, Neguib guessed his average throw (203 ft.) might rank him eighth in the world, behind two Russians, two East Germans, two Americans and a Cuban. Now, eerily, he has a shot at a medal as bronze as the Sphinx.

In Kenya, a runner's high can include occasional giraffes and morning workouts at 10,000 ft. above sea level. Kipkoech Cheruiyot, 19, slashes through such dazzling surroundings as if pursued by his difficult past. He and his twin brother, Charles, were born to a woman who was the second of their neglectful father's three wives; as the third and fourth of her six children, the Cheruiyot brothers learned early that they could expect little from their immediate surroundings. So they left home at age five, scrabbled at farm work for four years and then entered Kenya's system of free primary schools. They ran barefoot races with their schoolmates, and began winning. Later, in Munich, Kipkoech set the world junior record for 1,500 meters, and Charles did the same for 5,000. After a rocky spring, Charles qualified for the Kenyan Olympic squad at the last moment. The country's hopes for a medal in middle-distance running rest most heavily on the consistent Kipkoech. Even boosters consider him a long shot. But Kipkoech, accustomed to distant horizons, is looking toward a possible U.S. college scholarship and 1988.

Kenya Kipkoech Cheruiyot



India Field Hockey Team

The eleven figures in the front may not be world famous, but there are places where they are just as familiar as the Taj Mahal. India's national field hockey team currently ranks second (behind Australia) in international competition and embodies a past as shimmering as those reflections in the pool. The first Indian team to enter the Olympics, in 1928, carried off a gold medal; five more followed in succession, and India won gold again in 1964 and 1980. Current Captain Zafar Iqbal (sixth from left) takes this legacy of triumph seriously. An engineer with Indian Airlines, he plays hard but "clean" (no on-field tantrums) and leads by example rather than exhortations. He calls teammates *bhai* (brother); they include Hindus, Sikhs, Anglo-Indians and Muslims, a good cross section of India's vast and still discordant nation. Factionalism fades before common purpose: to preserve the team's traditional supremacy. Says Chief Coach Balkishan Singh: "We should give our lives on the field. The rest is in the laps of the gods." And, he mentions in an afterthought, the umpires.

China Chen Xiaoxia

She was once afraid of heights. Now neither the Great Wall nor world-class diving platforms can faze China's Chen Xiaoxia. At 22 she has already spent ten years perfecting her skills. The third of six daughters of a Cantonese bean-curd maker, Chen was spotted playing in a local pool and urged to set her sights higher. She recalls, "In those days, I just liked swimming, but the coach persuaded me to try diving." After conquering her initial uneasiness, she began winning national and then international competitions, including a world championship in 1981. Her graceful acrobatics off the platform and virtually splashless entries into the water have earned her the sobriquet Flying Swallow. Appreciative fellow Chinese twice named her the nation's best athlete in yearly polls. Having overcome a slump last year, Chen sticks rigorously to her formula for victory: "Keep up systematic training, even on holidays." The Los Angeles Games will provide her with the most visible platform—and biggest holiday—of all.

The castle belongs to England's reigning Queen; the loyal subject pounding the pavement outside commands other realms. Sebastian Coe, 27, holds world marks for the mile and for the 800- and 1,500-meter runs, the most regal array of records in the history of middle-distance running. He is also struggling uphill after a bout with toxoplasmosis, an infection that he contracted last year. Coe's comeback after an enforced five-month layoff will not be fully tested until he steps onto the track at Los Angeles, where he will compete in both the 800 and 1,500 meters. Coe has been training chiefly in and around London, closely supervised by his trainer-father Peter from the family home in Sheffield. The runner expects these Olympics to be his last as a competitor, but the subject may occupy his time for years to come. He is trying to complete a master's thesis on the economics and politics of track and field: "Every time I start to finish it, some joker of a country decides to boycott the Games, so there's another chapter."

United Kingdom Sebastian Coe

No Limit to What He Can Do

Four golds: the incredible quest of Carl Lewis

What he does is so simple, and how he does it so complicated, that Carl Lewis is a basic mystery. How fast he runs, how far he jumps, may serve to establish the precise lengths to which men can go. Gentler than a superman, more delicate than the common perception of a strong man, Lewis is physically the most advanced human being in the world, and about to become the most famous global sports figure since Muhammad Ali.

At the Olympic Games in Los Angeles, 48 years after Jesse Owens won gold medals in the long jump, the 100, the 200 and the relay, Lewis is favored in the same four events. Amid the bedlam of track's athletic circus, only he makes everything else come to a stop. His body is hard, like mahogany, but carved in unusually clear detail, including ropelike muscular definition. He is full-faced, rather baby-faced, but otherwise trim: 6 ft. 2 in., 173 lbs. As a 100-meter sprinter, Lewis has registered the third-fastest time ever, 9.97 sec. In the 200 he is the second-fastest man in history and gaining. He holds the long-jump record indoors. Among the ten best jumps outdoors, nine are his. And he is far from finished. "There are going to be some absolutely unheard of things coming from me," he says.

Lewis talks of his running in much the same manner as baseball's Reggie Jackson, who refers to himself in the third person proper. "When I run like Carl Lewis," Lewis says, "relaxed, smooth, easy, I can run races that seem effortless to me and to those watching." But he would have them know it is not effortless. "Everyone thinks it just happened one day, that the earth opened up and out came Carl Lewis. Everyone acts like I just stepped on the track and I was No. 1."

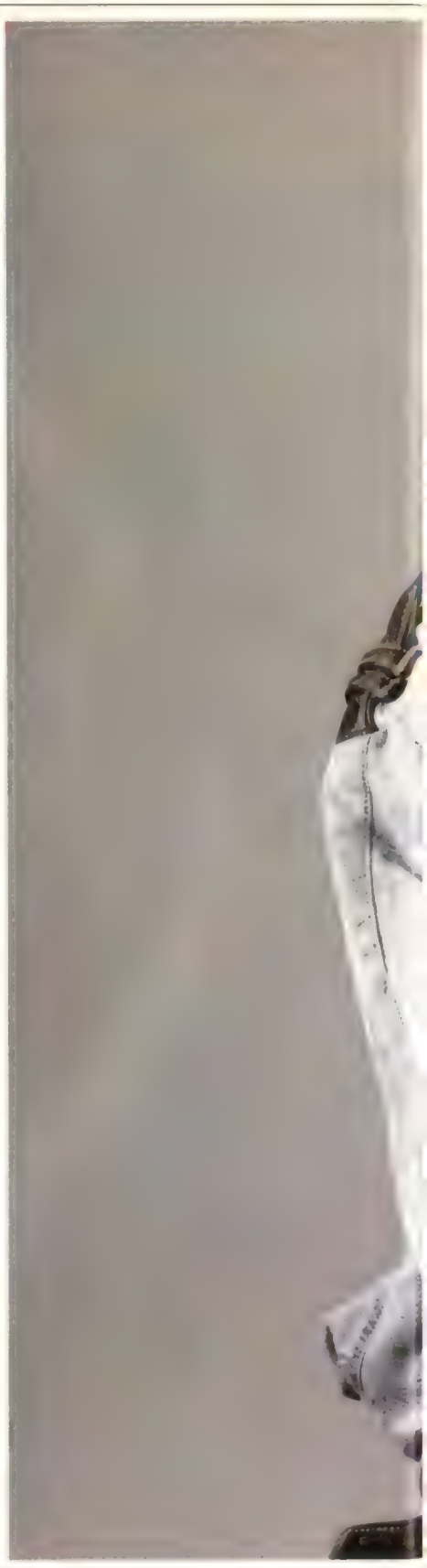
His life may be found too ordinary for his glory: born 23 years ago in Birmingham, he was raised in Willingboro, N.J., and trained in Houston. Where Lewis is a standard of physical strength, Jesse Owens was a symbol of human struggle, against not only poverty and bigotry but tyranny as well. Owens' father was a sharecropper, his grandfather a slave. Carl's father and mother coach track. "Jesse was the greatest thing to me other than life's breath," says Bill Lewis, a fit and handsome man in a cowboy hat, who prizes a photograph of Owens posing with ten-year-old Carl and a cousin. Visiting a small meet, Owens told young Lewis to have fun, advice Carl has use for now.

Bill and Evelyn Lewis met at Alabama's Tuskegee Institute: he was a sprinter, she a hurdler, both of them long jumpers. Evelyn, especially, loved floating in free flight. With slim legs tucked tightly under her in the fashion of the day, she sailed over 19 ft. at college and was bound for the Helsinki Games in 1952 until a hurdle injury interfered. Evelyn had to stop competing at 20, and all these years later, some incomplete feelings linger. There are no spectators in the Lewis family, but the varied athletic directions of the children suggest a reasonable tolerance for individuality. Mackie, 30, enjoyed track, football, baseball, almost all games in season. Cleve, 28, played soccer at Brandeis University, even professionally for a time. The third son, Frederick Carlton Lewis, was slower in developing distinctive tastes and style, and just plain slower in developing. Though he is more than two years older than Kid Sister Carol, she quickly shot past him in height and bearing. Pointing to the indisputable calibrations of an upstairs door jamb, she assigned him the nickname "Shorty."

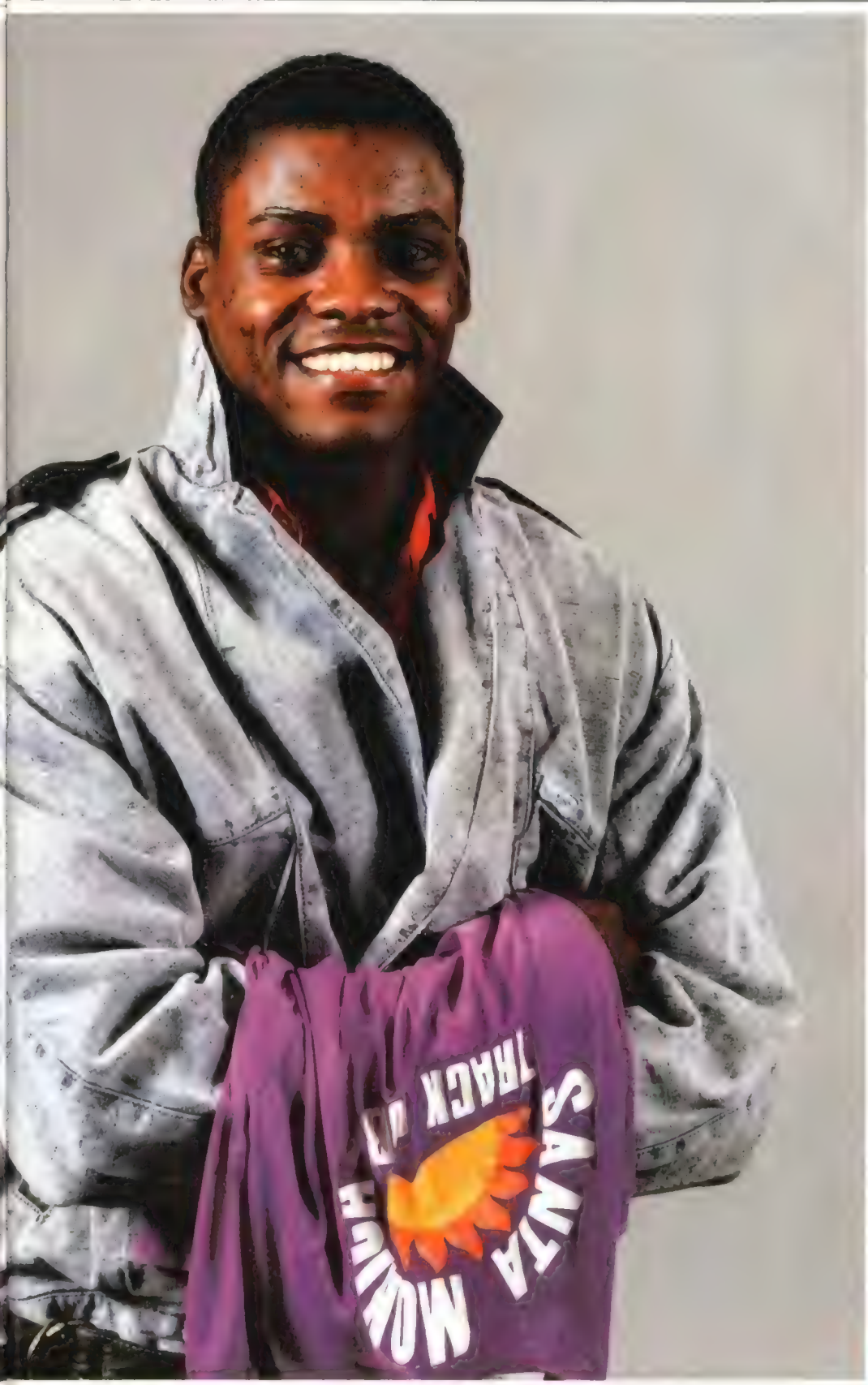
When Bob Beamon long-jumped 29 ft. 2½ in. at Mexico City in 1968, and people said that nobody alive would ever break this record, Carl Lewis was seven. No one had ever jumped 28 ft. before, and Beamon would never manage even 27 ft. again. Whatever it is that allows mothers to lift automobiles to save their babies launched him nearly 2 ft. beyond the record. "But it's impossible. I can't believe it," he said, sliding to his knees. "It's madness, I tell you. I'm going to be sick."

If Lewis heard of Beamon's jump then, it was not until Carl had turned ten that he took exact measure of the distance in his front yard, and thought, "This doesn't make sense. How could a human being do this?" He meant to find out. By 16, Lewis had old headlines pasted up on his bedroom wall, amended with his own name: CARL LEWIS, KING OF THE 27-FT. JUMPERS. From the age of two, he had grown up in Willingboro, where his parents had moved to avoid desegregation troubles in Birmingham and to pursue graduate studies and teaching jobs. Young Carl and Carol were the only ones with no memory of Alabama.

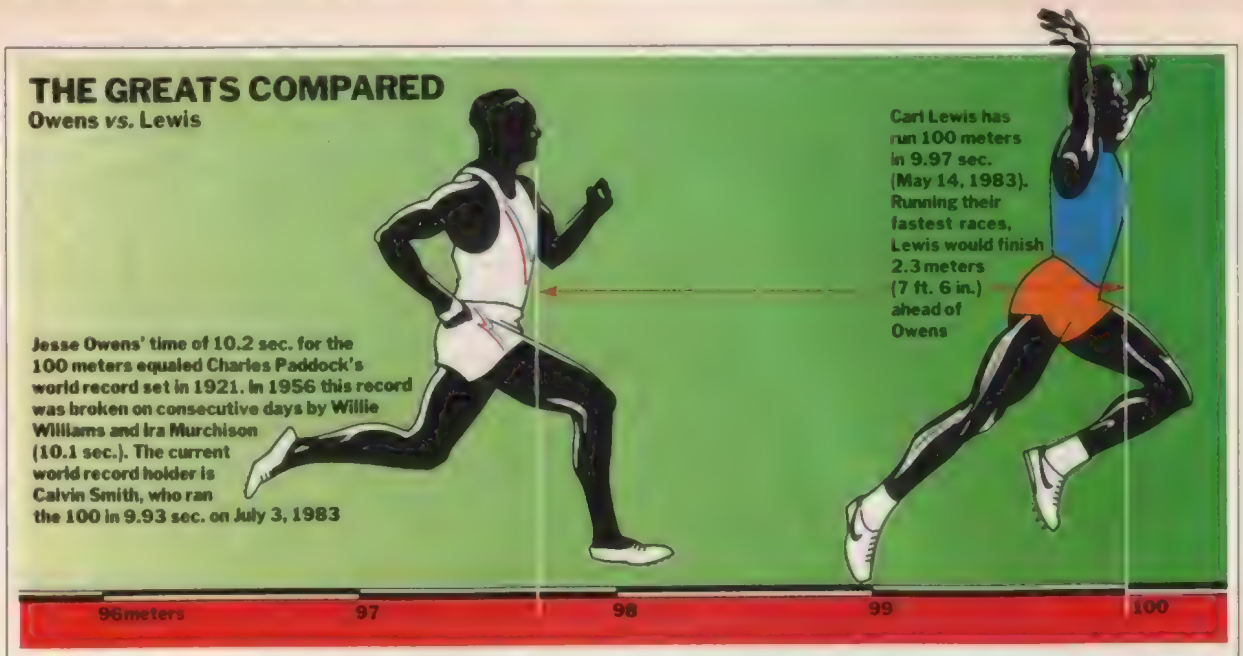
As disparate as their personalities and



Photograph for TIME by Neil Leifer



"I can run races that seem effortless to me and to those watching . . . There are going to be some absolutely unheard of things coming from me."



interests would always be, each furnished the fundamental relationship in the other's childhood and young adulthood from the days when the long-jump pit of Evelyn's team served as their sandbox. There might have been no Carl without Carol. In high school she was a force, a varsity diver and gymnast who played recreation-league softball, ran track, waved pom-poms and wished she could do more. Carl attempted hail-fellow sports like baseball, but as a coach of that period remembers, "he was always picking daisies in centerfield." For Lewis, track became a comfort station, a self-sufficient arena where the contestants are allowed to be withdrawn. "I was never a fighter when I was young," he says. "I was shy, so I always found another way of getting around a tough situation. I stayed calm."

Typically, the bubbling girl who also played piano, French horn and violin turned her scatter-gun full bore on track and field, and won a national junior pentathlon. Meanwhile, the shy boy who played the cello gravitated to the feats that involved no props, just a quiet self. By 3 in. on the door jamb (6 ft. 2 in. to 5 ft. 11 in.) and 2 yds. in the sand pit, Carl eventually passed Carol but never left her behind.

Lewis has never been a wild person or talent: he is as calculated as the parabolic geometry of long jumping. While a high school senior, he broke the nation's prep long-jump record three times, achieving 26 ft., a foot and a half past his contemporaries. Having spent the quota of free trips in the college recruiting process, he paid his own way to the University of Houston, where Track Coach Tom Tellez was said to dabble in physics.

Tellez admired almost everything he saw in Lewis, but his curiosity most of all. The coach continues to regard him as a private testing ground, even though academic deficiencies during Lewis' sophomore year have made his position on the Houston track team unofficial. He did not enroll for his senior year last fall, though he continues to work out with the Cougars while also representing Joe Douglas' Santa Monica (Calif.) Track Club.

Perhaps some academic credit should have been arranged for the research project Tellez and Lewis make of sprinting and long jumping. In British Runner Harold Abrahams' day, 60 years ago, a 100-meter racer concentrated on the report of the pistol and the texture of the tape. "When you hear the one," his coach advised, "just run like hell until you break the other." Now it is a science inspiring biomechanical studies and employing stop-action film. In a list that takes longer to read than the race does to be run, Tellez breaks down the factors by percentage of importance: reaction time out of the blocks 1%, clearing the blocks 5%, efficient acceleration 64%, maintaining maximum speed 18%, limiting deceleration 12%. As Lewis likes to say, "Everybody decelerates from about 60 meters to the finish line—everybody." But he least of all.

Carl, 10, a cousin and Owens, 57, in 1971

Advice from the old warrior: Have fun.

Long jumping appears to owe even more to slide rules. There is a 2-to-1 ratio of horizontal to vertical velocity. The center of gravity forms around a jumper's hips. Once he leaves the ground, no amount of arm spinning or leg kicking can undo what has been set in motion. Says Tellez: "One reason Carl is so good is that he has the speed, but he also has an understanding." Pounding down the runway at 8 ft. per stride, 28 ft. per sec., 19 m.p.h., he has the same ambition as any kind of racer: maximum controllable speed. "It's controlled but uncontrolled," Tellez says. "It's on the edge." Lewis starts 171 ft. from the takeoff board, a distance enabling him to generate a speed few can control. On the next to last stride, the 22nd for Lewis, he turns into a jumper, straightens up and lowers his center of gravity. As he leaves that longest step, his hips begin to rise. Defying the human tendency to hold back, he ought not to be slowing down as he runs in mid-air. Performing two hitch kicks (Owens used one), Lewis stands tin-soldierly at the height of his jump, elbows crooked at right angles. He may flap a little, but just for balance.

"I say to myself, 'Stay relaxed.' It's a funny feeling because the only thing I really recognize when I'm on a jump is when I touch the board and when I land. In the air it goes so fast I really don't feel it. It's like boom, click, click, land. I don't feel the movements of the jump. I don't feel the action involved. Sometimes I even have to ask Coach Tellez, 'Did I do it good?' " Landing, he should swing his arms forward and back, extending his left leg and then his right straight before him. Usually the arms remain out in front, but if he could bring them behind on the splashdown, it might extend the jump

CAPTURING THE CRITICAL INSTANT

Master photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson once said that a great picture captures what he called "The Decisive Moment" in any scenario — the irretrievable instant that spells the difference between artistry and mediocrity. So, too, for the premier athletes who strive for the ultimate honor of gold medals at the summer Olympics in Los Angeles: there will be the decisive moment when a brilliant tactical decision, an instant of perfect timing or technical excellence, a burst of climactic energy spells the difference between the victor and the also-ran.

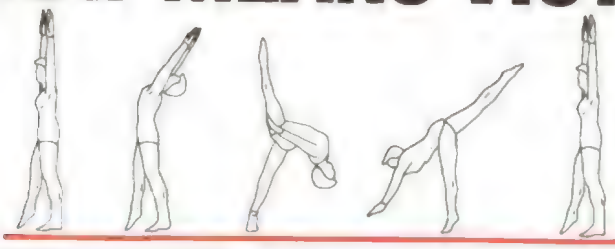
Even in such fluid, continuous events as the hurdles there is a crucial tactical moment for a competitor that will make or break his performance. Edwin Moses, the premier 400-meter hurdler in the world, knows that to run a perfect race he must take exactly 13 steps between each barrier and maintain an even stride from start to finish. Early in a race, when he is fresh, Moses might overstride — running up too close to a hurdle and forcing himself to "chop" his steps. "I have to restrain myself, up on my toes, to get the steps right," says Moses. "You can make 20 or 30 adjustments in a race. Most happen automatically, without thinking... What you want ultimately is instinctive running, where every action is a reaction."

But for Moses there is also a conscious, crucial point in every race — the middle or near it — when he stops holding back, when he knows he can go all out while maintaining

A shot-putter such as America's Dave Laut wins or loses the gold in the flash of time when the spinning of his body, the push of his legs and snap of his arm combine to launch the shot: "When the timing is right, it's as if the shot is sucked out of your hand."

RICHARD MACKSON / SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

THAT MEANS VICTORY



A perfect back flip by Rumania's Nadia Comaneci — here sketched in sequence from her heart-stopping 10.0 performance in 1976 — hinges on the moment when the lower foot clears the balance beam.

NEIL LEIFER / SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

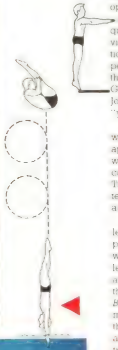
his ideal stride. "The last half of my race is explosive," says Moses, "because I've run conservatively in the first half." It is in choosing his moment of explosion that Moses ensures he will run the smooth and even race that, for him, means victory.

Olympic hopeful Dave Laut is what his shot-put rivals call a "spinner," using a whirling delivery that relies on speed and flexibility to complement strength. Starting almost like a discus thrower, Laut begins his throw on the far side of the competitor's circle with his back to his target area. Pivoting on one foot he drives to the center of the ring and spins 540°, a full turn-and-a-half. At that instant he reaches his "power position" when, in a decisive moment (see below left) of split-second timing and coordination, he is at once using the strength of his legs, the twisting of his body and the movement of his arm and wrist to launch the shot — all 16 pounds of it. "When the timing is right," says Laut, "everything works so efficiently it's as if the shot is sucked out of your hand. You don't consciously feel the exertion on your muscles at all."

The same split-second coordination and subtle timing are crucial to victory on the balance beam, the most difficult event in women's gymnastics. The beam is 16'3" long, only four inches wide and almost four feet off the floor. With her daring precision in moves such as the precarious back flip, Rumania's Nadia Comaneci astounded the judges at the 1976 Olympics in Montreal by meeting the challenge to perfection — and earning the

Dan Gable clamps a scissors hold on Russia's Rusl Ashuraliev en route to winning his lightweight wrestling gold medal at Munich in 1972.

TONY TRIOLO/ASK SPORTS



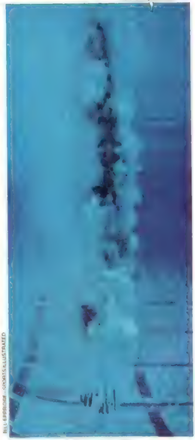
Klaus Dibiasi of Italy whirls through an inward 2½ somersault before his rip entry (sequence).

first 10.0 ever awarded in Olympic gymnastics.

The position pictured on the cover and illustrated in sequence is the critical one. The legs are split 180°, the bottom foot just coming free, and the head nearly touching the beam. Any gymnast, no matter how practiced, can lose balance and plummet like a wounded swan to the floor. Instead, for Comaneci there was the commanding precision and champion's confidence that allowed her to whirl through the demanding maneuver without a pause, making it all look easy and natural. "She has three types of qualities," said her coach, Bela Karolyi, "the physical, the intellectual and [illegible] Nadia has courage."

The quality that made America's Dan Gable one of the finest amateur wrestlers of all time was his relentless dedication to work. Three times a day, seven days a week, he pushed himself beyond agony in three-hour workouts to hone himself into an Olympic champion. "You're in a trance," Gable has said of his training psyche. "You're in another world. Once I step into a wrestling room, I change completely from one level to another. I'm gone. My body tingles."

For Gable, now coach of the U.S. team, the decisive moment in a match was an intuitive one that often came unpredictably, as it has for other great wrestlers. Suddenly, during the gruelling competition he sensed an opponent's weakness — perhaps a fleeting lack of balance. In a flash of strength and quickness, such as that shown on the previous page, all the hours and years of practice came together in a move rehearsed to perfection, leaving the opponent helpless in the grasp of a true champion. "When Dan Gable lays hands on you," wrote novelist John Irving, who has wrestled with Gable, "you are in touch with grace."



After the rip entry, divers are taught to aim for the bottom.

This section created for TIME by CARDINAL CONCEPTS. Of the athletes pictured, only Edwin Moses and Mary Decker are athletic consultants to Kodak.

In diving, although crucial points are won and lost during the final precision of the approach, the final moment of truth comes when the athlete hits the water with what competitors and coaches call a "rip" entry. There must be no splash, no fountain of water. When done correctly, a rip entry creates a sound like a piece of cloth being torn.

To that end coaches instruct their athletes to "take the dive to the bottom of the pool," that is, to aim not for the surface of the water but for the pool bottom, so that the athlete's mind will remain focused on the arrow-straight plunge. One of the masters of the rip was Klaus Dibiasi, Italy's "Angelo Biondo" (blond angel), who won a silver medal in '64 and golds in three Olympics thereafter. He is shown here performing an inward 2½ somersault in the pike position. In it, a diver starts atop the 10-meter platform with his back to the water. He jumps up and out, and spins inward — toward the tower — doing the somersaults before straightening out his body for the climactic rip.

In the rushing acrobatics of the pole vault, to the untrained eye, the decisive moment seems to come when the vaulter's soaring body passes the teetering crossbar, either clearing it or sending it tumbling to the ground. Yet as the picture and drawings at right show, the decisive moment really occurs when the vaulter is only halfway between his take-off point and the bar overhead, his pole bent like a slingshot and ready to snap back. If, just then, the vaulter has not curled his body completely upside-down — as demonstrated here by 1972 gold medalist Wolfgang Nordwig of East Germany — with the soles of his feet facing directly skyward and the pole in perfect alignment with him, he will lose the boost from the pole's upward swing. And he will lose out in the Olympic Games as well.

One of the most complex moments in Olympic competition comes in the passing of the baton during the track and field sprint relays. "The whole idea," according to U.S. coach Brooks Johnson, "is to accomplish the pass so that the baton never slows down." The outgoing runner must accelerate to full speed — 30 to 35 m.p.h. — inside the 20-meter passing zone. "But," notes Johnson, "when you get close to the end of the zone people start to back down — one because he's tired and the other because he's afraid of not completing the pass."

There is one critical instant in the

For a vaulter, the key to victory is the upward snap of the pole, which he controls by curling upside-down in mid-air.

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speed, when the outgoing runner extends his hand back, palm exposed. So as not to affect his form he does not hold it back for more than an instant, and he should never reach. The incoming runner places the baton firmly in his hand and the pass is completed.

In the gruelling, tactical 1,500 meters, the race usually is won or lost on the kick — the final burst of climactic energy. Each runner must choose his moment. Too early and he is spent before the line. Too late and he is left behind.

A perfect example occurred in the 1,500 at the World Championships in Helsinki last summer. There, American champion Mary Decker led the pack all the way. But Soviet star Zamira Zaitseva was nipping at her heels.

"She hit me practically every stride the whole way," said Decker. "Not obviously, but just brushing elbows, touching shoes. I thought about taking a swing at her, but then I was worried about being disqualified too."

On the last turn Zaitseva made her move — she took a half-step lead and cut sharply to the inside. Decker was forced to back off momentarily, falling back two yards going into the stretch. But then she made her decisive move. She pulled within one yard of her rival with 20 to go, and drew even inside the last 10. "I lost my temper," she admitted later. "I caught her because I was so *angry*."

In that critical moment Decker poured it on and drew even with Zaitseva, who was tiring. The Russian mistook an earlier line on the track for the finish, and dived headlong across it short of the actual line. Said Decker, "I hadn't seen her fall. My eyes had been shut. I didn't know I'd won until I saw the replay on the scoreboard."

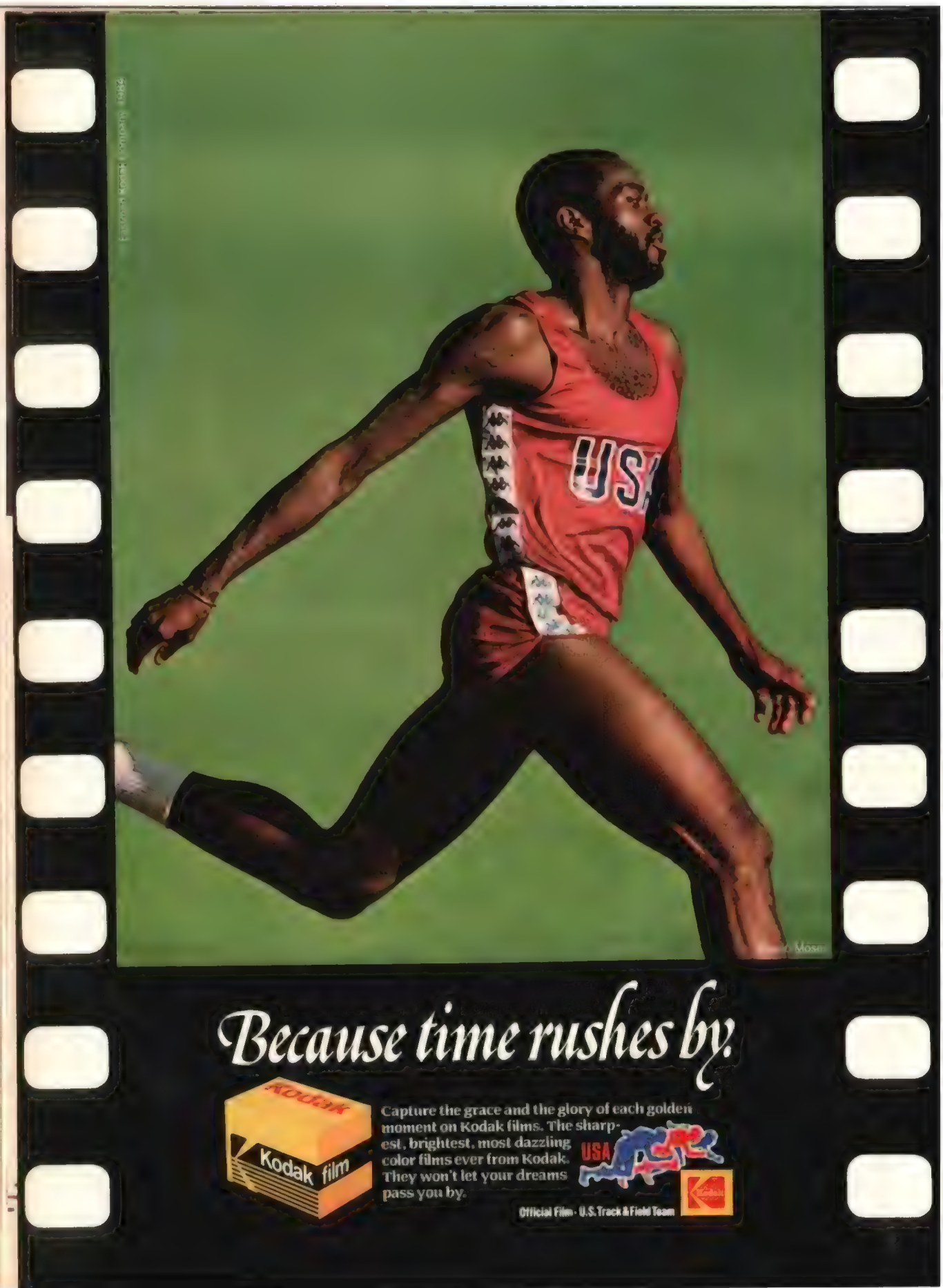
"Until that moment," said one track official, "we never knew how good Mary Decker was."

The optimum point for the baton pass in a relay is two-thirds of the way through the passing zone, when both incoming & outgoing runners are at full speed.

MARK KAUFFMAN/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

STEVE POWELL / SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Captured by the sequence camera, America's Mary Decker times her final spurt perfectly in a victory over Soviet champion Zamira Zaitseva. Two yards behind going into the stretch, Decker caught Zaitseva with fewer than 10 yards to go. The Russian dived for the line — the wrong one, it turned out — and Decker was triumphant.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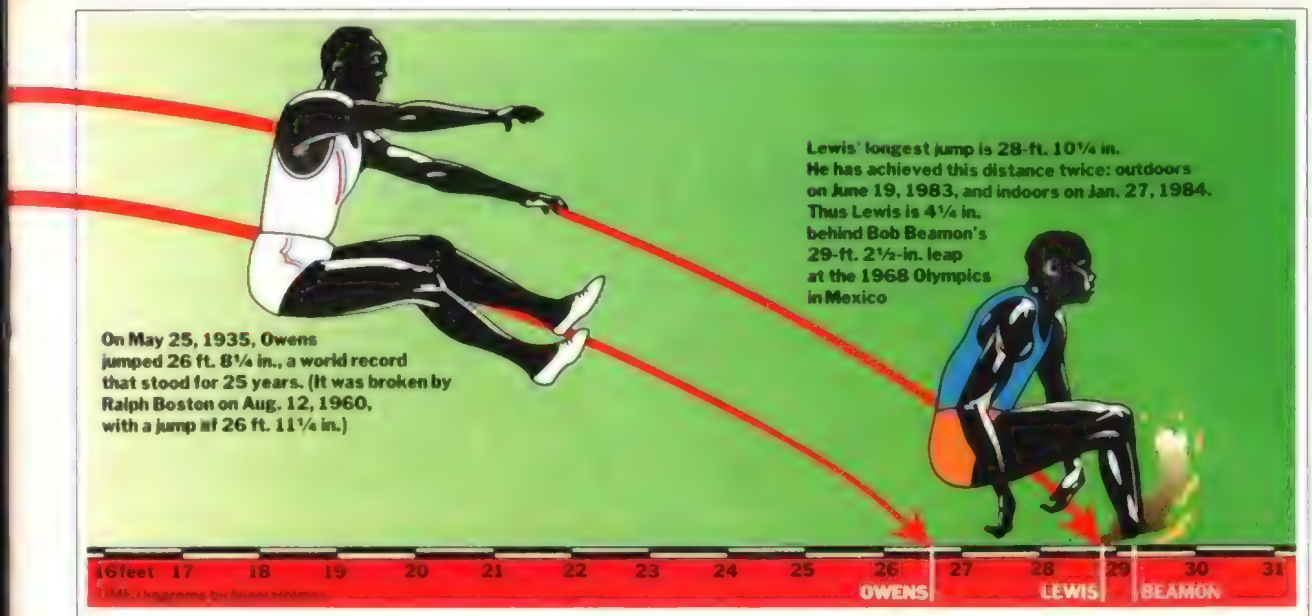

3 in. He is only 4¼ in. behind Beamon.

The Lewis streak of long-jump victories stands at 36, but he is not unanimously cheered. Last year at Indianapolis, not waiting until he crossed the finish line to celebrate the first triple victory (the 100, 200 and long jump) at a national outdoors championship in this century, Lewis held up his arms and began to catch complaints. He is something of a showboat. "A little humility is in order," soft-spoken Hurdler Edwin Moses, undefeated in 102 races, has observed. Criticism from inside the sport wounds Lewis, and the scrutiny of the press worries him. "People are trying to say that I'm two different personalities, that I wear two masks. Outside the house, friendly and happy. Inside, cold, calculating, even evil. Sometimes I find this world baffling." His remedies for worldly tensions have included silent meditation sessions with Guru Sri Chinmoy and, more devoutly, a budding ministry with an athletic evangelical association called the Lay Witnesses for Christ. "It helped me to realize that I have a God-given talent." As for that day in Indianapolis when he may have tossed away a 200-meter world record by raising his arms, he says, "That was my way of showing the joy of what I do. When I compete, it's like I'm six years old. I'm in my own realm."

It is a high-rent district. He resides in an elegant Victorian house in Houston with his dog Sasha, a Samoyed. Signing off on his telephone-answering machine, he says, "And Sasha thanks you." A collector of silver and French crystal, he developed an appreciation for fine things on browsing trips with his mother during days off on the European track tour. He drives a white BMW equipped with a phone that makes no reference to Sasha. Although he rotates his omnipresent sunglasses by the frame color, and favors the gaudiest of the skintight warmup suits proliferating at track meets now, he is less colorful and more subdued than he looks. "He is not really part of the crowd," his father says. Carl says, "I let in what I want to let in."

Mansion-dwelling amateur athletes who collect crystal no longer occasion shock, though speculation regarding Lewis' income prompts curiosity. Estimates run to $1 million a year. Coach-Adviser-Agent Douglas is shy in discussions of how much money Lewis earns. But when the Dallas Cowboys spent a twelfth-round draft pick on Carl, trawling for another Bullet Bob Hayes, Douglas noted, "If he were to play professional football, he'd take a pay cut." After the N.B.A. Chicago Bulls also drafted him, despite the fact that he never played even high school basketball, Lewis observed archly, "They know talent when they see it." Regarding the N.F.L., he says, "If I wanted to, I could be All-Pro." Like most great athletes, he can be full of himself.

Just from the ankle down, Lewis is a six-figure property. Besides shoes and shams, other business income not siphoned through track's deft trust-fund system flows through a company called Athcon, Inc. Carl Lewis is president, Bill Lewis vice president, Carol secretary, Evelyn treasurer. Board meetings are seldom called.

Until Lewis, the long jump (or the broad jump as it was once called) has always had an aura of the unattainable, almost the supernatural. Irishman Peter O'Connor's record 24 ft. 11¾ in. stood for 20 years. Owens' 26 ft. 8¼ lasted 25. Other records advance like an army of inchworms: baby-girl swimmers are lapping Johnny Weismuller. But generations of frustrated long jumpers have had to aim at unreasonable marks. Lewis intends to square things for all of them, including Owens, maybe especially Owens, who died four years ago of lung cancer at the age of 66. In his long career as an Olympic champion, he raced against horses and motorcycles at country fairs, neglected income taxes, delivered orations. After 40 years, his Hitler speech was as practiced as a one-man play. He delivered it like a preacher, with a loud timbre. But in a softer voice Owens once said, "That golden moment dies hard." More good advice for Carl.

"We want him to be known as Carl Lewis the athlete," Douglas says. "Carl Lewis the sportscaster. Carl Lewis the actor." He has studied acting at New York's Warren Robertson Theater Workshop, reading such parts as Gale Sayers' role in *Brian's Song*. "Great actors have a kind of vibrant containment, and Carl has that," says Robertson, who is Douglas' cousin. "There is a depth of vulnerability in Carl. A lot of athletes create a partition on their emotions. It's that masculine, fixed idea that men don't cry, don't show pain. It was not hard to get Carl to touch the more fragile interior." Lewis recently told the New York *Times*, "Men—athletes especially—have to be like King Kong. When we lose, we can't cry and we can't pout. We're not supposed to be touched. We have to be carved in a certain way just to be men—chest of steel and all. I think it's disgusting."

Although recognizing that few black athletes completely conquer the commercial barriers, particularly on television, Douglas extravagantly figures, "Carl Lewis will be as big as Michael Jackson." Lewis mulls it over and says, "Physically, definitely. I can't sing as well as he does, and I don't think he can run as fast as I do, so I don't fear him, and there's no reason for him to fear me." He laughs, but then he adds seriously, "When you have money, you have a lot of freedom. It's no big deal, but I understand its value." Regarding the relationship between money and freedom, as between celebrity and privacy, Lewis' understanding is sure to increase. He is about to jump feet first into all of them. —*By Tom Callahan.*

Reported by Melissa Ludtke/Los Angeles

Star-Spangled Home Team

U.S. Olympians are certain to give the nation something to shout about

In the absence of the East Germans, the Soviets and the other Communist boycotters, the medal yield of the U.S. team is sure to be markedly inflated, though the spirit of the athletes may not be deflated in the least. This is almost certainly the best American Olympic team in history, the first true team as one thinks of a team, convened if not assembled the year round. These 630 men and women, from Yachtsman William Buchan, 49, to Gymnast Michelle Dusserre, 15, are the long-awaited first crop from the Amateur Sports Act of 1978, the charter beneficiaries of the stepped-up Olympic job program, the modern training center in Colorado Springs, Colo., and the newest biomechanical technologies.

Prospects for the men's track-and-field team would be bright in any company ("I'm looking forward to gloating over the performances of U.S. athletes," Men's Coach Larry Ellis cannot resist saying), and before the boycott, the track women were poised to re-emerge as a significant power after twelve years without a gold medal. "The U.S. has the most diversified gene pool, the best facilities and the best coaching," says Women's Coach Brooks Johnson. "It was a myth that the athletes are better or that the coaching is better behind the Iron Curtain. We're now getting what they had all along—financial support. When credibility is established, that's the last piece of the puzzle to fall into place. By staying away, they're just accelerating that."

Should the U.S. now dominate the Games for the first time since 1968, some collective credibility will be tempered, but the individual gains should be as rich as ever. In addition to Carl Lewis, America certainly has an Olympian abundance:

It seems odd and a little poignant to think that this will be Mary Decker's first Olympics, so familiar is the slight 5-ft. 6-in., 108-lb. figure of the finest female middle-distance runner in the U.S., and so extensive is her body of work. From 800 meters to 10,000, she has broken seven world records and essentially every American mark indoors, outdoors or on the highway. But Decker runs so hard, she powders her bones. Her shins, ankles and feet have been in and out of the shop since Little Mary was twelve, when she ran a marathon one day and a 440 and 880 the next. "From the knees up, she's world class," says her coach, Dick Brown. "Although her knees and lungs and heart and mind want to go 80 miles a week, her calves and ankles can't take it."

But she has evidently found some restraint at 25, and comes whole to her Olympics, choosing to run the 3,000 and pass the 1,500, though qualified to try both. At last month's trials, winding up four preliminaries and two finals over just six days, Decker finished second in the 1,500, her first loss in four years. Reasoning that "one gold is better than two silvers," she has elected a showdown with South African

Mary Decker

The only disappointment is that Los Angeles will not be treated to a double Decker.

WALTER IOOSS

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Edwin Moses

Don't bet against someone who has won 102 consecutive 400-meter hurdle races.

Sprite Zola Budd, though Decker claims to be more concerned about Rumanian Marciana Puica. In the Helsinki world championships last summer, Decker won both, running Soviet Zamira Zaitseva into the ground. Boycotters Zaitseva and Tatyana Kazankina would be missed more in Los Angeles if that picture were not so fresh and fabulous.

Divorced from Marathoner Ron Tabb since 1982, Decker has wrapped herself in the huge protective arms of British Discus Thrower Richard Slaney, who helps shoo away intruders, roughly everyone. She has become a private athlete. If Carl Lewis would be king of the Games, Decker means to be queen. Both have resisted staying in the Village among the commoners, but the U.S. Olympic Committee has insisted, and the two are expected to check in at least.

Regarding temperament, no athlete of the past eight years has logged more success or felt less appreciated than Edwin Moses, 28. After he and Mike Shine brought the U.S. both the gold and the silver in the 400-meter hurdles at Montreal in 1976, their joyous victory lap faded quickly. "I had a gold medal and a world record," Moses says, "but guys who had never competed in the Olympics were getting top billing over me." He reacted badly, and the popular descriptions of him in press accounts became "sullen" and "angry."

Part of the problem was that his event had no glamorous tradition, no particular identity. Moses was actually a failed high hurdler and quarter-miler who turned to the 400-meter hurdles in 1975 looking for an easier chance to reach the Olympics. When the Montreal excitement did not take, he perversely turned the early race into the most predictable event in track, until that became its own kind of drama. Moses won ten races in a row, then 20. "When I got to about 30 or 35, I remember saying to myself, 'Well, 41 races has been the most ever won by a hurdler.' " Since Aug. 26, 1977, Moses has not lost in 102 races, posting 18 of the best 20 times ever.

Once a physics major at Morehouse College in Atlanta, he tried an office job several years ago, designing weapons systems for the Navy, and lasted about six months. He says, "I look at track from an artistic as well as a business point of view. It's more than just a sport. It's my life." Though he should tear through the Olympics, Moses feels the competition gaining. "Now when I run, people stop and tune in on the race. There's more pressure on me, of course. I have something to lose." But he is a star of the meet at last, cool and calm.

Had High Jumper Dwight Stones won the gold medal as he predicted—no, promised—in 1976, he would probably be a spectator by now, a television commentator most likely. As it happens, he is a part-time member of the ABC Olympic broadcasting team. Eleven years after making his first world mark at 19, the lovable loudmouth in the Mickey Mouse shirt flopped backward over a 7-ft. 8-in. bar last month at the trials and landed somewhere in his own past, right back in the thick of the sport.

Stones' previous U.S. record (7 ft. 7¼ in.) was set in 1976, four days, unfortunately, after his second bronze Olympics. In Montreal, he griped about the stadium's (still) unfinished roof for a week, and ended up being psyched-out by a rain spot on the runway. Similarly noisy and self-destructive were his signature quarrels with amateur athletic officials, who declared him a professional in 1978 for taking $33,633 *over* the table in a televised "superstars" competition. When it started to appear that Stones would be shut out of an amateur's income for good, he abruptly discovered diplomacy, refunded the small change and was reinstated.

For the eight years he was between records, Stones was kneaded mentally and physically by Weight Lifter–Psychologist Harry Sneider at Ambassador College in Pasadena, Calif., home base for the worldwide Church of God. They do more than just prepare for a competition, they foretell it, envision it and rehearse it, complete with sound effects. "It's like playing a whole game of chess in your mind," says Sneider, who used to wipe the brow of Chess Grandmaster Bobby Fischer before matches. Mystically, Stones says, "some things about jumping came to me recently in training sessions, things that were apparently so obvious I missed them. I don't know why they came to me after so many years. I asked Harry why after all this time are these simple things coming to me. He said, 'Dwight, because this is it for you.' "

Dwight Stones

He has twice won bronzes in the high jump, but he hopes 1984 will give him more to celebrate.

JOSE AZEL—CONTACT

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Joan Benoit

Merely to be in the first women's Olympic marathon required a minor medical miracle.

For Joan Benoit, just being in the marathon constitutes a triumph. Less than three weeks before the May trials, the women's world-record holder from Maine underwent arthroscopic surgery on her complaining right knee, which finally shut down completely in practice. With microscissors, the doctor snipped a tight bundle of inflamed tissue from just behind the joint on the outside of the knee. "You could hear it snap," he said. "It was like cutting a rubber band."

The next day a special exercise cycle was rigged over Benoit's hospital bed, and she began pedaling with her hands to keep her cardiovascular system in fettle. After four days she resumed running, just a mile at first. Next she swam, rode a bike, lifted weights. With a time of 2:31:04, eight minutes slower than her 1983 Boston Marathon record, she won the trial, finishing in tears. Says Bob Sevene, her coach mostly in the sense of someone to lean on: "Joan has this tremendous ability to blank out everything at the start of a race—heat, humidity, injury or pain. It's the pure marathoner in her."

Benoit took to running eleven years ago, at 16, as therapy after a skiing accident. Where most world-class runners gravitate to shinier training sites, Benoit remains partial to Portland, Me., even in the icy winter. "People in Maine respect me for who I am, not for what I've accomplished," she says. "I have no hassles out on the roads. I'm just another Mainer." Norway's Grete Waitz, 30, whom Benoit has never beaten, is favored to take the gold medal. But Benoit arrives at the Games with a sense of having already won something nearly as fine.

The most passionate competitor on the entire team may be a swimmer, Rick Carey, 21, the University of Texas junior, academic all-American, computer whiz and sore loser. "Rick not only hates to lose, he hates to go slow," says Coach John Collins of the Badger Swim Club in Larchmont, N.Y. "It's like he has a devil over his shoulder who drives him to go fast." Carey seems to have put behind him his notorious goggle-throwing days. But then, he has not had much occasion for temper lately. He is the world-record holder in both the 100- and 200-meter backstroke, but Carey does not enjoy the pressure of national expectations. "You feel like you're swimming with people on your back," he says.

Short for a backstroker, slightly under 6 ft., he is as strong as, but less stringy than, John Naber, whose gold-medal records from 1976 lasted seven years, until Carey broke them. Naber says, "Rick is driven more by internal motivation than by external competition," which is a good thing. Carey's archrival, East German Dirk Richter, will not be in Los Angeles to push him, one of the keenest losses of the boycott.

On the subjective side of the pool, California Diver Gregory Efthimios Louganis, 24, is held in such complete esteem that his Olympics may resemble a coronation more than a contest. The three-time world champion, who won a silver medal at Montreal, is considered a lock on the 3-meter springboard and merely the favorite on the 10-meter platform. His position in the sport is so proprietary that when a Soviet diver was fatally injured attempting a reverse 3½ tuck at a meet last summer, Louganis felt personally responsible for "pushing people to do these dives." It is not a precarious dive to Louganis, a sensitive introvert whose fear of heights relents only "when there's water underneath."

Fathered by a Samoan teen-ager, adopted at nine months by the Greek owner of a San Diego fishing-boat dock, Louganis had a stammeringly shy childhood that was further complicated by dyslexia and asthma. Tumbling in gym classes before the age of two and dancing in studio theatricals by three, he started to apply these disciplines to diving at seven with a solitary single-mindedness that may seem a little sad. Socially, he is just now coming out of himself. "If you want to be the best, you have to sacrifice," he says. "This sounds so desperate, but I don't mean it the way it sounds. I didn't have anything else." Though Louganis has never pumped iron, he is as brawny as a weight lifter, and his legs are as developed as a dancer's. At the University of California, Irvine, he majored in drama and minored in dance, including classical ballet.

Olympic Diving Coach Ron O'Brien observes, "Because Greg is stronger, he can go higher and dive slower and

RONALD MODRA—SI

Rick Carey

The world-record holder at 100 and 200 meters may back into two gold medals.

Greg Louganis

Taking a dive—springboard and platform—should bring him a pair of gold medals.

RON BOWEN

smoother. When most divers do a hard dive, they have to hurry to make it. Greg's diving looks like a slow-motion film, and he has a body perfectly proportioned for diving. His lines are graceful and beautiful." As Louganis describes the deliberateness, "A rattlesnake coils up, but he's not going to strike until he has every ounce of explosive power behind him." It is the same in diving.

Since Olga Korbut in 1972, pixies of the balance beam and the parallel bars have been the television stars of the Olympics, and America's leading nominee for sweetheart of the Los Angeles Games is a 4-ft. 10-in. stunt girl named Mary Lou Retton, 16. She is a protégée of Rumanian Defector Bela Karolyi, who coached Nadia Comaneci to perfection in 1976. Two years ago, Retton left her West Virginia coal-country home to be near Karolyi in Houston, citing a reason that is a good commentary on the rigors, some say horrors, of gymnastics: "I knew that if I wanted to have a chance at a medal in the Olympics, I was not going to do it if I stayed home. And I had worked all of those long, hard years." She was 14.

"In 1976 the public fell in love with a 14-year-old teen-ager who was very light, very dynamic, with smooth and coordinated movements," says Karolyi of Comaneci. "In 1984 they are going to see complex athletes who are unbelievably powerful and explosive." Retton's compact, broad-shouldered torso is mounted on stout, muscular legs. "She's strong and quick, but also has a great personality," he says. "She performs as an artist, showing her emotions." Her least favorite apparatus is the beam, a 4-ft. platform for balletic grace, her most enjoyable event the vault, a diving handspring after running fast and hard.

Without the opposition of Boriana Stoyanova of Bulgaria or Natalia Yurchecko of the Soviet Union, Retton is favored for a gold in the vault. But Rumania, the only Soviet-bloc country defying the boycott, has advertised two new teenage Nadias, Ecaterina Szabo and Lavinia Agache. Julianne McNamara, 18, another American pupil of Karolyi's, is given a good chance as well. She is as slender and graceful as her stablemate is robust and dynamic. "The competition is worried about me this time around," Retton says gladly. "I welcome the added pressure. It makes me fight even more."

The best of the American boxers is Mark Breland, 21, a welterweight with a sense of history. "The great world champions," he says flatly, "won the Olympics first." In particular, he refers to Sugar Ray Leonard, whose gold medal in Montreal started Leonard off as a full-blown celebrity and staked him to a professional career of main events only. Now that Breland is not required to face either Serik Konakbaev of the Soviet Union or Candelario Duvergel of Cuba, his task is simpler, though he has beaten both in the past, along with nearly every other 147-pounder in the international arena. While Leonard lost five amateur bouts, Breland's 105 matches have produced only one defeat, a split decision three years ago to Daryl Anthony, now professional. Three-time world champion, twice the American title holder, Breland is the most accomplished amateur fighter in U.S. history.

At 6 ft. 2½ in., a tower beside standard-size welterweights, Breland is a legendary eater and metabolic wonder who has yet to battle the scale. "I can have ten pancakes at a time," he says. "Then I walk about ten blocks and have to stop some place to eat." A roofer's son, one of six children who grew up in Brooklyn's grim Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto, Breland never found boxing particularly fearsome. "I like pain," he says breezily. "Before a fight, I am so hyped up I just want to bust. Everything boils up in me."

Reversing the usual course, he has already had a major acting role in a motion picture, portraying a persecuted black military cadet in *The Lords of Discipline*. According to Manager-To-Be Shelly Finkel, a rock-music producer, Breland's future has been plotted along these lines: a gold medal in Los Angeles, five or six lucrative years on the world boxing stage and a subsequent career in the movies. Reportedly, a three-year, $2 million contract from Paramount Studios has been rejected. But the first trappings of wealth have arrived: cousins. "I have so many cousins these days, they ring the phone off the hook. Everybody's become my cousin." —*By Tom Callahan. Reported by Steven Holmes and Melissa Ludtke/Los Angeles, with other bureaus*

Mary Lou Retton

Whether or not she becomes the first U.S. gymnast to win a medal is in the balance.

Mark Breland

His future has been programmed on the assumption that he will win the welterweight title.

Leading the Invasion

They won't plunder the place, but many foreign athletes will pocket medals

Yugoslavia, China and Rumania will be there, surely the first delegations to be cheered wildly by Americans simply for being Communist and showing up. Athletes from Bhutan and Western Samoa, plus 13 other new delegations, will make their Olympic debuts, forcing officials to prepare the music to 140 anthems, just in case. Bolivia, because of its financial problems, decided to pull out, then yielded to public pressure and found some funds. The International Olympic Committee has agreed to pay the airfares for up to six athletes from any country. Kathy Ragg, who failed to make the New Zealand team, will be cycling for Fiji. The Fijians, ever on the alert for Olympic free agents, made an offer to Boxer Sani Fine, but Fine decided to represent his native Tonga as a one-man delegation. San Marino will send the largest Olympic contingent in relation to total population: 19 out of 22,000.

If not the complete international showpiece it might have been, the Games are still a wondrous tapestry. Canada's impressive heavyweight boxer, Willie deWit, 23, was first tutored in the sport less than five years ago by an Albertan dentist. DeWit's conditioning coach is a Ugandan refugee who in turn received boxing lessons from the man he fled, Idi Amin, now retired. Most of Italy's team has already been to Los Angeles for "psychological training" to get Disneyland and other local distractions out of the way. Japan's cycling team may ride to gold on sheer technology: aerodynamically sophisticated new bikes and weird new helmets pointed toward the rear to reduce back-of-the-head air turbulence.

In all, the world will send 7,800 athletes to Los Angeles, making 1984 the largest Olympics ever. The total of 140 nations coming, even without the 16 boycotters, is the most in history; 1972, the runner-up, had 122. Many countries, including Australia and Japan, are sending out their biggest, most expensive squads ever. China's team, competing in its first Summer Olympics since 1948 (it has never won a gold medal), will field 353 athletes and should do well in gymnastics, shooting, fencing and weight lifting; the Chinese women's volleyball team, led by Lang ("The Hammer") Ping, will battle Japan and the U.S. for gold. Asked whether he has another Nadia Comaneci this year, Rumania's gymnastics coach reports he has two.

Also shipping athletes by twos, Djibouti has a pair of runners who could surprise; each of them has won a marathon in France this year. From Britain's "Leotard Lady," Hurdler Shirley Strong, who smokes a pack of cigarettes a day, to Japan's identical-twin marathoners, Shigeru and Takeschi Sou, the visiting teams feature scores of colorful and idiosyncratic stars who will leave their marks on this Olympics.

Here are seven who are most likely to command attention both on the victory stand and off:

Zola Budd

Great Britain

DAVE CANNON—ALLSPORT

An Afrikaner version of "the Natural," the waif with the mesmerizing manner and million-dollar future may stamp the 1984 Games with her name, like Nadia Comaneci in 1976 and Mark Spitz in 1972.

Mary Decker's most talked-about competition in the women's 3,000 meters is the barefoot sensation Zola Budd, 18. Decker has reacted a bit testily to the Budd buildup: "I'm tired of seeing my name in the same paragraph with Zola Budd," she says. Budd, who idolizes Decker and keeps a life-size poster of her taped to the bedroom wall, seems tremulously downbeat about the Olympic match-up: "I don't think I'm competition for her. I'm not in her class."

On Jan. 5 in her native South Africa, Budd ran a 5,000-meter race in 15:01.83, nearly 7 sec. faster than Decker's 1982 U.S. record, though Budd's time was not official because of South Africa's pariah status in world sport. In the 3,000 meters—there is no Olympic 5,000 meters for women—her best time is 8:37.5, in contrast with Decker's 8:29.71. But two weeks ago in London she broke the world record for 2,000 meters in 5:33.15, an indication that the world's most awesome 82-lb. athlete may have enough speed to match Decker.

Granted British citizenship to skirt the ban on South African athletes (thanks to a British grandfather), Budd kept her head through all the political turmoil, but there is still some question about her emotional sturdiness. "Pressure has never been good for me," she says. Last February, after failing to break the 3,000-meter world record on an unusually windy day, she cowered in a corner until her coach Pieter Labuschagne calmed her down. Says he: "She's very vulnerable after a race that hasn't gone well." She may be vulnerable as well to a bit of psychological warfare at the Olympics. For all her potential she is still a shy teen-ager who wolfs down chocolate before a race, misses her pets and keeps an army of stuffed animals. In addition, the conventional wisdom is that her unshod style won't do in Los Angeles. "She will never outsprint Mary Decker barefoot," says Mike Paul, a runner from Trinidad. "The Coliseum track is too spongy. She'll get no grip." It will damage her marvelous image, but she is likely to run in spikes or soft shoes at the Games. Labuschagne brings up another pertinent point: Budd has received sponsoring offers from two shoe manufacturers and "if someone offers her a lot of money, say $40,000, it would be difficult if she decided to run barefoot in a race."

One of the most flamboyant of this year's Olympians is Britain's superb decathlete Daley Thompson, who turns 25 at the start of the Games. Son of a Nigerian-born house painter and his working-class Scottish wife, Thompson, who puckishly refers to himself as "the great white hope of British sport," is something of a national monument and national irritant in England. He has been host of his own televi-

sion fitness show and piled up hundreds of thousands of dollars in endorsements.

The gold medalist at Moscow in 1980, Thompson has won every decathlon he has completed since 1977. His goal in Los Angeles is 9,000 points, the decathlon equivalent of the 4-min. mile and the 20-ft. pole vault. After Thompson set the world record in the event in 1982, he received a cable from Bruce Jenner: "I knew you had the right attitude to be the best in the world . . . 9,000 or bust!" His chief competition will be West Germany's Jürgen Hingsen, who is a year older to the day than Thompson. He broke Thompson's record last year and set a new world mark of 8,798 in June at his country's Olympic trials.

Thompson is so single-minded about training and preparation for meets that he regularly snubs the press; he refused to be his nation's flag-bearer at the 1982 Commonwealth Games in Brisbane, Australia. When critics complained about the flag incident, Thompson replied with tart comments about the pointlessness of preparing for a decathlon and then standing out in the hot sun with a flag for several hours. At UCLA in May, Thompson organized a decathlon competition to give himself a shot at the world record. The BBC paid $15,000 to sponsor the event. But Thompson performed poorly in the high jump, and when he saw he had no chance at the record, went home without running the 1,500 meters. The BBC pursued him furiously. Explained the no-show: "I didn't feel much like getting out of bed this morning."

Thompson manages to soften his frosty image with flurries of generosity. At the Moscow Games he spent two days coaching a novice from Sierra Leone. After winning a decathlon at Edmonton, Alta., he insisted that all his competitors run the victory lap alongside him. And when he noticed that U.S. Decathlete John Crist was having trouble in the pole vault, he invited Crist to be his guest in Britain and put him in touch with a British coach.

The blessings of success are visible. Thompson drives a Saab Turbo Sedan to and from training and his various business enterprises. He does not party, smoke or drink alcohol or coffee, but he admits downing "far too many hamburgers" because eating well takes time away from training. "I can't afford any interruptions," he says. "I have to train for ten events and peak ten times. It's a tremendous mental as well as physical strain."

Britain excels in middle-distance running, and Thompson's only regret is that he did not. "Man," he says, "I'd give my back teeth to have been in the position of Seb Coe and Steve Ovett, to be able to prove that you're the best runner in the world and the other one isn't." Being a star decathlete is not so bad though. Thompson once fantasized about meeting Jim Thorpe, Bob Mathias, Jenner and other champions in an alltime decathlon contest. "Then we'd see who's the best," he says, adding with a smile, "I know, of course, but it would be great fun."

Daley Thompson

Great Britain

TONY DUFFY—ALL SPORT

Meticulous, witty and ferociously candid, the 1980 Olympic gold medal winner trains 35 weeks for the decathlon, a competition he once called "nine Mickey Mouse events and a 1,500 meters."

Michael Gross

West Germany

DUFFY—ALL SPORT

"After Los Angeles, life will go on with or without medals," he says philosophically. Probably with. Many swimming coaches consider him as good a bet to win in water as Carl Lewis is on land.

Zhu Jianhua

China

A national hero, he was named the top Chinese athlete of 1982 and 1983 by vote of magazine readers, but there is still some doubt about his ability to perform at his best under Olympic pressure.

The world's most astonishing swimmer is West German Michael Gross, 20, who wears a T shirt bearing the English words I AM TOO FAST TO TIME. The German press, when it is not quarreling with Gross for his famed noncooperation, calls him "our goldfish," and Italian journalists, more ornately, refer to him as the "albatross with the golden wings." Gross is 6 ft. 8 in., with a reach of 7 ft. 7 in.

He is expected to strike gold in three Olympic events: 200-meter freestyle, 200-meter butterfly and 4-by-200 freestyle relay. Match his best times against those of 1972 Olympic Hero Mark Spitz, and the mind conjures up an imaginary race: Gross wins, starts toweling himself off and bends over to help the struggling Spitz out of the pool. He betters Spitz by more than 5 sec. in the freestyle. "Gross is the prototype of an endurance athlete," says Dieter Böhmer of Frankfurt University. "His organs function perfectly. He could also be a star cyclist, rower or basketball player." Böhmer conducted a meticulous physical study of the swimmer. He found that Gross's oxygen intake and lung volume are enormous, about double that of an ordinary human. His pulse rate reaches 180 after a race, but drops to below 100 in one minute, a sign of outstanding recuperative power.

Elected West German athlete of the year in 1982, Gross did not bother to show up for the proclamation and reception. "Insolence," summed up former World Heavyweight Champion Max Schmeling. Gross did show up in 1983 when he won the same honor, but was criticized for not wearing a tie. "I do not own a tie," he explained. He dodges journalists with a passion, and those who do catch up call Gross arrogant, unsmiling and unemotional. "I cannot make a show of it like soccer players who embrace after each successful goal," says Gross, defending his individualism. "Shall I embrace the water in which I swim?"

After a career of leaving reporters irritated, Gross is now "toying with the idea of becoming a journalist." He has just passed his final *Gymnasium* (high school) exams and has received offers from U.S. universities, but has decided to study in Germany. Gross is expected to win at Los Angeles and everywhere else for the foreseeable future. Says Wolfgang Richter, trainer of many outstanding East German swimmers: "Gross is so phenomenal he cannot be beaten for a long time to come." He is one of the few overwhelming favorites at the Games.

Zhu Jianhua, 21, is China's current version of a Charles Atlas success story: a lanky weakling and bronchitis sufferer converted into an aggressive world-class high jumper. A coach named Hu Hongfei noticed the nonathletic Zhu, then 10 and known as "bean pole," and decided that Zhu's skinny frame and long legs were just right for jumping. Hu put the boy through a short-term training program aimed at developing a taste for competition as well as jumping. It worked. "There is nothing like flying over a crossbar," Zhu tells friends. "It simply makes me forget everything else."

Within two months he was making impressive jumps in the outmoded straddle style. Converted to the modern flop, Zhu at 16 made headlines at a Mexico City meet in 1979 by jumping 7 ft. 4½ in., and in 1981 he broke the decade-old Asian record in the event. That same year he injured an ankle and could not compete for six months, but he worked hard and returned to form. A year ago, before a wildly cheering Peking crowd, he set the world record, and has since broken it twice. His best mark is now 7 ft. 10 in. "Zhu may very possibly be the first to clear 2.4 meters [7 ft. 10½ in.]," says Huang Jian, head coach of China's track-and-field team. "His run-up is very fast, and when he stamps with his left foot for the takeoff, that stamping carries a force amounting to 800 kg."

Despite his many triumphs, Zhu's fans are somewhat apprehensive about his Olympic chances. He tends to be better in China than on the road, better against weak competition than strong. At Los Angeles he will have the additional pressure of having to bring back China's first gold medal in track and field. Last April Zhu announced, "There is no reason to be nervous. I will prepare for the Olympic competition both physically and mentally." But in the Olympics the height of the bar can sometimes seem different.

In the absence of Soviet Star Sergei Bubka, the world-record holder, the man to beat in the pole vault will be France's Thierry Vigneron, 24, who produced the highest indoor vault, 19 ft. 2¼ in., four months ago at the European championships. Vigneron is a cool technician and explosive competitor, so fire-and-ice imagery comes readily to the tongue of his coach, who calls him "not normal, an extraterrestrial with the iciness of a goalkeeper; he has a volcano inside him, and competition makes him spit fire."

The problem is getting the lava to erupt at the right moment. The psychological buildup must be just right. At the Moscow Olympics, the entire French pole-vault team was supposed to dazzle, but Vigneron and his teammates came home without medals. "I was a bit tense, a little bit high strung," he says. "I'm better now at focusing my energy at crucial moments." He is also injury prone. After his worst landing accident, in 1978, his spleen was removed, and he admits to a loss of stamina. Though he tires occasionally, he says, "I can go very high even if I'm not in top shape."

Vigneron is the third child of two gymnastic champions, and acquired the suppleness and skill of a gymnast as a small boy. At 5 ft. 11 in., he is not particularly tall or muscular. He more than compensates with exceptional concentration and an uncanny precision in handling the flex of the newer soft poles. But, he says, "when you are trying to get over the bar, technique doesn't matter. It is the hunger for victory, the spirit of combat." Vigneron plays soccer and has competed in the decathlon. He says of his current renown, "It just makes me want to be more famous." He is unusually poised. His pole snapped at a meet last February in Madison Square Garden. Though his hands were still shaking from the shock, he had the presence to stage an elaborate bow before the officials and present them with fragments of his pole as souvenirs.

Thierry Vigneron

France

PRESSE—SPORTS

"To train with the professionalism of the Americans and the hunger for victory of the British," says the high-flying French pole vaulter with the Pete Rose hairdo. "That's a good cocktail."

A top medal threat in the 800 and 1,500 meters is a shy, boyish Brazilian who runs for the University of Oregon and is the current Pacific Athletic Conference athlete of the year. Growing up in a poor neighborhood outside Brasília, Joaquin Carvalho Cruz, now 21, dreamed of glory as a basketball star. "I thought running was stupid," he says. "Basketball was fun." He started jogging to get in shape for basketball, and was duped into his first race at age 14 by a friend who entered his name in a 1,500-meter run.

Cruz won the race and acquired a mentor and father figure: his basketball coach, Luiz Alberto de Oliveira, now 34 and Cruz's one and only track coach. Cruz's father died when Cruz was 18. That year De Oliveira took his budding star north to study and run at Brigham Young University in Utah. Trouble with the English language kept him from enrolling, and the cold weather forced him

Joaquin Cruz

Brazil

MARK SHEARMAN

A stork in the running flock, the long-legged middle-distance man must take charge early and beat back challenges from short-striding competitors like Coe and Ovett on the final straightaway.

Rob de Castella

Australia

ALL SPORT

The reigning king of the marathon raced for eight years in Australia before it dawned on him that he had the potential to become a world champion. He has not been beaten at that distance since 1981.

to train on hard indoor tracks, producing a bone spur on his right foot.

Cruz and De Oliveira traveled to Eugene, Ore., a mecca for runners, to consult an orthopedic specialist. The foot surgery was eventually done in Houston, but runner and mentor liked Eugene so much that Cruz enrolled at the university on a track scholarship last year after his foot had healed. With the Olympics in mind, De Oliveira invented an unorthodox training program for Cruz, which includes barreling up a steep 4½-mile incline and running while holding his breath. The attentive coach praises his star's "positive mental attitude and toughness," but immodestly credits himself with turning Cruz into a great runner. "The guys who have broken the 4-min. mile have done so not because today's runners are naturally faster but because they have better training programs," says De Oliveira, who calls his own regimen "innovative and unused by U.S. track coaches."

Cruz is a self-effacing straight arrow, who seems like a Latin version of a 1950s all-American boy. A churchgoing Baptist, he hates rock music, avoids drugs and liquor and does not date. "You can't go out with girls and train the way I do." He avoids American movies because "they're full of sex, violence and drugs," but admits he liked *Raiders of the Lost Ark* because "the hero ran a lot in the picture." He is young for his years and knows it. "The overprotectiveness of my coach has held me back a bit," he says.

Some coaches have called Cruz a horse because of his endurance, but Cruz, who is 6 ft. 2 in., likes to think of himself as a galloping giraffe: "The giraffe is so tall you don't expect him to be as fast as he is, but his height also gives him those long, graceful strides."

Veteran Marathoner Alberto Salazar is intense, driven and so emotional that he broke down and wept at Helsinki last year when a bout of bronchitis sapped his strength. Rob de Castella, 27, the Australian marathoner, is so low key and stoic that when a severe muscle strain almost kept him out of the same Helsinki meet, he told his wife, "If I cannot start, I'll just skip the race and find another marathon." Helsinki and Rotterdam, four months earlier, may have been the changing of the guard in marathon from emotional fire to preternatural calm. De Castella beat Salazar handily in both races. The tenth-place finisher at the Moscow Olympics, he has not lost a marathon since late 1980 and is the odds-on choice to run away from the field at Los Angeles.

"Marathon running is a matter of controlling your emotions," says De Castella. That control comes so naturally to the Australian that his colleagues make him sound like a laid-back Californian. Pat Clohessy, a former world-class runner who has coached De Castella since the marathoner was a teen-ager, says, "He takes an interest in his competitors. They help him too because he's so good-natured. He's very, very relaxed. It's not win at all costs."

De Castella is a classic example of the slow-maturing athlete. He was a poorly coordinated teen-ager who performed indifferently at soccer and cricket as well as running. At prep school, he would finish 40th or 50th in a field of 150 cross-country runners.

Deek, as friends call him, studies sports medicine and has a science degree; he is currently listed as a biophysicist at the Australian Institute of Sport. But he cheerfully admits that the title is little more than a front. "My work is running," he says. His training regimen is precise and staggering: seven days a week of sprints, long runs, weight lifting and cycling. He runs up to 140 miles a week and adds a 30-mile run just before a big race, on the theory that a marathon (26 miles 385 yds.) seems simple after the boredom and trauma of the longer distance. He also does "easy" runs (almost jogs) and "relaxed" runs, where speed is important but the emphasis is on staying calm and not tensing up. Because of all the heavy training, he says, he has never hit the "wall" that flattens many marathoners at 20 miles or so. "In other sports," he says, "you have technique and skill to fall back on. In the marathon it boils down to fitness." He politely praises the Japanese marathoner Toshihiko Seko and several talented Africans, but the bottom line comes with his usual serenity: "There is nobody in the race that worries me."

De Castella seems more concerned about conditions than competitors. He lobbied to have the Olympic marathon scheduled for early morning instead of late afternoon, at the height of smog and heat, but lost to the needs of TV and sheer theatricality. For the first time, the marathon has been scheduled to end during the final minutes of the final day. Runners will burst into the Coliseum during the pageantry of the closing ceremonies. —*By John Leo. Reported by John Dunn/Melbourne and James Shepherd/London, with other bureaus*

Just Off Center Stage

They may not be recognizable, but they are equally Olympian

Is it still possible to offend anyone except the ghost of Avery Brundage and a few no-show Iron Curtain sports commissars by announcing the obvious, that the defunct Olympic ideal of amateurism has always been humbug? The prohibition against pros was not high-minded in its origin, it was high-hat: a snobbish social exclusion of riding instructors, fencing masters and the like who sweated for their keep and were considered high-level servants. It was intended to ensure that those who participated in this festival of running and jumping were the sons and daughters of gentlefolk. Other Olympic ideals had more substance, and these endure. But the old leisure-class amateurism is dead. Not buried, unfortunately, because its rules still clutter the Olympic Games, getting in the way of sportsmen trying to make an honest living; just utterly and irredeemably dead.

"I'll be glad when we eliminate the word amateur from this sport," says Joe Douglas, coach of the Santa Monica Track Club and business manager for Superstar Carl Lewis. "It's a sham. If there were true amateurism in track and field, most of the athletes couldn't compete." Douglas should know. Not only can a track-and-field star like his client make as much as $1 million a year from his sport and still be eligible to compete as an "amateur," it is also possible for top-flight athletes known mostly within the sport to make perhaps $100,000, a handsome living.

One source of income for a first-class track-and-field athlete is appearance money. A star of the magnitude of Lewis, Edwin Moses or Mary Decker can ask for and get up to $15,000 a meet just to show up. In Europe, appearance fees are openly paid. In the U.S., the money passes under the table, and officials of the various sports federations that rule on who is and who is not an amateur pretend that the practice does not exist.

It is not only athletes and coaches who are tired of such pointless fakery. "To ignore reality is stupid, and that's what we're doing," says Robert Helmick, a Des Moines lawyer who is a vice president of the U.S.O.C. Helmick also points out, however, that the Olympic definition of amateurism has been broadened enormously over the past 20 years. Broadened indeed; it is as if the definition of a milk cow had expanded to include gray skin, huge floppy ears and a trunk. Since 1980, subsidies and stipends paid out by the U.S.O.C. have doubled, to an impressive figure of $90 million. But important changes had begun earlier. In 1978, as a result of an International Amateur Athletics Federation ruling, U.S. amateurs were permitted to make commercial endorsements if the proceeds were placed in trust funds, to be tapped for training and living expenses. Thus Marathoner Frank Shorter could begin pitching for Canon cameras and Hilton Hotels, Kodak could sign up Moses, Decker and Marathoner Alberto Salazar, and everyone who was anyone in track and field could finally admit to having been on the payroll of somebody's shoe company since high school.

In 1981 a second trust fund was authorized for track-and-field athletes, to hold "other proceeds," including prize money and, presumably, those forbidden appearance payments. Consulting contracts have now been allowed, and since these do not have to be spent on training, travel or living expenses, they amount to outright salary. "We are quite liberal on what we allow as training expenses," concedes an official of the Athletics Congress, the governing body of U.S. track and field. After his amateur career, the athlete gets the whole wad in the trust funds.

A flesh-and-bucks measure of the change is Paul Cummings, the 30-year-old distance runner who won the 10,000-meter race at the Olympic trials in Los Angeles last month. He had starred in track at Brigham Young University, and when he graduated in 1977 he wanted to continue racing. "But the rules were so strict that you couldn't even coach track at the local high school and remain an amateur," he recalls. "So I quit running, dropped thoughts of coaching and went to work in a steel plant."

This seems to be what the inventors of Olympic amateurism had in mind. No steelworkers need apply. But in 1981 Cummings got laid off from his mill job, "and that was probably the best thing that ever happened to me, as it turned out." The rules on amateurism had loosened in the direction of good sense, and Cummings went back to running. Today, he says, "there are marathon races with million-dollar budgets and first-prize money up in the $40,000 range. Now you can make good money as a consultant. That doesn't diminish the joy of competing. But it's made it possible for me to continue in it and earn a decent living for

JAMES DRAKE

JOHN BIGLOW

A *Chariots of Fire* amateur with true-blue attitudes.

my wife and four children. What's wrong with that?"

What is wrong, a considerable number of penniless athletes might answer, is that among U.S. team members at the Olympics, the new prosperity applies almost exclusively to competitors in track and field. There are beginning to be some exceptions; the men's and women's bicycling teams, for instance, are now receiving useful amounts from such sponsors as 7-Eleven and Raleigh bicycles. Boxing is a reliable source of medals, and some months ago the U.S.O.C. began to keep its boxers, many of them impoverished black youngsters with no way of supporting themselves while training, in almost permanent residence at the Amateur Boxing Federation training camp in Colorado Springs, Colo.

But many athletes are pursuing the less heralded laurels whose publicity or retail value is low. For these contestants, something of the imagined amateur purity necessarily survives. Here is a selection from the U.S. Their years of anonymous, isolated commitment will not lead even to a medal in some cases. But they have won their moment on the Olympic stage and a chance for personal satisfaction and glory no less than what Carl Lewis or Mary Decker might feel.

RICK MCKINNEY

Timing is vital; you shoot between heartbeats.

There is, among them, even one old-style, *Chariots of Fire* amateur, the kind with true-blue attitudes and prosperous parents. John Biglow is a lean, powerful, awesomely fit man of 6 ft. 3 in. and 188 lbs. who rowed stroke on the Yale crew. After graduation in 1980, he went back to his home in Bellevue, Wash., to talk things over with his father, Attorney Lucius H. Biglow Jr. "I think he was asking, Was rowing a respectable thing to do?" recalls the elder Biglow. His father gave his approval, but that was not all that John Biglow had been asking, of course. He needed financial backing, and he got it. He has been supported largely by his family since then.

Beginning in 1981, when he switched from eight- and four-man shells to single sculling, he has lived near Boston, trained six days a week, much of the time under Harvard Coach Harry Parker, and taken enough classes to qualify for Dartmouth Medical School in the fall. He has held no full-time paying job. Thus he has been a member of the leisure class, though with little leisure. Oarsmen row all year, on the water or on machines, and put in additional long hours running and lifting weights. "You can't have much of a social life," Biglow says. "Oarsmen are notorious for going to sleep at 10 o'clock."

Although he is counted as a good prospect for a bronze medal, he is convincing when he says that competing, not winning, is his reward. Merely to be in the same race with the great Finnish sculler Pertti Karppinen, gold medalist in 1980 and the favorite this year, justifies all the training, says Biglow. Athletics for money, as a business? Biglow finds the concept distasteful. But, he knows, his case is special.

KEVIN WINTER

Will Nestlé offer him a chocolate endorsement?

The more modern predicaments are those of the poor relations on the U.S. Olympic team, competitors like Rick McKinney, 30, of Glendale, Ariz., and one of the best archers in the world. He has won the world championship twice and the national championship six times. If McKinney should develop a finger blister, the U.S. also has Darrell Pace, 27, of Hamilton, Ohio, Olympic trials winner, seven times national champion and the Olympic gold medal winner in 1976. Last year Pace seemed to have tied McKinney for the world championship, only to see one of his arrows hit another arrow in the bull's-eye and glance off into the nine ring. To have McKinney and Pace side by side on the U.S. team is like sneaking two Boston Celtics disguised as college boys into the basketball competition.

The applause is not the kind the Celtics get, however. The U.S. is accustomed to winning the archery gold—John Williams, who coaches the U.S. team, won in 1972—but the fact is that archery is a "that's nice" sport. The shooters look nice in their dress whites, and the medals are nice, but no one gets excited. The result, says McKinney, a small lean man, is that "we're a poor sport." The U.S.O.C. contributes $750 or so a year to each of its top archers, but bows are expensive high-tech affairs with elaborate stabilizers and sophisticated aiming sights, and $750 is the cost of one of them.

McKinney lives, he says amiably, by being "a kept man." His fiancée, Sheri Rhodes, is the archery coach at Arizona State, where McKinney is an unsalaried assistant coach. He says that he may eventually do more studying at Arizona State, concentrating on sports medicine and psychology. In the meantime, money obviously is not a great motivation and, surprisingly, in his analysis winning is not either. He takes what he calls "a Zenistic view." A single well-executed shot is what stirs him. "You have to be psyched up, yet calm and as motionless as possible. Timing is vital. You shoot between heartbeats. My heartbeat throws my aim clear off the target. Then you have to read the wind. That's the worst four-letter word in archery. With all those variables to consider and compensate for, an excellent shot is a great reward."

McKinney is not the only one with a shot at the gold in a sport his countrymen forget about between Olympics. Kevin Winter is a cheerful, wide fellow, 5 ft. 10½ in. tall and 198 lbs. heavy, tops, who figures that he has an excellent chance for gold in the 90-kg weight-lifting event. Winter is quick to add that although he was the nation's best lifter, pound for pound, at the May

trials in Las Vegas, he would not be a medal prospect if the Soviet-bloc countries were coming. "Maybe a few American medals will help revive interest in the sport in the U.S.," he says wistfully. "It's been pretty depressed lately."

Carrying the financial weight of his sport has not been easy. Winter, who lives in San Jose, Calif., calculates that it costs him about $10,000 a year to train. He has a half-time job, with full-time pay, at the First Interstate Bank, a major Olympic team sponsor. In effect, the bank is giving him a generous half-salary subsidy. Even so, he and his wife Gloria, who works at a state unemployment office, go in the hole about $200 a month for his training costs. There is no money in endorsing weights or lifting suits. Amino acids cost $22 a jar, and Winter fortifies himself with a jar every four days. "But the Olympic Committee has asked for my Social Security number," he says, "so perhaps there will be some help up the road." Or, daydreams this chocoholic, maybe Nestlé will come calling with an endorsement offer.

Winter is not griping. He is in love with his sport. He may as well stay with amateur lifting, since there is no pro tour to join. "A few guys can go on and make a little money lifting women or logs or refrigerators," he says, "but that's show business." He figures he can add an extra 10 kilos of useful beef and compete at the 100-kg weight. In the meantime, he believes that "negative emotions, like greed or hate, can adversely affect performance, while positive ones, like love or generosity, can improve it." To be calm and controlled, he says, "sends beneficial chemicals to the brain." And helps mightily in forgetting a skinny bank balance.

Do all successful athletes have some kind of sermonette they preach to themselves to get those beneficial chemicals fizzing? Of course they do. Has anyone heard a built-in dial-a-psych like Mike Storm's? Not recently. Storm is a 24-year-old pentathlete from North Arlington, Va., who lives in San Antonio because that is the site of the nation's only pentathlon training center, run by the Army at Fort Sam Houston. Money is no problem; a group of U.S. businessmen interested in the pentathlon underwrites his training expenses generously enough—about $1,200 a month—so that he can fly to competitions in Europe. It is easy to see why Storm caught their attention.

Talking about his sport, or sports, he sounds as if he is successfully trying to get himself to sign on the dotted line: "One of my first trainers told me that the man who wins the medal in the pentathlon is the finest athlete in the world. That has inspired me ever since. My God, the pentathlon is the ultimate competition. Not in any other competition do you find such diversity. The decathlon is all track-and-field-related, but in the pentathlon you're fencing, riding, swimming, running, shooting. Not only does it require power, speed, strategy and the ability to endure pain, but it also requires tremendous mental control. In a sense, the modern pentathlon is the greatest training you can do in life."

JAMES DRAKE

MIKE STORM

No other competition offers such diversity.

This blond and blue-eyed muscular young man says that he made up his mind to be an Olympian when he was seven, competing first as a swimmer, then moving to the bewitching variety of the pentathlon at 14. He visited the San Antonio training center that year, and returned summers during high school and his 4½ years at the University of Pennsylvania (where, while putting himself through a ferocious training regime, he also studied economics, political science and financial management). His extraordinary motivation is an asset in a sport whose audiences generally consist of coaches and a few patient relatives. "Am I sacrificing something by doing this?" he asks. "No. Those people in the private sector are the ones missing out. They will never know what it is like to stand in the Olympic arena, see the flag raised and . . ." Will he get a medal? He is given only a slight chance. But whatever the outcome, Storm has no regrets. "Values are permanent. Discipline is permanent. Personal growth is permanent. I know that whatever I'm doing 80 years from now, I'll be doing it right."

When Storm is 104, the typical fencer that age will still be taking lessons from his coaches. Or so say the fencers; their sport is passionate, intensely personal, a fierce relationship between eternal mentors and lifelong learners. At 22, Jana Angelakis, the youngest member of the five-woman U.S. foil team, is ranked No. 2. She is studying with her third coach, a Soviet named Emmanuil Kaidanov who coaches the men's team at Penn State, where she is enrolled on a full athletic scholarship. Kaidanov, she says, is teaching her the why of fencing. "Mine has always been a mental game, as fencing has to be, but I've never been as conscious as I am now. My weapon," she says with satisfaction, "is penetrating the target more accurately."

JAMES DRAKE

JANA ANGELAKIS

A little stealth to foil her opponents.

Angelakis, a strongly built 5-ft. 4-in. duelist with cropped brown hair, has been a star almost since she took up fencing at the age of twelve in Peabody, Mass. She is agile, very fast, and has a lot of what fencers call, admiringly, "stealth," an ability to strike with strategic deceptiveness. She is very determined and temperamental enough to berate officials who make calls against her. But she has never gone beyond the semifinals in an international competition, and although she counts herself a good prospect for an Olympic medal, the form sheet suggests that fencing is still an Old World sport. The best wom-

en who will compete at Los Angeles are the Rumanians, Italians, French and, now, the Chinese. (The missing Bulgarians and Soviets would also have dominated.)

In the U.S., fencing is still something to restrain sheep, and fencers are still at the stage of scrambling for subsistence money, recognition and enough new talent to broaden the sport's base. In non-Olympic years, the U.S. fencers who go to meets are not always the country's best; sometimes they are simply the best of those who can afford the trip. Before Angelakis made the 1980 team, her travels were financed for a year with $3,000 raised by the Greek Orthodox Church of Peabody. The odds are that the U.S. is not yet able to produce an international fencing star, but Angelakis does not believe the odds. She thinks the nation is ready for an attractive fencing personality. And she has just the person in mind.

The four-member U.S. women's flat-water kayak team, another "disorganized band of people committed to an offbeat sport," as one of them puts it, also has a clear commitment: to get past a 20-year soggy patch in which the U.S. has won no kayaking medals at all. Not many people in the country know or care about their crusade, and that seems to be just fine with the kayakers. "I think we're tougher than a Mary Decker," says Ann Turner, 27, a tall, striking blond who is the veteran of the crew. "We've had to make all our own arrangements, find a trainer, call the airlines."

Illinois-born Turner, who lives in Stockholm with her Swedish boyfriend when she is not training, has been a kayak gypsy since she was 17. "It takes six to eight years to get really good," she says. She made the Olympic teams in 1976 and '80, supporting herself by lifeguarding, teaching school and selling handmade sweaters and caps. Every dollar and krona she has earned, she says, has gone into kayaking; "I've never bought a stereo or a car."

She is regarded as a pioneer by the other paddlers: Sheila Conover, 21, a Californian and sometime student at Orange Coast College in Costa Mesa, Calif., the most gifted natural athlete on the squad; Shirley Dery, 22, born in the U.S. of Hungarian parents, who trained until last year with the powerful Hungarian team; and Leslie Klein, 29, from Concord, Mass., another kayak gypsy who converted from white-water kayaking. Klein spent years "living out of a car in soaking wet clothes, eating gritty oatmeal." Her life is somewhat more conventional now; she is married to J.T. Kearney, a phys-ed professor at the University of Kentucky, who took a sabbatical to train for the men's kayak team, failed to win a place, and volunteered to be the women's team manager.

What they do is not well understood. "Oh, did you paddle today?" asks a passer-by. Every day (except Thursday afternoon and Sunday) is the same when they train together, as they did for five weeks this spring at Lake Placid: up at 6:45 for a two-mile run, breakfast, an hour and a half on the water, lunch, rest, a speed hike or a weight-lifting session, an additional hour of paddling, and dinner. "We've all grown really close," says Conover of the team, and that should help with the four-person competition, new to the Olympics this year. But singles and doubles races remain the traditional events, and the four spend most of their time apart, training for those. Singles training—long days and months of gutting it out alone without teammates or coach—is the reality for all of the women. "Sometimes it bothers me when I see my friends who have homes and babies," says Turner. Klein too accepts that she is different from her friends: "I'm not really sure they understand why I do what I do."

JOE MCNALLY—NEWSWEEK

WOMEN'S FLAT-WATER KAYAKING TEAM

From left, Turner, Klein, Dery, Conover: "We've grown really close."

So there still are amateur athletes, high on purity and protein and low on funds, like the splendidly mixed group just encountered. Carl Lewis, who drives a BMW he earned by running and jumping, is not an amateur by any sane definition, but Ann Turner, carless and couldn't-care-less, really is one. Whimsical market forces have replaced most of the snobbish old social exclusion. Lewis gets the BMW, and Turner walks to practice because track and field is more popular than kayaking.

The disparity prompts notice, discussion, opinions. Should the U.S.O.C., or some indulgent megacorp, buy Turner and the other kayakers a car? Well, no, that is not the point. "The whole Olympic idea is in danger of losing the support of the people," argues U.S.O.C. President William Simon. He has bombarded the International Olympic Committee with his strong views on easing restrictions, and, he says, he has been "summarily ignored. Nothing has happened. There's so much hypocrisy. Take tennis, a demonstration sport this year. Eligibility is by age. That means Jimmy Arias, who made more than $1 million playing tennis last year, qualifies because he's under 21, while a true amateur by N.C.A.A. standards could be excluded simply because he's too old. It's ridiculous." No less ridiculous, Wide Receivers Willie Gault and Renaldo Nehemiah, world-class trackmen who unsuccessfully sued to be allowed to compete in the Games, are considered somehow contaminated for foot races against the amateur Lewises because they earn their livings playing football.

The desirable direction, toward a more open Olympics, is obvious. But the answers are not all the same for every situation. Should existing programs to identify talent in "emerging sports" be beefed up? Yes, but not against the national grain; there seems to be no good reason, for instance, to push men's field hockey, a good sport unloved here. Should the Celtics be allowed to play basketball in an open Olympics? That is easy: no. Major leaguers in basketball, hockey and soccer should be excluded. It is widely assumed that the 1988 Games will be much less restrictive, but with the many committees in various sports that set the rules with the I.O.C. and with the advantage that Communist countries derive from the present structure, it is likely that problems will persist. Arguing about amateurism will still be part of the Seoul Games. Happily, so will athletes who rise above mean circumstance to sublime accomplishment. —***By John Skow. Reported by Lee Griggs/Los Angeles and D. Blake Hallanan/Lake Placid, with other bureaus***

In Search of the Angels

They may be scarce, but Los Angeles has just about everything else

And then there will be a day when the light comes in on a bright, sharp slant—clarity an artist lives for. Even drunks, then, can see the mortar between the bricks—and the place *appeals* and no longer seems absurd. An absolutely azure sky set off by a single cloud looking as if it were shot up there from a pastry chef's icing gun, that kind of a day. And everywhere houses cling to the cliffsides like cockleburs. Jade plants, looking like so many butter beans on a stick, grow high and thick out here, form hedges, give privacy. (Back East, they live, *if* they live, in pots.) With air soft on the cheek, a boisterous green ocean in view, blazing red bougainvillea at the back, it is suddenly clear what has pulled so many souls to the City of the Angels—a place just as easily perceived, on another day, as one of the ugliest, most unlivable towns in all America.

"Los Angeles is a city about which almost anything may be said in praise or derogation," Charles Stoker remarked in 1951, "and about which a case can be made out either way."

Condescension informs much of the literature about Los Angeles, or something darker (*The Day of the Locust*). It seems to beget in the outsider the tendency to be snide, to say, for example, that if Houston is the buckle on the Sunbelt, L.A. is the melanoma. "Double Dubuque," H.L. Mencken called it. Westbrook Pegler proposed that the city be declared incompetent and placed in the charge of a guardian.

The city has had no Dickens; it does not have one here. It has defied attempts to capture it entirely: writers have taken it on, got lost in its complexities, returned advance money. How can anything linear be made of sprawl, dirty air, glitz, wealth, power, celebrities, a Noah's ark of immigrants, real estate gone mad, earthquakes, brushfires, mud slides, avalanches, floods, a million or so illegal aliens, freeways, enslavement to the automobile, drive-in churches, Disneyland, outrageous poverty, oil, the Pacific Rim, living on the fault line, heart-stopping geographical beauty, to name but a few ingredients? In spots it owns a resemblance to Lagos: vines grow in the cracks. In other places, a word that comes easily to the tongue is paradise. Generalities abound, and most apply. The City of Angels.

Frank Lloyd Wright, looking at the buildings in the shape of hot dogs, doughnuts, cameras, tacos—whatever was sold inside—is said to have been struck by the thought that if the country were tilted, all the loose nuts and bolts would tumble down here. "I don't know whether I would like to know my neighbors here," Ernest T. Emery wondered in 1905. "I don't like the way some of them act." (Emery's and other trenchant observations employed in this account repose in a fine collec-

Illustrations for TIME by James McMullan

tion by Bruce Henstell called *Los Angeles, an Illustrated History.*) There is to this day a certain nuttiness to the place; it is as if the mentally unwrapped in every other state got together once a year, chose the wildest card among them and paid the chosen's expenses to Los Angeles. Look under churches in the Yellow Pages, and you will find 70 columns of listings, many of them having little or nothing to do with God.

The *Queen Mary* is berthed in the harbor at Long Beach, a tourist attraction. She has a restaurant astern called Sir Winston's. The menu is in French. Under dessert you find *"tuile aux fraises,"* with no English translation. You summon a waiter, whose name is Juan. "French taco," Juan explains, "with strawberries."

"Nonconformity in our city is no easy feat; it's hard to find any standard to rebel against." *That* was written by an Angeleno, David Clark, in 1972.

"A big hard-boiled city with no more personality than a paper cup," said Raymond Chandler. "Iowa with palms," said John Gunther. Too severe. Iowa cannot claim to have, in one city at least, a Little Tokyo, a Chinatown, a Koreatown, all of which have personality. Hard-boiled is another matter.

All explorations of Los Angeles, a top-down kind of town, must begin with the same action: cranking an automobile. "How can one pursue happiness by any swifter or surer means," the Los Angeles *Times* asked in 1926, "than by the use of the automobile?" This year the paper advised in an Olympics guidebook that "the car's the thing, and if you have one or have rented one, be sure to become familiar with Los Angeles streets and freeways. (This is the key to 'happy' motoring in and around the large basin.)"

"It should be carefully noted," the newspaper further advised, "that rush-hour traffic into and out of Los Angeles is very much a part of the city; learning to accept this fact will ease some of the pain, for there is no getting around it: between the hours of 7 and 9 a.m. and 3:30 and 6 p.m., you will be 'stuck' if you happen to be in the wrong place." The local driver, according to the *Times*, "is professional, cold-blooded, and no-room-for-error. As long as no one errs, the flow of traffic is rapid. If an accident does occur, the freeways come to a screeching halt." One digests this, and takes the wheel with a shaky hand.

And hits the Santa Monica Freeway at rush hour. Currently, the rush-hour (What a misnomer!) speed on downtown freeways is 15 to 18 m.p.h., according to a study by the University of Southern California. By the year 2000 the speed is expected to drop to 5 to 8 m.p.h. There are 3.3 million commuters every morning and evening here, some 75% of them driving in cars by themselves. There were 500,000 cars in Los Angeles in 1924. By 1940 there were 1 million, and the region boasted it had one car for every three residents, while behind-the-times New York was stuck with one for nine. In 1979 Los Angeles drivers were racking up 200 million miles a day. In 1983 the total number of registered vehicles in Los Angeles County was 5,119,194. Motoring gamely along, an exhaust-pipe taste gathering about the teeth, one is self-conscious of erring in a world of gorgeously maintained 1965 Ford Mustang convertibles.

"If California ever adopts a new state flower," Poet Ernest McGaffey wrote in 1923, "the motor car is the logical blossom for the honor. Whether commercially or socially, whether from the standpoint of business or sport, it is the same, the whole same and nothing but the same. All hail rubber! All hail the automobile!"

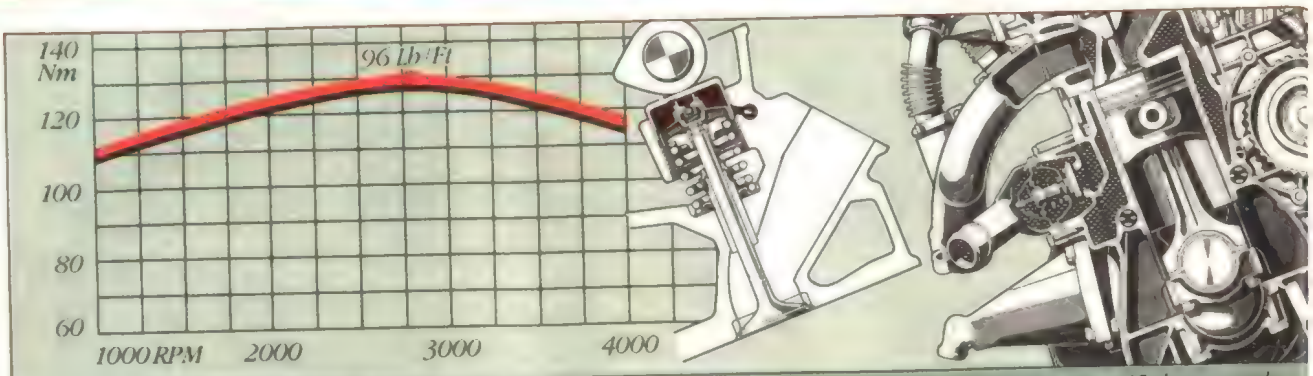
During rush hour, according to California transit officials, the 725 miles of freeways serving Los Angeles are used at 100% capacity. Ninety-seven percent of the area's daily trips are taken in private automobiles. If McGaffey were around today, he could say that if this culture ever adopts an icon for all, the logical choice should be the orange rubber cone signifying that a lane is closed for repairs.

Single people speak of other single people as being "geographically undesirable." Such is traffic. The morning paper ran a feature on people driving around with entire wardrobes hanging from a rod suspended over the back seat, the easier to spend the night far from home and go to work the next day in a fresh outfit. "Liberation," said a liberated woman reader, "has turned us into goddamned gypsies."

And what distances there are to cover! Los Angeles County is 4,083 sq. mi., or 800 sq. mi. larger than Delaware and Rhode Island combined. If it were a state, it would be the eighth largest in population (7.9 million—behind Michigan, but ahead of New Jersey), not including California. The city measures 30 miles at its widest, 44 miles at its longest. It is roughly 465 sq. mi., and when you reach an edge and leave the city behind, there is no sense of leaving anything, because the fried chicken joints, the car washes, taco houses, newspaper racks, billboards, stop lights and, along your flanks, oil pumps bobbing like giraffes eating the tops out of acacia trees just go on and on.

Atlantic Richfield, Occidental Petroleum, Getty Oil and Union Oil have their headquarters in Los Angeles. At the beach you see seals and oil pumps, as well as men, too dumpy and too old to be making fools of themselves, on roller skates. On the freeway you see an oil pump in a bend where, elsewhere in the nation, there would most likely be a fruit stand. There is a camouflaged oil pump on the campus of Beverly Hills High School. Just as you begin to understand there is sensible, sound, big commerce in this vast polyglot a sign looms up: LANDSLIDE AREA. CONSTANT LAND MOVEMENT NEXT 0.8 MILES. USE EXTREME CAUTION. Constant land movement? So why build a house on mobile dirt?

The thought is momentarily interrupted as a gray-beard Kerouac beat screams past on a Harley, one of the 174,671 registered motorcycles in town. One of the things he no doubt likes best about the place is that it does not require you to wear a helmet. California recog-



190 D engine highlights: 1. High torque over a wide rpm range. 2. Hydraulic valve elements. 3. Engine sits at 15-degree angle.

The 190D 2.2 Sedan: Mercedes-Benz streamlines the diesel engine, the diesel automobile, and the diesel experience.

SET FREE on the test track, the Mercedes-Benz 190D 2.2 Sedan could cruise at velocities very close to 100 mph. At sports sedan levels of roadholding tenacity. And quieter than any production diesel in Mercedes-Benz annals.

This $24,000* sedan seems determined to alter the very nature of diesel driving. That was the plan: Mercedes-Benz engineers have literally pulled apart the diesel concept and put it back together in an extraordinary new way.

SACRILEGE UNDER THE HOOD

The 190D's 2.2-liter power plant is a major rethinking of diesel engine technology. It mobilizes a cross-flow cylinder head, hydraulic valve elements, the precision of electronic injection pump timing, and sound-absorbing engine encapsulation–among numerous advances–in the diesel cause.

It is not only the quietest but also the lightest (by 25 percent) and the *stingiest* production diesel engine in Mercedes-Benz history– 35 EPA estimated mpg and 51 estimated highway mpg.† Yet it is almost too crisply responsive and free-revving to feel like a diesel at all.

Imagine the performance flexibility of a four-cylinder diesel engine that generates high torque across a wide rpm range. That doesn't lag but darts up to 55 mph. That feels at home in an Interstate passing lane.

It is meanwhile an engine steeped in the diesel virtues of reliability and durability. In cold weather, it even *preheats* its own fuel.

FUN COMES TO DIESEL DRIVING

Aim the 190D down your least favorite piece of back-road blacktop and be astonished. It feels euphorically eager and reassuringly stable–less like a typical diesel sedan than a sportingly adept machine that doesn't need gasoline.

"It's clear," comments *Road & Track* of the new 190 Class, "that Mercedes spared no expense in designing the suspension of this agile road car–it may well be the best handling Mercedes ever built."

Its trailblazing multilink independent rear suspension and other chassis advances are fitted to the trimmest Mercedes-Benz sedan of modern times: 2,645 lbs., 14½ feet nose to tail.

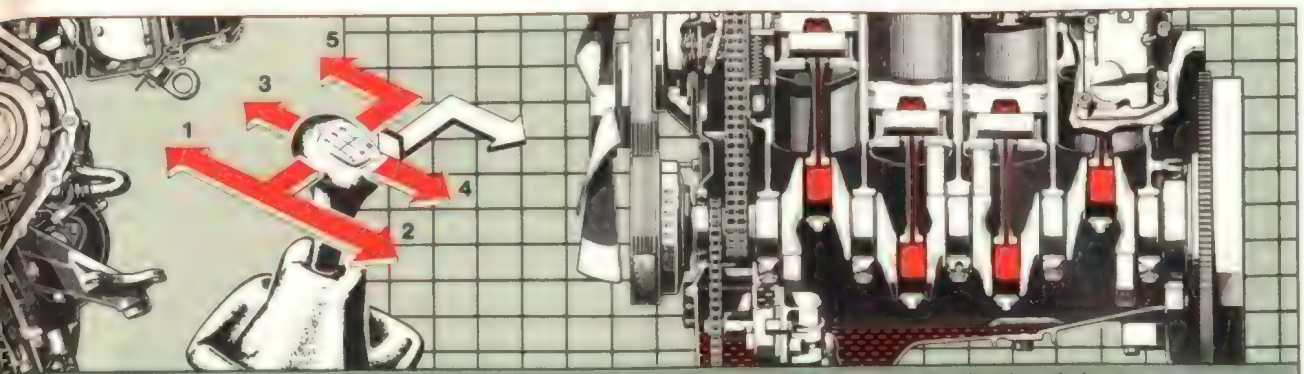
A *five*-speed manual transmission restores the joy of shifting, with fifth gear functioning as an overdrive for sustained cruising. You can alternatively order a four-speed automatic version. This lightweight torque converter unit is so well engineered that friction losses–and fuel wastage–are minimal.

ERGONOMICS AND AERODYNAMICS

The 190D's cabin is as physically and psychologically comfortable as ergonomic science can devise.

One reason the 190D is such a quiet-running diesel is that it is the most aerodynamically slick passenger car in Mercedes-Benz history. Imagine: a four-door sedan with an 11.7-cu. ft. trunk that nonetheless rivals even exotic sports cars for wind-cheating,

*Approximate suggested advertised delivered price at port of entry. †Use EPA est. mileage for comparison. Your actual mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual hwy. mileage will probably be less. California estimates vary. See your authorized dealer for complete warranty information.



4. Sporting five-speed manual gearbox. 5. To minimize thermal stress, each piston is automatically oil-cooled as it moves.

turbulence-curbing efficiency.

The 190D's 8¾-foot wheelbase–remarkably ample for a car of this length–helps afford such remarkable interior space that the driver's legroom in this car matches that in even the *largest* Mercedes-Benz sedans.

The seats are superb–"Good seats. Strong seats. Mercedes seats." says *Autoweek*, succinctly. You cannot buy a thinly equipped 190D because everything from AM/FM electronic stereo radio with tape cassette player, to climate control system, to automatic cruise control, to electric window lifts–even the choice of an electric sliding roof–is standard. From hand-finished wood to velour carpeting, trim standards are pure Mercedes-Benz.

The same can be said for the 190D's safety standards. It is 2,645 lbs. of Mercedes-Benz solidity and strength, and integrated into its design is the same level of safety as you will find in every other automobile that bears the Three-Pointed Star.

The 190D was designed for quick and infrequent maintenance, and for *practicality*: note those deformable front and rear bumpers, for instance, meant to yield to minor impacts and regain their shape. At 48 months or 50,000 miles, its limited warranty‡ is perhaps the most confident in the industry.

Will this $24,000 automobile retain its value over time? Consult the record: it shows that Mercedes-Benz need not apologize for the resale performance of any car it has sold in America over the past two decades.

The Mercedes-Benz 190D 2.2 Sedan is indeed a new breed of diesel. A diesel not only meant to be driven for years–but to be driven pleasurably, every mile of the way.

Engineered like no other car in the world

nizes a man's right to bare his brains at all times.

But about those houses on jiggly earth: Frances Ring, who has lived in Los Angeles since 1937, who was F. Scott Fitzgerald's last secretary and who is currently writing a book about that job, lives on a hillside back in a canyon. Her house is not on stilts, as so many others are, but she explains them by saying, "Well, you're kind of on top of the world. Where else could you have this horizon? And some stayed in place even in the earthquake in '71. You may get a slide, but then the sun comes out, you clean up the mud, and you're here for another season. You build a retaining wall." A journalist who lives here volunteers that "people say, 'That felt like a 5.3 or a 6.8.' What really concerns them is an 8.1. They never say Richter."

"Why *should* anybody die out here? They'll never get any closer to heaven," Stewart Edward White wrote in *The Rose Dawn* in 1920.

In 1920 this was farm country; nobody had heard of smog, and heaven it might have been. Ride around today with any elder Angeleno, and the talk inevitably turns to what used to stand on this corner or that. Today a service station, four years ago a convenience store, before that a diner—before that a bean field. Tom Bradley, the mayor, once said that "Los Angeles is a place where people can start life anew without feeling the pressures of what is proper or what is right in another city." That must be true, for more new businesses are started here each year than in any other city. The region also leads in bankruptcies; in 1983 there were 38,258. The corners are, like the earth, constantly changing.

"What America is, California is, with accents, in italics," Carey McWilliams said in 1946. It may be America's quintessential city. To believe it, you can wade through the statistics or visit any supermarket, gasoline station or bowling alley and listen to the languages. Or you can turn on TV station KSCI and hear English, Spanish, Arabic, Farsi, Armenian, Vietnamese, Korean, Japanese, and Cantonese and Mandarin Chinese.

There seem to be as many differing estimates of the number of Armenians here as there are Armenians: a good guess would be 175,000 to 200,000, more than in any other city in the country. In Soviet Armenia only two cities have more. One estimate puts the number of Koreans in Los Angeles at 150,000 to 200,000. But Demographer Eui-Young Yu, chairman of the sociology department of California State University, Los Angeles, suspects that as many as 100,000 Koreans have come to this country since the 1980 census, the majority of them settling in Los Angeles. At last look there were 2,100,000 Mexicans here, as well as 200,000 Salvadorans, 150,000-plus Filipinos, 60,000 Samoans, 30,000 Thais, 153,000 Chinese, 40,000 Vietnamese, and the list goes on and on. Los Angeles County school officials have counted at least 85 languages being used by the students. At Hollywood High alone, students speak 38 languages. In the city's Unified School District there are 120,000 "limited English-proficient" students.

Statistics tend to numb, unfortunately, for statistics tell more about this place than anything this side of hiring a car and driving for three straight weeks—though neither method will give an outsider the full grasp, or an insider, for that matter. Most of the population watched the riots in Watts in 1965 on television, far enough removed from the violence not even to hear a siren. Flowers bloom in the ghettos here, putting a pretty face on poverty. According to the police department, Los Angeles has the largest concentration of street gangs in the country. (The reader will just have to get used to the phrase largest in the country.) Half of the urban area of Los Angeles is staked out by street gangs. There is a gang located in virtually every community in the city.

On public television the other night, a lieutenant was defiantly explaining that the police had not lost control of the streets to thugs because "we got the biggest gang in the city. There are 6,800 police officers here to back me up." Chicago, which has just lost its second-city title to the Los Angeles masses, has 12,500. The murder rate in Los Angeles in 1982 was 4.3 times that of Northern Ireland. Last year there were 115.5 robberies for every business day. *Los Angeles* magazine reported this spring that not a day has gone by since Oct. 4, 1979, that a bank has not been held up in Los Angeles. Beverly Hills has 122 uniformed policemen for its 32,000 citizens. The best most communities can shoot for is 1.8 officers for every 1,000 citizens. Response time in Beverly Hills is in seconds.

Statistics but not texture, that. Then this: on certain seedy city street corners there is a urine smell, the smell of humanity broken in every way. And yet you hear a policeman reporting, "Man down at Hill and Sixth." The cop does not register disgust and say that there is a wino soiling himself in the gutter here. He reports it the way the best of civilization would view it: "Man down."

A real estate offering: "The home of Michael Landon, star of the TV series *Little House on the Prairie*, is another jewel at Rodeo Realty from Dorothy Barish. On more than seven acres overlooking Beverly Hills, this seven-bedroom 'little house' is offered at $13 million, about $1 million for each of its 13 baths."

Beverly Hills is the side of Los Angeles that the unfamiliar sometimes take for Los Angeles, though it is no more a reflection of the place than Hollywood, whatever that is. Ninety percent of the world's recorded entertainment is produced within five miles of the intersection of Hollywood and Vine. The motion picture industry employs 77,000 people, and most of them are waiting for a call.

It may seem some nights like a town full of limousines and klieg lights, but people do do other things here. There are 915,000 of them in services (220,000 in health care alone) and 843,200 in retail and wholesale trades. There are 471,000 in government, 267,000 in the aerospace industry, 242,000 in real estate, insurance and finance. The place has 23,488 lawyers, natch; 19,856 doctors. These are the folks you see on the freeways. Carbound, they form intense allegiances to disc jockeys, who are some of the highest paid in the nation, which is understandable, given the market. There is a radio station for every slot on the dial.

All these people inching toward work or back from it spend more of their income on retail goods than people do in

any other city. This city is ranked 97th in what *Sales & Marketing Management* magazine calls median household after-tax "effective buying income" ($23,655), yet it is first in retail sales. New Yorkers spend 37% of their effective buying income on retail goods; Angelenos spend 48%. In 1982, in Beverly Hills, where the figure has to be skewed by out-of-town buyers, $143 million was spent on clothing, $72 million on cars, $96 million on general merchandise and $64 million on dining out. Also that year, $2.5 billion was spent in the metropolitan area's 16,672 eating and drinking establishments. At one shopping center alone, albeit a good shopping center, South Coast Plaza, sales in 1982 came to $297 million.

Promoters planted the first palm tree here in the 1880s. At the same time, real estate agents were known to pin oranges on Joshua trees, claiming this had been a terrain given over to orange groves since beyond memory. At the beginning of this year, the median sales price for an existing house in greater Los Angeles was $114,200—in the nation, it was $71,800. But who can find a "median" home? The other day, on a quiet street in Santa Monica, a FOR SALE sign went up in front of a three-bedroom, one-bath, fake stucco 1940s house on a lot the size of a gas-station road map. Asking price: $269,000. A plump woman walking by wearing a muumuu said, "It may sound high, but you pay to be close to the beach. The air is better." Down at the beach in Santa Monica, at Ocean Boulevard Park, the government had erected a sign: NOTICE. BLUFF SUBJECT TO SLIDES. USE PARK AT YOUR OWN RISK. This for $296,000!

" 'Then what do you live on if you don't raise anything?' asked my friend.

'Credit. Haven't you been here long enough to learn that trick?'

'I exhausted mine some time ago.'

'What are you doing then?'

'Poising.'

'Poising? What's that?'

'Did you ever see a hawk poising—hanging still in the air watching for something to drop on? That's my business at present.' "

—Theodore S. Van Dyke, 1890

Deals, deals, deals. Studio people still "give good phone" here, still "take a meeting." On San Vicente Boulevard there is a shop called A Definite Maybe Boutique. That is studio talk. A producer and scriptwriter who has had some success calls it "the coldest town in the country, run by some of the dumbest rich men in the world." He stays, he says, "for the money, obviously." Screenwriters have always bitched; this cliché is true. And yet there are certain circles in which it seems that everyone is writing a screenplay. One Eastern writer who is accustomed to working for "nickels and dimes," as he puts it, was hired for ten days' work on a remake of a movie the studio in the end decided not to remake. Nonetheless, he was paid $50,000 and is still in a daze. People say, "Let's have lunch" all over town, with no more sincerity than you get in a form letter.

"I do not mean to say that everybody in Southern California is rich," said Charles Dudley Warner in 1888, "but everybody expects to be rich tomorrow."

At any number of intersections along about dawn nearly every day, a knot of Mexicans forms. They are in the country illegally and, to them, getting rich tomorrow means hooking a job for as much as 20 bucks. Locally these pockets are called "slave markets." You want your lawn mowed, some boscage trimmed; you drive by, wave a bill, they hop in. They are industrious, trustworthy, and at night they melt back into an area known to all as East Los Angeles, although it is an area much larger than the 7.4 sq. mi. the city defines as East Los Angeles. It is "where the Mexicans live."

"It is O.K., but I miss my family," a young laborer on Olympic Boulevard said the other morning. In his village he has a wife, three children, a mother and an invalid sister he supports. With the money he earns in construction work or cutting lawns, his family gets along well at home, but would be terribly poor in East Los Angeles. So he works for two months, goes home for a month and returns. The loneliness is the only thing that gets him down.

At a bar in Marina del Rey, home to 10,000 pleasure craft, a young single man was smitten by a young single woman. His occupation: photographer. Her occupation: secretary-actress. Several rounds of tequila preceded her confession that she liked to get "a little kinky" sometimes. The photographer had no personal experience with kinkiness but lied that he had. At her apartment, she suggested that she get undressed and that he tie her up and take some pictures. He trussed her and then remembered his cameras were in the trunk of his car. He went for the equipment, returned to the maze of apartments all looking alike and realized he did not know her floor, much less her apartment number. He left and for months avoided the area.

One night he saw her in a restaurant, and she recognized him. He walked over to apologize and explain, but before he could say a word, she shouted happily, "Kin-keeeee!"

Los Angeles: 48,000 palm trees; 16,732 registered poodles; 3,672 traffic lights; 46,000 acres still in cropland. Everything seems larger in Los Angeles. It is the biggest fishing port in America. It leads the U.S. in per capita sales of bottled water. The cities of Washington, Detroit, Denver, Boston, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Philadelphia and Providence combined would fit within the boundaries of the Los Angeles Unified School District.

It is a city of such glorious materialistic consumption that some first-time visitors are stunned. For instance, in 1963 a young actor named William Campbell met and fell in love with a Yugoslav sociologist while he was in Yugoslavia making a film. He married the woman. Tereza Campbell picks up the story today: "We were flying into L.A., me for the first time. Our song at that time was the one that went, 'Take my hand, I'm a stranger in paradise.' We were humming it, holding hands, and I looked down and saw all these beautiful blue spots. I asked Bill what they were, and he said, 'Swimming pools.'

"I was *impressed*. In all Belgrade we only had two—and one belonged to Tito."

—By Gregory Jaynes

FRANCOLON—GAMMA LIAISON

After the political drama: the new Cabinet gets down to business in the Elysée Palace

World

FRANCE

"I Have to Survive"

Mitterrand picks an austerity Premier, and the Communists walk out

It seemed at first to be just another routine visit to the Elysée Palace. But within 30 minutes of Premier Pierre Mauroy's arrival for his weekly meeting with President François Mitterrand, the Elysée's chief of staff emerged onto the steps of the stately, 18th century presidential palace in the center of Paris with a statement that sent shock waves across the country. "Premier Pierre Mauroy has presented his government's resignation," the official noted gravely. "The President has accepted [and] named Mr. Laurent Fabius as Premier." Fabius, formerly Mitterrand's Minister for Industry and Research, will at 37 become France's youngest Premier in more than a century.

For all its dry bureaucratic tone, the announcement triggered a week of political drama that led within days to the collapse of France's fragile and often acrimonious "union of the left." After a series of all-night marathon discussions, the Communist Party announced that it was quitting Mitterrand's three-year-old Socialist administration. "We do not have the moral right to allow millions of women, men and disappointed youths to believe that we can meet their expectations within the present government," declared Communist Spokesman Pierre Juquin. "We refuse to deceive them, as we refuse to deceive ourselves."

MAOUS—GAMMA LIAISON

The President: crafty engineer of the walkout

Trying to boost his party's fortunes for 1986.

The change comes at a critical time for Mitterrand, who was elected in 1981 on a wave of support for Socialist-led change. For the past two years, the President has been forced to administer draconian economic medicine, including higher taxes, currency controls and widespread layoffs in ailing industries. As a result, unemployment has risen to about 10% (*vs.* 7.2% when Mitterrand was elected), and the President's popularity rating has sunk to an all-time low of 35%. In last month's elections for the European Parliament, the Socialist share of the vote dropped to 20.8% from 37.5% in the 1981 legislative elections. Mitterrand's Communist partners fell to their lowest point in more than 50 years, with 11.3% of the vote.

For all Mitterrand's troubles, the Communist walkout bore all the signs of a craftily engineered blessing. Holding 285 of the 491 seats in the National Assembly,

the Socialists do not need the Communists in order to stay in power. In one stroke, Mitterrand managed to boost his party's fortunes well before the legislative elections that must take place by June 1986, and to end an awkward situation in which the Communists were incessantly criticizing the very government of which they were a part. He decided to replace the genial but politically discredited Mauroy, 56, with a new leader who would be less tainted by the past and, as it happened, unacceptable to the Communists.

As a vocal advocate of Mitterrand's austerity policies in the previous Cabinet, Fabius was distrusted by the Communists. The son of a wealthy antiques dealer, the balding Fabius is the polished product of France's best schools. Most important, he is a close confidant of Mitterrand's. "You could not fit so much as a cigarette paper between the President's ideas and the way I carry them out," he said in 1981.

Fabius' task, he acknowledged Tuesday, was "difficult" and "exciting." Although economic conditions have improved as a result of Mitterrand's austerity policies, inflation remains at 7.7% (although down from 12% at the end of 1982), economic growth is projected at only 1.4% this year, and foreign debt has reached an estimated $56 billion, the highest of any Western industrialized nation. Contrary to Mitterrand's hopes, austerity will have to be sustained, perhaps intensified, in the months ahead.

Outgoing Mauroy, left, with his successor, Fabius, at the Hôtel Matignon

Fabius is no stranger to controversy. In March 1983 he was promoted from Budget Minister, a junior position in the French Cabinet, to head of the Ministry for Industry and Research. His impact was immediate: he began to redirect large government subsidies away from such loss-making nationalized industries as steel, shipbuilding and coal toward new high-technology enterprises. When the government announced plans to eliminate 25,000 of the 90,000 jobs in the steel industry by 1987, ugly riots erupted in Lorraine.

Under the French system, however, the political heat of unpopular decisions falls largely on the Premier; hence Fabius remained the golden boy of the Socialist team. Although political analysts knew that Mauroy's days were numbered, most assumed that he would remain in place through the fall to act as a lightning rod for attacks on the tightfisted 1985 budget. But the left's dismal showing in the European elections forced Mitterrand to act. A fortnight ago, he withdrew his controversial legislation to bring the country's private schools under greater state control and announced that he would launch a complicated constitutional process to permit referendums on questions involving "civil liberties." As the President told TIME during a Bastille Day reception in the Elysée gardens: "I have to survive."

Initial reactions to Fabius' appointment were mixed. Said Bernard Pons, secretary-general of the neo-Gaullist party: "The Communists have just said today, down to the last comma, what we have been repeating for three years: the government's economic and industrial policy is a failure." But in a backhanded compliment to Fabius, Republican Party Leader François Léotard noted that Mitterrand had chosen "one of the best. We must not underestimate our adversary now."

Few were caught more off balance than the Communists, who have long criticized the government not only on economic affairs but also over foreign issues like Mitterrand's support for NATO's plan to deploy intermediate-range missiles in Western Europe. After learning of Fabius' appointment, members of the party politburo met in emergency session at the Communists' fortress-like glass-and-steel headquarters. Despite three hours of deliberation, they were unable to agree on how to react. The indecision continued even after Party Leader Georges Marchais had hastily returned from his vacation on the beaches of Rumania. A Communist delegation met with Fabius to ask for guarantees that the fight against unemployment would receive priority over the government's austerity policy. Later, the central committee announced that it was "not satisfied with the answers that Mr. Fabius gave us."

To break the deadlock, Marchais dispatched a letter to the new Premier, demanding a clarification. It was 3:30 a.m. when Fabius received the message in his office, where he had decided to stay until the issue was resolved; he picked up the phone and invited Marchais to meet again right away. A predawn glow was rising over Paris as Marchais's chauffeur-driven Renault pulled up to the Hôtel Matignon, the graceful 18th century stone mansion that serves as the Premier's office. For 1½ hours the Communist emissaries argued in vain for a commitment to full employment. After the delegation returned to Communist headquarters, the central committee voted at 8 a.m. to give up its four Cabinet seats. Said a bleary-eyed Spokesman Juquin: "The Premier's declarations did not give a positive response to our questions."

Thursday afternoon, Fabius named a Cabinet that contained few surprises. Claude Cheysson was reappointed Foreign Minister and Charles Hernu Defense Minister. Unexpectedly, Jean-Pierre Chevènement, leader of the party's left wing who quit in 1983 because he objected to Mitterrand's austerity policies, took over the controversial Education portfolio. Finance Minister Jacques Delors left to become President of the European Commission, the Brussels-based bureaucracy that administers the European Community. One reason for his defection may be that he had a strained relationship with Fabius, his former deputy at the Finance Ministry.

Among the Cabinet's first decisions was the move to fulfill Mitterrand's promise last year to cut taxes. It abolished a special 1% social security tax on income. That clearly shows that the new government has its sights set on the 1986 elections. What remains unclear is whether Fabius can create a winning formula that will restore the Socialists' fortunes and permit Mitterrand to retain control of the legislature. Austerity will continue, and so, it is likely, will the plans to restructure French industry. In that context, the extent to which the Communists continue to support the government becomes crucial. Despite their slump in the polls, the Communists retain strength through their control of several unions, including the large Confédération Générale du Travail. If nothing else, Mitterrand and Fabius must tread warily to avert the threat of greatly increased labor strife. —*By Jay D. Palmer. Reported by Thomas A. Sancton/Paris*

Marchais during a late-night meeting

Early return from a Rumanian vacation.

BERROW—COLORIFIC

Queuing up: truckers dine alfresco, waiting for the port of Dover to open

BRITAIN

A Long Summer of Discontent

Sound, fury and rotting fruit signify trouble for Thatcher

In the end, the strike was settled not by artful negotiation but by an eruption of hot-tempered fury. As the walkout by Britain's 17,700 dock workers dragged into its second week, the truck drivers stuck at the port of Dover grew surlier. By late last week the motorway snaking through the tranquil Kent countryside had burgeoned into a five-mile parking lot, replete with the bellow of air horns and the whiff of rotting fruit destined never to reach its market. The curses grew saltier, the threats louder. Finally, an ultimatum came from the madding crowd: open the port by 10 p.m. or else. An hour before the deadline, scared dock strikers relented and waved the vehicles by. Seven hours later, union officials and port operators emerged from a 16-hour bargaining session in London to announce a settlement.

So ended the most disruptive labor crisis since Margaret Thatcher came to power in 1979. The ten-day strike not only shut down freight operations at more than 90 ports but badly crimped the island nation's maritime exports, worth an estimated $2.5 billion a week. There was also a political cost: the strike by longshoremen, called dockers by the British, came to symbolize a summer of discontent for the 58-year-old Prime Minister. Faced with an often violent, five-month-old coal miners' strike, economic setbacks and a series of political pratfalls, Thatcher seems surrounded by trouble. The latest Gallup poll, released last week, shows public support for the government at its lowest level since March 1982, before the Falklands war began: 37.5% favor Thatcher's Conservative Party, compared with 38.5% for Labor and 22% for the Liberal–Social Democratic Alliance. The government, recently declared the once supportive weekly magazine the *Economist*, is "Britain's most inept since the war." During a boisterous session of Parliament last week, a Labor member goaded Thatcher: "Your world is coming apart."

The unions remain Thatcher's greatest affliction. The dock strike began after a nonunion worker was employed to move iron ore off the docks at Immingham, in eastern England. Though the procedure was routine, the Transport and General Workers' Union called a walkout. Union leaders pressed port employers to agree that nonunion help would never be used again, but the demand was rejected. Many dockers also suspected that the Thatcher government intended to seek a change in a 1947 law that effectively guarantees them jobs for life. The Prime Minister insisted that that was not the case, and the union's obstinacy convinced many Britons that the T.G.W.U. was seeking an excuse to demonstrate solidarity with the striking miners.

Thatcher received another piece of bad news last week when a High Court judge overturned a government-imposed ban on unions at the government's top-secret listening post at Cheltenham. The Prime Minister ousted the unions last January, claiming that two earlier work stoppages had badly disrupted the round-the-clock monitoring of satellite, radio and other communications. Though the judge upheld the government's right to forbid unions at Cheltenham, he ruled that the Prime Minister should have first consulted labor leaders and the Cheltenham staff. The decision, which the government is appealing, fanned opposition-party charges that Thatcher has been acting like an autocratic empress. Said Labor Party Leader Neil Kinnock, with ill-concealed glee: "You have been found guilty of breaking the law."

Annoying though this was for Thatcher, it hardly equaled the frustration of the miners' strike. For 20 weeks, Arthur Scargill, the militant president of the National Union of Mineworkers, has led a violence-scarred crusade against the government's plan to close 20 of the country's 200 pits and cut 20,000 workers from the industry payroll of 180,000. The strike has cost an estimated $2.6 billion in lost production and has contributed to the decline of the British pound (at one point this month, its value in U.S. dollars sank to an alltime low of $1.29, compared with $1.50 a year ago). About 140,000 miners are on the picket lines, but another 40,000 continue to work, a situation that has led to many ugly incidents. Televised scenes of bloody confrontations between police and miners have deeply unsettled a British public unaccustomed to such brutality.

FRASER—EXPRESS PHOTOS

The Prime Minister

Thatcher has come under heavy fire for not trying harder to resolve the dispute. The criticism apparently has rankled. In a blistering speech before her party's parliamentary members last week, Thatcher likened the battle with Scargill to the war with Argentina. "We had to fight an enemy without in the Falklands," she said. "We always have to be aware of the enemy within, which is more difficult to fight." Nor can Thatcher's troubles be dismissed as old-fashioned class warfare. Many of her own Tory backbenchers remain restive over the government's performance. And earlier this month, in a rare act of defiance, the House of Lords threw out Thatcher's plan to cancel elections in the country's Labor Party–dominated metropolitan area councils, which she is intent on abolishing.

In recent days Thatcher's lieutenants have been forced to come to her defense and counter charges that she lacks savvy political advisers and will not tolerate any view different from her own. "She does listen," insisted House of Commons Leader John Biffen. The Prime Minister leaves no doubt that she sees governing as a constant battle. "It is not the beginning of the fight that matters," she contends. "It is fighting until it is well and truly finished." And perhaps she was not at all put out last week when Britain suffered its most serious earthquake in 100 years. Not only was no one injured, but it seemed like the first calamity in a long time that was not laid at her doorstep. —*By James Kelly.*

Reported by Bonnie Angelo/London

NEW ZEALAND

Harboring Doubt

A party challenges the U.S.

When last week's journey by Secretary of State George Shultz to Wellington, New Zealand's capital, was first planned, it was expected to be no more than a routine review of regional affairs with colleagues from Australia and New Zealand. The occasion for the visit was the annual meeting of signatories to the ANZUS treaty, a security alliance formed by the three nations in 1951 to defend the South Pacific. Instead, Shultz found himself embroiled in a conflict with friends. Only the day before, New Zealand's Labor Party had trounced the long-ruling National Party in elections. One of Labor's campaign pledges reaffirmed its call for a ban on U.S. nuclear-powered and nuclear-armed warships in its nation's ports and waters.

Such a ban has been a longstanding Labor Party goal. Even though fewer than a dozen U.S. warships, some nuclear powered, put in to New Zealand's ports each year under the terms of the ANZUS treaty, many of the country's 3.1 million people fear that harboring such vessels will invite attack in the event of a war between the superpowers. The U.S., however, believes this continued access to the ports is necessary because of the growing Soviet presence in the southwestern Pacific. The use of air and maritime facilities in Viet Nam, most notably the former U.S. naval base at Cam Ranh Bay, has led to substantially greater Soviet activity in the region in recent years. Explained Shultz to his hosts: "It is not just a question of insisting on access, but of how a military alliance works. What kind of alliance would it be if our military forces were not allowed to help each other?" As one top diplomat put it, "If you have one alliance where the U.S. can't visit, it could affect them all."

GISBURN EVENING POST

Shultz listens to the newly elected leader

Friendly fallout over nuclear ships.

This issue, along with New Zealand's economic difficulties, was one of several debated in a keenly fought election. Unemployment is nearly 5%, high by the nation's standards. Although inflation is down to 4.7%, from a high of 16% in 1982, the country is saddled with a foreign debt of $6.1 billion and a budget deficit of nearly $2 billion. After Labor's victory, forecast by a major pre-election public-opinion poll, the Reserve Bank of New Zealand suspended nearly all trading in foreign currency to prevent a run on the New Zealand dollar (then worth U.S. 62¢) by speculators anxious to get their money out of the country. Three days later Labor Party Leader David Lange (pronounced *Long*-ee), who will be the next Prime Minister, announced an economic package that includes a 20% currency devaluation. Lange also proposed a removal of interest-rate controls, a three-month curb on prices and professional fees, and a review of export incentives. The Reserve Bank, breaking with precedent, hailed the plan; even the Anglican Archbishop of New Zealand, the Most Rev. Paul Reeves, abandoned his ecclesiastical silence and called on the country to support those working for a "way out of economic difficulties." Lange, 41, replaces the National Party's Sir Robert Muldoon, 62, who has been Prime Minister for nine years.

Overall, Labor won 56 of the 95 seats in the legislature. A lawyer and lay Methodist preacher, Lange projected more image than substance during the campaign, offering tax cuts and promising better economic management without getting into specifics. Once a 380-pounder, Lange managed to shed well over a hundred pounds, thanks in part to an operation that reduced his stomach's capacity to hold food.

Although Lange is considered pro-U.S., he gave no sign during his 40-minute discussion with Shultz that he is willing to alter his party's stance on the U.S. ships. But Reagan Administration officials are hoping that Australian Prime Minister Bob Hawke's Labor government will help bring Lange around on the issue. At the Australian Labor Party's biennial conference earlier this month, a move to prohibit visits to Australia by nuclear-equipped ships was defeated. Instead, Hawke's government has pressed the U.S. to pursue strategic-arms agreements with the Soviets; Australia also favors friendly relations between the U.S. and China as a means of offsetting the Soviets' regional influence.

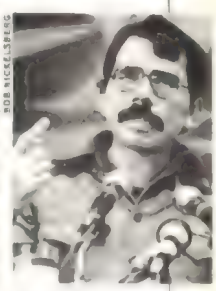
Shultz at week's end was optimistic that an accommodation could be worked out. The Secretary noted that no nuclear-powered American vessel is scheduled to call on New Zealand until early next year. Thus his visit gave both sides a chance to review the issue "before government positions harden." ■

NICARAGUA

Election Moves

Charges and countercharges

Young soldiers competed to build the tallest human pyramid, and teen-agers danced to recorded calypso music. Children indulged themselves in cotton candy. In a carnival-like atmosphere, 300,000 slogan-chanting Nicaraguans gathered in Managua last week to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the revolution that brought down Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle. In his address to the crowd, Junta Coordinator Daniel Ortega Saavedra announced that opposition parties would be allowed to hold public rallies and to travel more freely during the campaign for the Nov. 4 elections, the country's first since the 1979 Sandinista takeover. He did not, however, lift the "state of emergency," now extended until Oct. 20, that allows press censorship and curtails civil liberties. Only two days earlier, the Sandinistas had named Ortega as their candidate for President and Sergio Ramirez Mercado, a novelist who is also a member of the junta, to run for Vice President.



BOB NICKELSBERG

Daniel Ortega

A coalition of opposition parties said at week's end that it had nominated former Junta Member Arturo Cruz, who is expected to return this week from voluntary exile in the U.S., as its presidential candidate. The opposition insists, however, that it will not enter the race until the Sandinistas lift the state of emergency and relax other controls over the country. Reacting to the Sandinistas' announcement, President Reagan declared that "no person committed to democracy will be taken in by a Soviet-style sham election."

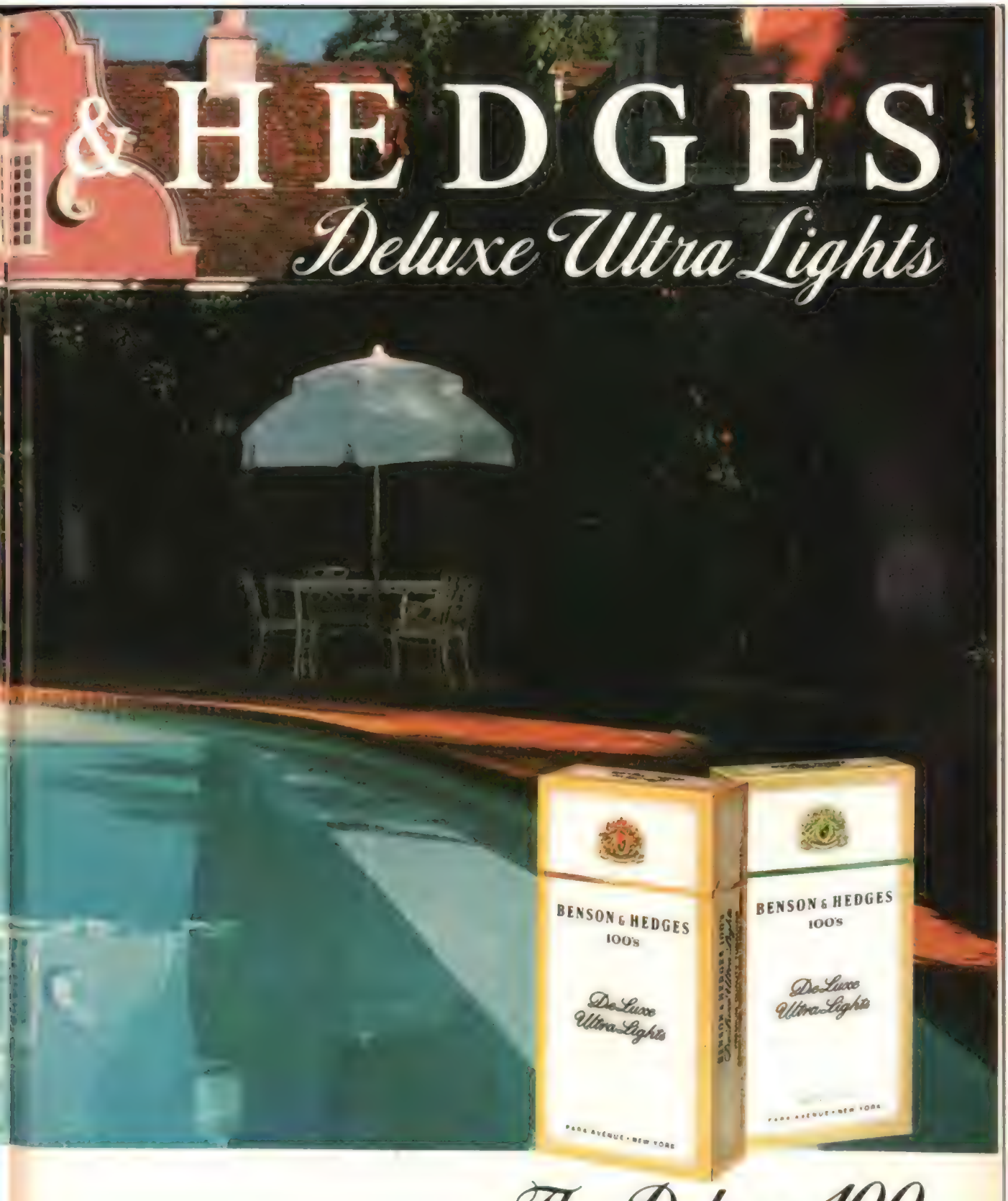
The day before, an agent of the Drug Enforcement Administration had filed an affidavit in a U.S. district court in Miami charging that the Sandinistas had encouraged South American drug dealers to use a 6,000-ft. airstrip, a hangar and a cocaine-processing laboratory in Nicaragua to foster the shipment of drugs to the U.S.

One senior Administration official claims that the affidavit represents "only one case" in a pattern of high-level Nicaraguan involvement in the cocaine trade going back more than a year. The U.S., he says, has substantial although still only circumstantial evidence linking two Sandinista Cabinet ministers to the drug traffic. But so far none of the evidence, which the U.S. says includes tape-recorded conversations and ground and satellite photographs, has been released.

In Managua, Ortega described the accusations as an attempt by the Reagan Administration to revive support in Congress for the *contras*, who are trying to overthrow the Nicaraguan regime. He called the charges "lies and calumnies." ■

6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



The Deluxe 100.

Regular and Menthol.

SOVIET UNION

Warning Shot

Death of a salesman

Gastronom No. 1, an imposing three-story building on Gorky Street, Moscow's busy shopping thoroughfare, is no ordinary supermarket. Its vaulted interior boasts crystal chandeliers, inlaid marble and huge, gold-trimmed mirrors. Regular shoppers know it simply as "Yeliseyev's," after a Russian merchant who built the store in the 18th century. It is popular among foreigners, who consider it as awesome as some of the palace museums that were once the Czars' homes. It is equally appreciated by Muscovites, because it stocks such hard-to-find items as fresh fruit, vegetables and meat. And for good friends with a taste for black caviar and French wines, Store Manager Yuri K. Sokolov was happy to oblige. But in April 1983, Sokolov was arrested on charges of corruption. Two weeks ago, he went before the firing squad.

Sokolov's execution shocked many people because he had influential friends, among them the family of the late Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev. For years, the flamboyant Sokolov provided high Soviet officials with gourmet foods that are rarely seen in Soviet stores. In exchange, he lived a privileged life: he was said to own several ZILs, the Soviet-made limousine reserved for high party officials, as well as country homes outside Moscow. But the government apparently decided to make an example of Sokolov as part of the Kremlin's campaign against corruption, and the store manager was found guilty of accepting bribes. After Yuri Andropov's death, there were doubtless those in the Soviet hierarchy who would have liked to see him spared.

They were apparently overruled, however, by the faction within the ruling Politburo that is staying true to Andropov's anticorruption efforts. It is not known if Soviet Leader Konstantin Chernenko is included in this group. Speculation has it that the chief watchdog is Mikhail Gorbachev, 53, who is thought to have been Chernenko's closest rival for the top party job. In recent weeks scores of other arrests have been reported. Among those apprehended were seven officials of Roskontsert, the government agency that arranges orchestral concerts. They have been sentenced to terms ranging from three to 13 years for taking bribes and kickbacks. In addition, hundreds of officials have been removed from their positions in the Communist Party, government, industry and agriculture in at least five of the Soviet Union's 15 republics.

Noted one Western diplomat in Moscow: "Recent events around the country point to a resurgence of efforts to wipe out corruption." Meanwhile, the doors to Gastronom No. 1 were locked and barred and an ironically appropriate sign went up in the window. It read: CLOSED FOR REMODELING. ■

Escape from horror: Thai camp in 1979

KAMPUCHEA

Vicious Circle

The frustrations of refugee aid

For nearly four years the Khmer Rouge tore through their homeland, smashing temples, slitting throats, nailing old women to the walls of their houses, beating babies to death against trees. By late 1978, when Viet Nam invaded Kampuchea, as many as 3 million of the country's 7 million people were dead. Yet those who survived reportedly had worse in store for them. In one episode, soldiers from neighboring Thailand pushed 826 Kampuchean refugees over a cliff; in another, they forced 43,000 to walk home in the dark down treacherous mountain paths surrounded by minefields.

Thus does grim irony follow upon gruesome tragedy in *The Quality of Mercy* (Simon & Schuster; 464 pages) by British Journalist William Shawcross. In his 1979 work, *Sideshow*, the author argued that through secret bombings the Nixon Administration had almost casually devastated Kampuchea (then called Cambodia), thereby facilitating the murderous rise of the Communist guerrillas of the Khmer Rouge. Here Shawcross investigates the horrors that came after the bloodbath. Drawing extensively from official reports, international-relief-organization memos, firsthand experiences and interviews with protagonists from all sides, he has put together an assiduously detailed account of how, as one senior Red Cross official put it, "humanitarianism was used to prolong an agonizing political deadlock."

Throughout the years of the Khmer Rouge atrocities, claims Shawcross, most Westerners remained either ignorant or downright skeptical of refugee reports of mass slaughter, but as soon as Viet Nam invaded and permitted a few foreigners to inspect the ghostly nation, the West responded vigorously. The press reported a "holocaust"; Washington increased aid to Kampuchean refugees by a factor of ten (to $69 million); five international relief agencies, including the International Committee of the Red Cross and the United Nations Children's Fund, 60 private volunteer bodies and the interests of 60 governments converged upon the broken land. In their eagerness to help, some groups brought in outdated drugs, woolen underpants of no use in a tropical land and, to cheer the refugees, Japanese children bearing harmonicas; in their ignorance, many pampered the very men who had shattered the country.

Yet the international relief agencies were, much of the time, rendered powerless both by their apolitical status and by the recalcitrance of the regime that Viet Nam had installed. Even their successes, says Shawcross, sometimes proved tragically double-edged. Within two years of the Kampuchean government's 1979 announcement that a famine had pushed more than 2 million people to the brink of starvation, the West poured in more than $600 million worth of supplies. Up to four-fifths of the shipments never reached the hollow-eyed, malarial civilians who needed them most. Some of the rice remained stockpiled in warehouses, some was simply lost. Most was intercepted by Thai soldiers, appropriated by the Kampuchean government or seized by the warlords (often Khmer Rouge toughs) who tyrannized many of the border camps. Ultimately, Shawcross contends, the famine was nothing but a false alarm put about by the Vietnamese to exploit the overanxious conscience of the West.

In the same spirit, the Vietnamese actually redesigned the main Khmer Rouge torture camp in order to encourage Nazi comparisons. Meanwhile, Hanoi's archenemy, China, continued to finance the Khmer Rouge in secret. The same urbane and often brilliant Khmer Rouge leaders whom the West had accused of genocide one year earlier found themselves basking in the support of many Western governments, who reasoned, dubiously, that their enemy's enemy must be their friend.

By 1983, Shawcross maintains, the entire issue had been eclipsed in the world's short memory by newer and more fashionable tragedies. Though the author takes scrupulous pains to acknowledge the genuine accomplishments of the international agencies, he concludes that throughout one of the largest relief efforts in history nearly all the governments involved "used humanitarianism as a fig leaf for either the poverty or the ruthlessness of their politics." Founded on a basis of meticulous research, his book is, in the end, an elegy to good intentions ill directed and a cry of conscience on behalf of the 240,000 Kampuchean refugees who continue to haunt the limbo of the border camps. —*By Pico Iyer*

World Notes

EL SALVADOR

Duarte's Big *Willkommen*

Kohl, right, with visitor

For Salvadoran President José Napoleón Duarte, the trip was both a diplomatic triumph and a personal vindication. Making his first tour of Western Europe since his victory in the May 6 elections, Duarte was greeted warmly in West Germany last week, met with cordiality in Paris, and invited to visit Britain, Portugal, Belgium, Spain and Ireland. That marked a decided change in attitude by the West Europeans, who have long shunned El Salvador as a chronic human rights violator. So bad were relations that in 1979 West Germany suspended aid to El Salvador, and in 1980 the European Community cut off its milk donations to the country.

In Bonn, Duarte lunched with a fellow Christian Democrat, Chancellor Helmut Kohl, and a $17.8 million foreign-aid program was signed. In Paris, Duarte met with French President François Mitterrand, whose government recognizes El Salvador's Marxist-led guerrillas as a "representative political force." Afterward, Duarte announced that the French embassy in El Salvador will reopen after being closed for five years. Said Duarte: "French policy has not changed. The situation in El Salvador has changed, especially after my election."

POLAND

Letting Their People Go

If punishment does not do the trick, then try a little tenderness. That seems to be the philosophy behind the Polish government's decision last week to free 652 of the country's political prisoners. Despite grumbling from Communist Party hard-liners, the amnesty bill was passed by the parliament 365 to 4. Only those arrested for treason, spying and sabotage will not be released. Among the freed will be seven leaders of the outlawed Solidarity trade-union movement who have been in jail since December 1981, when martial law was declared. The regime of Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski is now spared the embarrassment of continuing the two-week-old trial of four intellectuals accused of conspiring to overthrow the Communist system.

Jaruzelski has another reason for this calculated charity: he hopes that it will persuade Washington to lift the U.S. trade sanctions imposed after martial law took effect. But he may be disappointed if he expects clemency to soften opposition inside Poland. Adam Michnik, 37, one of the quartet on trial, has announced that he does not want amnesty. If Michnik still desires his day in court, he will have to break the law after his release.

ANGOLA

An Explosive Warning

When a time bomb ripped apart an oil pipeline in northern Angola on July 12, the former Portuguese colony's Marxist leaders felt the shock waves. The blast could not be dismissed as simply another act of sabotage by the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA), the guerrilla group battling to set up a government of national unity. For the first time, UNITA had struck at Angola's oil industry, which accounts for 75% of the country's revenues, and had launched an attack hundreds of kilometers from its bush-fringed stronghold in southeastern Angola.

The rebels blew up the pipeline, owned by the U.S.-based Gulf Oil Corp., as a warning to foreign firms that they can no longer conduct business safely in Angola. There has often been speculation that Washington tacitly supports the guerrillas, although such a connection has never been stated. Only State Department hands with a keen sense of irony, however, could fully appreciate the action of guerrillas wrecking the property of a U.S. company in order to score points against a Marxist regime.

GREECE

A Scion from the Kremlin

The tall, bespectacled young Soviet diplomat drew world attention last February as a grieving figure alongside his father's flower-decked bier. Last week Greek officials announced that Igor Andropov, 38, son of the late Soviet leader, had been named Ambassador to Athens.

At the time of Yuri Andropov's death, his unassuming, English-speaking son was serving as assistant to Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko at the Stockholm conference on European security. His new assignment, which needs formal Greek approval, may be considerably more important to the Kremlin. Although Greece is a NATO member, the government of Socialist Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou has opposed the alliance's deployment of intermediate-range nuclear missiles in Western Europe. Greece recently provoked Washington's ire by describing the U.S. as "the expansionist metropolis of imperialism." Papandreou has also asserted that the Soviet Union is incapable of imperialism because of the nature of its economic system. By nominating Andropov, Moscow may be signaling its solicitude both for Greece and for one of its own most illustrious scions.

Igor Andropov

DIPLOMACY

Pouch Without a Home

Two weeks ago, a white Mercedes-Benz truck with SOVTRANSAVTO painted in blue Cyrillic letters on its side pulled up to the Swiss border at Basel. The nine-ton tractor-trailer did not need to be inspected, the three Soviets inside insisted, because it was merely a "diplomatic pouch." But Swiss officials refused to accept that. Though the Vienna Convention does not specify a maximum size for a diplomatic pouch, the Swiss pointed out, in practice it almost never covers cartons of more than 450 lbs. After much haggling, the Swiss allowed the truck to continue to the Soviet mission in Geneva, but only after they had sealed its cargo. In Geneva, the Soviets obstinately refused to disclose the trailer's contents and finally decided to send the truck back to Moscow. Back in Basel, the Swiss unsealed the truck and waved it through into West Germany.

The truck leaves Switzerland

By now, however, the pouch was infamous. Stop, said West German customs officials, who demanded a full inventory. Again the Soviets refused. At week's end, the pouch without a home was in West Germany under heavy guard, its mysterious contents still under wraps.

All the World's a Bargain

The mighty dollar makes prices right for Americans traveling abroad

When embarking on foreign vacations, a generation of U.S. tourists could look to the mighty dollar as a generous and supportive traveling companion. For the first two decades of the postwar years, highly favorable exchange rates made vacationing abroad, particularly in Europe, a bargain that more and more Americans could not resist. Then in the late '60s and into the '70s, the growing strength of foreign economies and a weakening dollar sent prices sky-high, transforming the trip abroad into an expensive, even prohibitive luxury.

Now the good old days are here again. Thanks to the U.S. currency's continued record-breaking run, delighted Americans have been getting more for their money than in many years. Said New Yorker Joanna Silverblatt, 30, during a shopping spree in Rome: "I feel as though I'm at a candy store. I'm buying much more this year."

Silverblatt's feeling came from a dollar that this summer has hit all-time highs against nine foreign currencies, including the British pound, the French franc and the Italian lira. The surge has helped to propel American tourists abroad in ever growing numbers. Applicants at the 13 U.S. passport agencies have had to wait up to eight hours this summer just to reach the counter, and clerks have been working six-day weeks. The frantic pace should outstrip last year's, when U.S. travelers made a record 25.3 million trips abroad.

Even though the dollar's strength works tirelessly for the tourist, experts have a few tips on how to get the most for the money. They advise travelers, for example, to use credit cards rather than cash. Reason: giants like American Express buy foreign currencies at the most favorable rates before paying foreign merchants, and then pass some of the savings to cardholders when billing them in dollars for their purchases abroad. Traveler's checks also generally earn better rates than cash because they are easier and cheaper to process. In addition, tourists can gain up to 5% by changing money at banks rather than hotels or airports, which stay open past banking hours and charge for their convenient service. When booking return flights to the U.S., travelers can also stretch their dollars by asking to be billed in the currency of the country from which they will depart.

A look at where the bargains are:

EUROPE. The Old World remains the American's favorite overseas destination, and Britain is the most popular spot. A record 2.5 million U.S. visitors may see the British Isles this year, attracted partly by a pound worth about $1.30 today, in contrast with $1.50 last year and more than $2.30 in 1980. "Trading this summer has been fantastic, and we put it to the drop in the pound," says Roy Stephens, managing director of London's jumbo-size Selfridges department store.

VITTORIANO RASTELLI

When in Rome: U.S. teens on the Spanish Steps after shopping

Fashionable stores abound with the best buys in years.

Among the bargains heading Americans' shopping lists are British clothes and fine china. At a London Wedgwood shop, five-piece settings that went for $95 in 1980 and $68 last year have been selling for $64. Stepping out in London has also become cheaper. A typical dinner for two at the Hilton International London now costs up to $52, *vs.* $62 last year and $96 in 1980. Although tickets for hot shows like *Cats* still range up to about $18, front-row seats for Agatha Christie's long-running *The Mousetrap*, which cost some $14.50 four years ago, have fallen to around $11.

In Rome, bargains begin on the cab ride from Leonardo da Vinci Airport to the city. That 25-mile trip cost $30 in 1980, but is only $21 today. When they check into their accommodations, tourists find that the values keep coming. A double room in the first-class Quirinale Hotel starts at $73 a night, down from $105 in 1980. A four-course meal with wine at a good restaurant can come to just $15 a person.

But Rome's elegant boutiques seem to be the American tourist's chief delight. Items like Fendi purses and Missoni sweaters may cost anywhere from one-third to one-half less than in U.S. stores. Among recent happy shoppers was Victor Alfaro, 21, a fashion-design student who paid $90 for a pair of two-tone Beltrami loafers that sold for $150 in 1980. Clothing Shop Owner Pino Maugeri will make silk blouses to measure for $56 and have them ready in 48 hours. The same garments cost $60 last year and nearly $100 in 1980.

Paris offers a mixed bargain picture. While the dollar now buys more than twice as many francs as in 1980, many merchants have seen the tourists coming and pushed up their prices. Still, travelers who look hard can ferret out some deals. At La Cave de la Madeleine wineshop, a bottle of vintage champagne starts at $13, down from $23 four years ago, and cognac prices have also fallen. French and other European-made sportswear can be enticingly cheap as well. Houston Teacher Karen Waugh reported that her husband paid about $60 for a pair of Adidas running shoes that would have cost $100 at home.

Good buys are available at some Parisian hotels and restaurants. A double room at a two-star hotel can be just $28 a night, with a Continental breakfast included. But the four-star Ritz charges $210 for a double, up 16% from 1980. Competition, meanwhile, has forced many dining spots to hold down prices. A meal at Fouquet's on the Champs-Elysées now costs about $29 a person, or a little more than half what it was in 1980.

In West Germany, poor weather has so far dampened tourism. When Ameri-

cans do show up, they should find some attractive values since the dollar now buys about 2.8 deutsche marks, in contrast with some 1.8 in 1980. Though car rentals are expensive and the best seats at the Munich Opera Festival cost even more than opera in New York City, many German hoteliers have been scaling back their prices. A single room at Munich's prestigious Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten currently goes for $100 a night, down from $130 four years ago. Near by, a camera shop offers the latest Leica model and lens for about $925, which Store Owner Victor Meier-Mietinger says is nearly one-third less than U.S. discount prices.

Alert European travelers can gain added savings by applying for refunds of the value-added taxes on their purchases. A type of sales tax widely applied in Europe, the VAT can run about 15%. Many shops are willing to handle the paperwork that it takes to have the levy returned after customers spend a specified amount. London Wedgwood shops pass out the forms with purchases of at least $39. Tourists complete the documents on leaving the country (to get credit, they must have the purchases with them), and can begin looking for their refunds in two to four weeks. If shops mail goods directly to the U.S., the VAT is not collected.

LATIN AMERICA. American tourists in Mexico are finding that the drop in the value of the peso, from 23 to the dollar in 1980 to about 190 today, has more than offset inflationary price rises. A room in the El Mirador Acapulco that went for $38 last year now costs just $16. The Mexico City subway fare is only one-half a U.S. penny, and 65¢ pays for a movie ticket. But swank shops in Mexico City's so-called Pink Zone can fool the unwary. For his $50 the tourist may get only imitation Gucci shoes, but real Christian Dior and other designer-label apparel is available for less than U.S. prices. Some visitors, however, find the clothes a bit dated. Said New Yorker Cindy Altfeld: "High fashion hasn't really hit Mexico."

Bargains are harder to locate in South America, where many businesses gear their prices to whatever wealthy tourists are willing to spend. Nightclubbers currently pay $13 a person for the show at Rio's Plataforma I; it was $10 last year and $7 in 1980. Says Club Director Jota Martins: "We don't think our prices are high. They may be so for the average Brazilian, but the average Brazilian does not come here." Nonetheless, travelers can find some buys in South American countries. At La Costa Verde restaurant near Lima, a leisurely seafood lunch with drinks and wine still costs $14 a diner, the same as in 1980. Popular Brazilian agate ashtrays that went for $8.60 four years ago now cost less than $6, and the $1.50 that it takes to buy a bottle of good Argentine vodka is half of last year's price.

FAR EAST. Even though the yen has fallen 9.9% against the dollar since 1980, Tokyo remains an expensive place to visit. "I haven't found anything cheaper in Japan," snapped a visitor from Ohio. Dinner at a good Tokyo steak house runs about $24, up $8 from 1980. Nor are electronic wares or other Japanese specialties particularly cheap. American shoppers are finding that high-quality Japanese cameras cost about as much in Tokyo as in New York City. But many travelers say that they did not go to Japan for the bargains. One survey found that most Americans were attracted to the country mainly by the opportunity to see its life-style. Respondents ranked shopping a distant fifth.

Elsewhere in the Orient, prices also tend to be high. However, a little bargaining at places like Bangkok's five-star Peninsula Hotel can secure a single room for $52, or about half the posted rate. In Hong Kong and Singapore, duty-free shops display jewelry at up to 50% savings. But what some visitors seem to crave most are the comforts they left at home. Asked about Singapore's best bargain, a Texan replied, "A Big Mac, french fries and a Coke." At a price of $2.15, that Far Eastern meal cost half a dollar less than it would have in Dallas. *—By John Greenwald. Reported by Leonora Dodsworth/Rome and John Wright/London, with other bureaus*

The Rescuer of Last Resort

Bank regulators consider taking over Continental Illinois

"Dreams, as we all know, vanish when we wake. Nightmares vanish too," wrote Continental Illinois Bank Chairman David G. Taylor in a memo to his beleaguered employees earlier this month. But Taylor's corollary proved only half true. The nightmarish flight of Continental's customers that led to the bank's near collapse two months ago has continued. Since May, customers are rumored to have withdrawn two-thirds of Continental's $30 billion in deposits. Last week bank officials appeared to have virtually given up looking for another bank or for some wealthy buyer to infuse new money into the institution. Instead, they were meeting in Washington with federal regulators to discuss a drastic, last-resort solution in which the Government would assume ownership of Continental. If the deal is concluded, it will be the first nationalization of a major bank in U.S. history.

MARY ELLEN MARK

CATHERINE LAMBERT—FORTUNE

TIM SIMS

Taylor, left, will probably be ousted from the Chicago landmark if Isaac's agency moves in

Customers are rumored to have withdrawn two-thirds of its $30 billion in deposits.

As part of one plan being discussed last week, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation would accept most of Continental's bad loans, estimated at $4 billion, in return for an estimated 80% stake in the bank. FDIC Chairman William Isaac would then dismiss Taylor and other top officials and install new bank management. In addition, observers say, the FDIC would substantially reduce the bank's $34 billion in assets by selling some holdings. The regulators may spin off the Chicago institution's weakest units into another bank, already dubbed "Trashco" by Continental employees, which could then be declared bankrupt. Federal officials believe that the down-sized bank, relieved of troubled loans to debtors ranging from oil drillers to Brazil, could regain public confidence and earn a profit. Then, at some future time, the FDIC might be able to sell Continental and recoup some of its investment.

The big losers under this plan probably would be Continental's stockholders. The FDIC continues to honor its earlier promise that all the bank's depositors will be protected against losses, even those with accounts larger than the legal $100,000 coverage limit. Stockholders, though, could lose the largest share of some $2.2 billion in equity if the Government takes over. Stockholders have already taken a beating in the market. Since last September, Continental stock has fallen from 25¼ to 3½. Said one Chicago investment analyst last week: "This is as if you were in the Viet Nam War and didn't get out on the helicopters. That's what's happening to the stockholders."

When the run on the bank started in May, sparked by rumors that Continental was unsound and was about to be sold to three Japanese financial institutions, the FDIC, the Federal Reserve and dozens of banks began supplying billions in funds in an effort to stop the panic. A package of more than $10 billion in loans was offered, but it was only the FDIC's pledge to protect all deposits, no matter how big, that halted the outflow of funds.

Once the run had been stopped, the FDIC tried to find a private buyer for Continental, but it had no takers. Such interested parties as Citicorp, First Chicago and the wealthy Bass family of Fort Worth all considered the deal and decided that Continental had more problems than they could handle. Since no one else was willing to step forward, the FDIC seemed to face no alternative but to take over the bank. Last week Continental and the FDIC still hoped that some private group might step forward, but they were fast losing all optimism about that possibility.

During the past two months, Continental has been sharply pruning its operations. More than 300 employees, mostly clerical workers, have accepted early retirement. The bank has raised some $6 billion by calling in loans and selling its London-based merchant-banking subsidiary. But Continental has continued sliding downhill. Said Taylor last week: "Over the past few weeks, we have observed a loss of some of our business and, regrettably, some of our colleagues'. Uncertainty has been our enemy and will continue to be until the details of engineering the new Continental are finished and announced." Continental officials last week appeared to be delaying announcement of the bank's second-quarter results, which are expected to show large losses, until a rescue plan is ready. It was believed that disclosure of the figures could spark another panic.

Some bankers doubt that a slimmed-down Continental under the control of the FDIC would be a workable venture. They argue that the bank could become too bogged down in bureaucracy to compete profitably with other banks. Staff morale at Continental would probably suffer, and top executives would leave the bank. At one time the largest commercial and industrial lender in the U.S., Continental would rank as only a regional player, half the size of its former head-to-head rival, First Chicago (assets: $40.5 billion).

Reports of the possible takeover of Continental prompted nervous speculation among both bankers and investors. One of the biggest concerns is about how the FDIC will handle Continental's $2 billion in Latin American loans. Bankers fear that the FDIC will write them off and take the loss. Many other large U.S. banks still carry most Latin loans on their books at full value, and a write-off of Continental's loans would put pressure on such banks to do the same.

The long agony at Continental and the worsening of the Latin American debt crisis have become a drag on the whole banking industry. During the past three months, stock prices of major New York City banks have fallen more than 13%. Said James Wooden, the bank-industry analyst for Merrill Lynch: "Continental's problems are probably unique and not transferable to other banks. On the other hand, they represent a very serious domestic banking problem that must be dealt with. The sooner those problems are solved, the better." —*By Stephen Koepp. Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago and Christopher Redman/Washington*

Business Notes

EAST-WEST TRADE

War by Microcomputer

Weinberger and a seized computer

Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle intrigued a congressional committee by showing how a modified Apple II computer could be used to direct missile firing and communications. The Reagan Administration has been trying to crack down on the export of powerful computers to the Soviet Union, and last December Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger showed off just such a machine, a VAX by Digital Equipment, that had been halted as it was about to be shipped. Now the U.S. is trying to stop the export of some microcomputers too.

In an updating of export guidelines, the U.S., Japan and their NATO allies have agreed to block the shipment of sophisticated or rugged microcomputers like the IBM PC-XT that could stand up to battlefield conditions. Because of pressure from U.S. allies, the new limitations, however, do not attempt an unrealistic embargo of the Apple II and other more fragile or less powerful machines. Said one Pentagon official: "We know that the Soviet plan includes acquisition of microcomputers from the West. Now we can slow them down."

AUTOS

Belfast Boondoggle

At first the project seemed to herald Northern Ireland's economic revitalization. In 1978 the British government agreed to help finance John Z. De Lorean's West Belfast car factory, which eventually provided 2,600 jobs at a time when 35% of the city's male workers were unemployed. But after four years the company went bankrupt, and De Lorean was later arrested on charges of trafficking in cocaine. Last week a British parliamentary committee issued a scathing 328-page report that attacks his misappropriation of public funds.

De Lorean's company received about $100 million in British taxpayers' money, but wasted much of it, according to the report. De Lorean paid himself and top officials annual salaries of more than $300,000, and diverted $17 million earmarked for design development into a Swiss bank account and the purchase of a U.S. ski-equipment company. Moreover, President Eugene Cafeiro still drew his $375,000 salary after leaving the company. The report urges the British government to review carefully future joint ventures.

De Lorean with gull-winged creation

AIRLINES

Roar with a Latin Beat

Residents around Miami International Airport who are recovering from hangovers next New Year's Day may be spared further distress from low-flying jets. That is when Federal Aviation Regulation 91, which bans many noisy planes from U.S. airports, is scheduled to go into effect. But for the 30 Caribbean, Central and Latin American as well as eight domestic airlines that fly to and from Miami with predominantly aging and noisy Boeing 707s, DC-8s and BAC-111s, the headaches will have just begun.

The Federal Aviation Administration in 1976 set a noise-rule deadline for U.S. airlines, and four years later extended it to foreign carriers. The Central and Latin American airlines estimate that installing noise-abatement equipment in their fleets would cost $1 billion and bankrupt many of them. Moreover, Richard H. Judy, director of the Dade County aviation department, predicts that more than 6,000 aviation jobs in Florida and an additional 1,000 south of the border will be lost unless the FAA extends the deadline to Jan. 1, 1988. So far, the FAA seems unwilling to do so.

TAKEOVERS

Your Money or Your Company

Walt Disney Productions and St. Regis Corp., the forest-products firm, have both been victims of greenmail. In a greenmail ploy, an investor buys enough stock in a company to pose a takeover threat in hopes that the firm's officers will buy him out at a premium. Disney paid $297.4 million in June for shares held by Financier Saul Steinberg, who made a quick $32 million profit. St. Regis has been greenmailed twice, first by Sir James Goldsmith, the British industrialist, and then by Loews Corp., the hotel and movie-theater company.

Murdoch pursues St. Regis

Last week Disney and St. Regis faced the fact that greenmail is like blackmail: a company that pays once merely invites new demands. Australian Publisher Rupert Murdoch, who owns 5.6% of St. Regis, said that he was raising $757 million to buy 50.1%. Meanwhile, a group of investors headed by Financier Irwin Jacobs revealed that it had bought 5.8% of Disney and wanted more. St. Regis and Disney took no immediate action in response to the moves by Murdoch and Jacobs. The companies will surely think twice before paying more greenmail.

WALL STREET

Stock Around the Clock

All-night drugstores and supermarkets are becoming more commonplace in the U.S. these days. Another kind of commerce may also have a nocturnal glimmer: stock trading. Last week officials of both the New York Stock Exchange and the American Stock Exchange said they were taking the first look at the possibility of expanding trading hours beyond the current 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., which have prevailed for a decade.

If it happens, any such change would be phased in gradually. But the idea of stock around the clock has a logical appeal. A large share of corporate business is increasingly international, occurring at all hours of the day and night. A mere six hours of trading geared to Eastern time seems inadequate to accommodate the working hours of important industries and markets in Europe and Asia. There is also a competitive spur. Stock-trading firms that do business off the floors of the major exchanges do not keep the exchanges' hours and are attractive to big institutional investors, who do most of Wall Street's trading. Stockbrokers may not like it, though, when clients worrying about their investments in the middle of the night start calling them with buy and sell orders.

San Diego SWAT officers stand guard at McDonald's as paramedics aid a wounded child

After the attack, a boy lies dead outside the restaurant, entangled in his bicycle

Emergency team works alongside arches; plainclothes officer leads distraught woman away

Behavior

Sudden Death

Mass murder at a McDonald's

A grim drifter named James Huberty, 41, strolled into a McDonald's near San Diego last week and ordered everyone to lie down. Then he calmly fired hundreds of rounds into his helpless victims, killing 21 and wounding 15 others. Near Big Sky, Mont., a mountaineer and his teen-age son, who had taken to the wilderness to escape civilization, abducted a female jogger, chained her to a log and then killed one of her rescuers. In Evanston, Ill., police captured one of the men on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list, Alton Coleman, 28, and his girlfriend Debra Brown, 21, after a seven-week crime spree that included kidnaping, rapes and seven murders. Four of the dead were girls under the age of eleven.

The series of random killings shattered the nation's usual summer serenity. The slayings seemed particularly horrifying because many of the dead were children, and many of the murder sites were islands of customary safety: a family-style fast-food restaurant, an idyllic mountain resort and, in Coleman's case, a child's own home.

Huberty in 1983: explosions of rage

By far the most stunning act of violence, and the worst one-day slaughter in U.S. history, occurred at the McDonald's in seedy, predominantly Hispanic San Ysidro, two miles from the Mexican border. Shortly before 4 p.m. last Wednesday, in 96° heat, Huberty left his house after casually announcing to his wife, "I'm going to hunt humans." He drove to the one-story, red-brick McDonald's in a battered Mercury and stepped in the door with a 9-mm Browning automatic pistol in his belt and a 12-gauge pump shotgun and a 9-mm UZI semiautomatic rifle slung over his shoulders.

Huberty called out, "Everybody on the floor." About 45 patrons were present. As they scrambled to comply, Huberty marched around the restaurant calmly spraying gunfire. In the first ten minutes Huberty killed 20 people, including four who ran out of the building as the shooting started. One of them, Omar Hernandez, 11, made it as far as the bike rack; a single shot instantly took his life. Maria Diaz ran out the side door in panic when the shooting started, then remembered that her two-year-old son was still inside. She crept back to a window and saw him sitting obediently in a booth. She motioned him toward the door, nudged it open, and the boy toddled to safety.

The gunfire was so heavy that police at first assumed that more than one gunman was inside. A fire truck took six shots before reversing direction and backing off. One fire fighter was grazed by a spent bullet that tore through the truck and then landed softly on his head. Shortly after 5 p.m., as the gunfire slackened, one McDonald's employee crept up the basement stairs and out a back door, carrying crucial information to San Diego police and the department's SWAT team: Huberty was alone, and he held no hostages. SWAT sharpshooters got their orders: "Fix him in your sights and take him out." The fifth shot by SWAT marksmen tore through Huberty's chest. Recalls one cop: "He dropped like a stone."

After watching Huberty for ten minutes through binoculars to make sure he was dead, police and hospital workers moved in on the gruesome scene. A mother and father lay sprawled across their baby, apparently in an attempt to shield it. All three were dead. Another baby was carried out, still alive, but suffering from critical wounds of the abdomen and pancreas. In one booth a man stared skyward in death, still clutching a baseball cap. At least one policeman on the scene became so ill he had to be relieved of duty. Said San Diego Police Chief William Kolender, after viewing the carnage: "I hope to God I never see such a thing again."

The killer, said neighbors, was "a sour man" who regularly exploded in towering rages against his wife Etna and their two daughters, 14 and 10. Even the bumper sticker on his car was testy: I'M NOT DEAF, I'M IGNORING YOU.

Huberty, whose parents divorced when he was in grade school, attended Malone College, a small Quaker institution in Canton, Ohio, and graduated with a degree in sociology. He worked as an apprentice embalmer, dropped that, then became a welder and drifted through a succession of jobs.

Seven months ago, Huberty and his family moved from Ohio to San Ysidro. He took a job as a security guard for a condominium complex, but was fired two weeks ago. Huberty's wife says he called a mental-health clinic Tuesday asking for an appointment, and sat waiting in vain for a call-back. On the day of the massacre, he reported to traffic court on a minor violation and was pleased that the judge let him off without a fine. He and his family then had lunch at another McDonald's and visited the San Diego Zoo. At the zoo, Huberty seemed angry at the clinic for ignoring him and exclaimed, "Society's had their chance!"

Though criminologists and psychologists are reluctant to draw a neat profile of the random murderer, he is most commonly a frustrated misfit from a broken home who has made little emotional connection to others and has a strong tendency to slip into the role of the alienated, abused outsider. Huberty fit this general pattern. So do Montana Fugitives Don Nichols, 53, and his son Dan, 19, who kidnaped Kari Swenson, 23, the top member of the U.S. women's biathlon team, telling her they were looking for a woman to be Dan's wife. The Nicholses, who have been roaming the remote Madison Mountains for a year, did not sexually molest the woman (shot in the chest during an attempted rescue, she was hospitalized and is in stable condition). The father, a drifter, started living full time in the mountains, according to his ex-wife, "because he just couldn't fit in anywhere."

Swenson at Lake Placid biathlon tryouts

Alton Coleman, who has a long history of sexual violence, directed against men as well as women, was abandoned as a boy by his prostitute mother. A psychiatrist who once interviewed Coleman described him as an individual who was unable to understand the feelings of others and who believed he was entitled to whatever he wanted. The FBI has characterized his association with Debra Brown as a master-slave relationship.

Whatever the difference in psychological detail, random and serial murderers do share one characteristic: a deep, suppressed rage. And that bottled-up anger can lead to acts of unexpected and sometimes enormous violence. By their rampages, says Northwestern University Psychiatrist Richard Rappaport, "they are trying to show that they have an ability to control the world." *—By John Leo. Reported by Lee Griggs/San Ysidro*

Milestones

HOSPITALIZED. Liza Minnelli, 38, effervescent singer-actress; for treatment of alcohol and Valium problems; at the Betty Ford Center in Rancho Mirage, Calif. Minnelli's newly acknowledged difficulties evoke rueful comparisons with her mother, Judy Garland, who suffered from drug and alcohol addiction for much of her life.

DIED. James F. Fixx, 52, guru of the fitness generation who wrote two bestselling books explaining the mechanics and extolling the benefits of jogging, *The Complete Book of Running* (1977) and *Jim Fixx's Second Book of Running* (1980); of an apparent heart attack while jogging; in Hardwick, Vt.

DIED. George Low, 58, boldly imaginative, Vienna-born engineer who goaded and guided the manned space program with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and its predecessors from 1949 to 1976; of cancer; in Troy, N.Y. It was Low who suggested, in a 1960 memo to President John Kennedy, that a man could be put on the moon by decade's end. After the disastrous January 1967 fire that killed three astronauts, NASA Deputy Director Low took charge of redesigning and rebuilding the Apollo craft; with 90-hour, detail-obsessed work weeks, he met his deadline when Apollo 11 reached the moon in July 1969. In 1976, Low became president of his alma mater, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Seven weeks ago, his son David was named an astronaut.

DIED. Oqirhuyakt, 84, former Mongolian warlord and last lineal descendant of Genghis Khan, the 13th century Mongol military genius whose horse-borne hordes conquered China and menaced all of Central Asia; of cancer; in Huhehot, Inner Mongolia. Because of his hereditary status, his large following and his cooperation with the new regime in Peking after 1949, Oqirhuyakt (the single-name form is common for Mongolians) became a regional official. The ashes of Genghis' 32nd-generation descendant will rest in the tomb of his illustrious ancestors on the Ordos Plateau.

DIED. Karl Wolff, 84, storm-trooper general and Nazi military governor of Italy who negotiated the surrender of 1 million German and Italian troops to the Allies on May 2, 1945, six days before the Third Reich collapsed; after a long illness; in Rosenheim, Germany. Although he was chief adjutant to SS Commander Heinrich Himmler, Wolff after the war denied knowledge of Hitler's final solution and was not tried as a war criminal. In 1964, however, he became the highest-ranking Nazi officer to be tried in a West German court; he was sentenced to 15 years for being "continuously engaged and deeply entangled in guilt," notably for supplying the boxcars that shipped 300,000 Polish Jews to the gas ovens at Treblinka.

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Print triumphs in adversity

CONVENTION 84

At the moment they walked into Moscone Center last week and surveyed their back-seat accommodations, print reporters at the Democratic Convention realized that they were, more than ever, mere onlookers at a network TV spectacular. From the layout of the hall to the schedule of proceedings, everything was designed to assist or beguile ABC, NBC, CBS and a new but virtually coequal presence, Cable News Network. The long, low, wire-laden convention hall looked like, and became, an enormous TV studio. The delegates, the nominal center of activity, served mainly as a massive studio audience, providing emotional (and often selective and misleading) reaction shots during speeches. The four network booths loomed above the floor and podium, affording their glassed-in anchors the best seats in the house.

BRACE—BLACK STAR

Dan Rather of CBS, the ratings "victor" in a little-watched week, had a prime view from his booth

Without gavel-to-gavel time, the networks lost the chance for enterprise.

Reporters for wire services and major newspapers, by contrast, were tucked away on platforms placed diagonally behind the podium: even when standing, many of them could not see the speakers, the delegates or much of anything else except the glowing network insignia and the distant figures of CBS's Dan Rather, NBC's Tom Brokaw and ABC's Peter Jennings and David Brinkley. Said Editor Robert Maynard of the Oakland *Tribune:* "This is just another dramatic example that TV has completely taken over center stage in American politics."

Yet for all the prominence accorded the networks, at the moment when the Democrats made history by nominating Geraldine Ferraro for Vice President, all three networks were airing sitcoms. Contending that the convention lacked news value because it offered little suspense or surprise, the networks dropped all pretense of covering "gavel to gavel." Instead, they aired highlights for little more than two hours a night. CBS did not even carry addresses by the nation's highest-ranking Democrat, House Speaker Tip O'Neill, or by Congressman Morris Udall, who controversially urged the party to reconcile itself with former President Jimmy Carter. ABC, misled about what time Jesse Jackson would speak, cut away from Tuesday evening's session to broadcast 24 minutes of a rerun of the thriller series *Hart to Hart;* it returned to the convention without finishing the story (not to worry, the Harts trapped the would-be assassin, as rival NBC mockingly informed viewers two nights later). The truncated schedule left scarcely any time for the pretaped background on personalities and issues, profiles of delegates or enterprising features that had distinguished past coverage. NBC Commentator John Chancellor, covering his 15th convention, admitted in an interview, "In two to three hours of pageantry, we have not had a lot of time for reporting."

Although the convention was orderly compared with past Democratic gatherings, the multitude of roving TV cameras by their very presence tended to magnify conflict. Rumors about defecting delegates or brewing rules fights, even as they were sagely debunked from the anchor booths, tended to reverberate into minidramas as they were tossed back and forth among floor correspondents. The wandering reporters also sought to generate confrontations: CBS's Ed Bradley tried to force an on-air meeting between Chicago Mayor Harold Washington and Cook County Democratic Chairman Edward Vrdolyak, who are not on speaking terms. Exasperated by the prodding, Washington called Bradley, on-camera, "one of the lowest possible individuals I've seen."

Network executives admitted privately that for reasons of public relations, they did not want to approach the convention with normal journalistic skepticism but wanted to treat it as comparable to a royal wedding. Conceded ABC's Brinkley, who was covering his 17th convention: "We have not significantly challenged the claims made in speeches, and some of them were dubious, if not appalling." While stinting discussion of the historic implications of Jesse Jackson's quest, and of the sweeping ideological nature of the challenges in his speech, the networks dwelled on it for its roof-raising theatrics, with Rather breathlessly urging viewers "to get Grandma in" to watch.

The conventions and election night in November are traditionally the Super Bowl for TV news departments, with the ratings winner gaining an advantage in prestige for years to come. But political coverage customarily costs the networks a sizable portion of its viewers, and last week was no exception. Night after night, the cumulative share of viewers drawn by ABC, NBC and CBS was less—often much less—than half the total TV audience.

The most successful anchor, in preliminary ratings and on-camera command, was CBS's Rather. He seemed unflappable, and muted the politics-junkie hyperbole that had marred some past performances. NBC's Brokaw made quick yet persuasive judgments, but some notable boners: he claimed that O'Neill's congressional district is in South Boston

The pencil press was able to see mostly network insignia

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(it is in Cambridge); during a platform dispute he allowed Georgia's Hosea Williams to defend Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young at length without pointing out that Young had recently endorsed Williams' congressional challenge to a white Democratic incumbent. ABC's Jennings, who has spent most of his career as a foreign correspondent, blandly deferred to the veteran Brinkley like a bright but attentive son. Brinkley, although sagacious and saltily perceptive, later acknowledged at least one major goof: he misidentified Birmingham Mayor Richard Arrington, whose support had been crucial for Mondale among blacks and in Alabama, as a Jackson supporter.

Because the schedule was so confined, the networks' supporting players had little to do. Among the most underutilized assets were former CBS Anchor Walter Cronkite, whose commentaries often came long after events, and NBC's Roger Mudd, who was wedged in at the podium and unable to make full use of his formidable contacts. Perhaps the shrewdest analysis came from Chancellor, in pointing out the nostalgic, New Deal strain in several major speeches.

Neither the lack of breaking news nor the domination of the events by television deterred print reporters. Papers for which politics is a strong suit—notably, the Washington *Post*, Boston *Globe* and Baltimore *Sun*—provided copious coverage. The Los Angeles *Times* ably used a detailed demographic and issue survey of almost every delegate. Among the New York *Times's* succession of good stories was a much copied Page One feature on the problems of body language and etiquette facing male and female running mates. Local papers basked in sudden national attention: the San Jose *Mercury News* pursued every angle, including whether prostitutes considered Democrats good customers (the answer: no, too cheap); the Oakland *Tribune* expressed the wistful envy of print journalists toward TV in asserting that the networks had even brought along shoeshine boys.

Frustrated as all the journalists may have been, they came in record numbers: the quadrennial party gatherings now serve as conventions for newsmen and -women, whose 14,000-strong legions this year outnumbered the delegates by more than 3 to 1. Said ABC Correspondent Jeff Greenfield: "It is like the best possible reunion—everybody in my life is here."

The ranks of workaday reporters were even expanded by celebrity writers. One seemingly unlikely duo: Hunter Thompson, the *Rolling Stone* guru of "gonzo" journalism, and his admiring companion Ron Reagan, the President's son, who was writing a color piece for *Playboy* that he termed "bonzo" journalism. Joked young Reagan: "Every four years the journalists of this country hold conventions, and the political parties pander to them by providing the entertainment." At times, that almost seemed true. —*By William A. Henry III*

Computers

Software Is for Sharing

Free programs keep books, play games, imitate birdcalls

When Dennis Brothers bought his new Apple Macintosh computer, he knew it had a shortcoming. Apple did not provide the necessary instructions that would allow the machine to send messages to other computers by telephone. Worse still, the company had neglected to publish the technical information that would permit professional programmers to write their own software. That did not deter Brothers, an M.I.T.-trained electrical engineer who runs a computer consulting business in Wayland, Mass. He

Wizard Brothers with a dismantled Macintosh
It never occurred to him to sell his program.

opened up the Mac, studied its circuitry and wrote a program called MacTEP that solved the problem.

Then Brothers did something that many inventors would never dream of doing: he gave away the program to friends, associates and anyone else who wanted it. Within days, CompuServe, a nationwide computer-services network, made MacTEP available to its 135,000 subscribers. Brothers started getting calls about his creation from as far away as Britain and the Dominican Republic. Says he: "It seemed such a simple little program at the time. It never occurred to me to sell it."

Brothers is one of hundreds of computer wizards who have forgone possible profits and given away the software they have invented. Such free public-domain programs—there are now about 35,000 of them—are a bonanza for computer users who balk at paying from $40 up to $500 for the bestselling commercial titles.

Computer networks like CompuServe and the Source, which give subscribers access to software by telephone, maintain large collections of public-domain programs. In addition, hundreds of individual computer enthusiasts and clubs have made free programs available on electronic bulletin boards that are reachable by telephone. Several books now tell computer owners where to find the freebies. *The Computer Phone Book*, by Mike Cane (New American Library; $9.95), lists the phone numbers of more than 400 bulletin boards and networks carrying programs for many brands of personal computers, including Apple, IBM, Tandy, Commodore and Atari. *Free Software for the IBM PC*, by Bertram Gader and Manuel Nodar (Warner Books; $8.95), shows readers how to track down more than 600 programs.

To be sure, much of the public-domain software is amateurish or trivial—for example, programs that imitate birdcalls or beep out the *William Tell Overture*. But there are free, first-rate programs that enable machines to edit documents or keep electronic ledger books for home businesses. Software abounds for such games as chess and blackjack. One program called A.T.C. simulates the challenge of being an air-traffic controller.

The profusion of free software is an outgrowth of the camaraderie that developed in the mid-'70s, when personal computers were new and commercial software was scarce. Pioneer users, sharing their breakthroughs and building on one another's work, traded programs much as Little Leaguers swap baseball cards. One of the most popular titles was MODEM, a 1977 program that allowed personal-computer owners to send programming instructions to one another by telephone. Its author, IBM Engineer Ward Christensen, takes pride in never having profited from his labor of love. Says he: "People sometimes send me money out of the blue, but I always send it back."

Other programmers are not so altruistic. Andrew Fluegelman, editor in chief of *PC World* magazine, made more than $100,000 by giving away his software and asking satisfied users for contributions. John MacEvoy, a part-time programmer from Germantown, Md., seeks no payment for the personal-finance program he wrote, but he does make one request of those who use it. Instead of paying him, MacEvoy says, they should leave the computer keyboard for a while and take their long-suffering spouses out to dinner. —*By Philip Elmer-DeWitt. Reported by Lawrence Mondi/New York and John Prime/Shreveport*

PROULX—FIRST LIGHT, TORONTO

Josef Skvorecky: a master of that modern specialty, the heartbreaking belly laugh

Comic Exile in Three Worlds

THE ENGINEER OF HUMAN SOULS
by Josef Skvorecky; translated by Paul Wilson; Knopf; 571 pages; $17.95

In 1968, as the Soviets marched into Czechoslovakia, Josef Skvorecky marched out, heading for Canada. On the way, he ran across his countryman Milan Kundera in Paris. Brooding over the Nazi invasion of their homeland during World War II, the Soviet occupation of the moment and the possibility of exile, Kundera sighed, "There's been too much of everything. How much longer do you think we can last?"

Who could have foreseen a decade ago that the two writers would not only survive their political nightmares but turn them into two of this year's best and most original novels. *The Engineer of Human Souls*, like Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (TIME, April 16), spins its story from the torn entrails of Central Europe. Yet what emerges is comedy—black, grimacing and explosively funny, as peculiarly Middle European as the despairing wit of Prague's own Franz Kafka. Skvorecky has mixed history with high unseriousness before—notably in *The Bass Saxophone*, about a Czech youth playing in a German dance band during the war—but his latest work is unquestionably his masterpiece of that modern specialty, the heartbreaking belly laugh.

Skvorecky's alter ego is Danny Smiricky, 48, a Czech émigré professor at a college very like Skvorecky's academic home for some 15 years, the University of Toronto. Danny teaches dark Old World lessons from Poe, Hawthorne and Stephen Crane to nice Canadian boys and girls whose idea of horror is derived from Stephen King movies. As for *The Red Badge of Courage*, Danny's students read it not as a commentary on war but as one more case study of a young man's identity crisis.

Danny allows himself to be seduced by one of his students in the front seat of her father's Cadillac. Nor does he resist other Western pleasures: an infinity of ice cubes, catsup with French fries and Erroll Garner's piano, the good life, as he sees it.

But the kind of student naiveté that would equate a speeding ticket with police brutality causes Danny to abandon his stance of amused tolerance. He retreats to a second demi-world, the "motley, traitorous émigré community." Alas, there the exiles have adopted native customs with a vengeance. The women wear gold boots with green hearts and T shirts with breasts printed on them. The men buy calfskin jackets if they can afford them, checkered suits if they cannot. During their frequent alcoholic binges, they plot absurd schemes for a National Liberation Army of the Czechoslovak People that will overthrow their country's Communist tyrants.

The third world that Danny wanders in, lost, is the past. Of his three worlds, what suddenly seems perhaps the most real to him is the town of Kostelec, where he grew up, in love simultaneously with three girls, dreaming of becoming a hero by sabotaging the factory where he worked as a forced laborer for the Nazis.

Skvorecky handles the young Danny with a gentleness that borders on the romantic, but not for long. Juxtaposed with the bygone scenes of adolescence are contemporary letters to the middle-aged Danny that trickle in from his Kostelec friends. Prema, the young resistance fighter, loses his focus after the war and drifts to Australia, dying a pointless death in a hurricane. Rebecca, the idealist, ends up in a kibbutz, shattered and alone after her son is killed by a bomb in an Israeli café. Jan, the poet, remains in Czechoslovakia. Blacklisted into silence, he commits suicide. As a self-described "raconteur of cynical tales," Danny concludes that the only meaning to life is that there is no meaning. "History that repeats itself is a farce" becomes his fancy way of translating Huck Finn's cry from the heart: "I been there before."

Amid this chaos and despair, the professor irrationally hopes. A mad, glorious scene near the end captures Danny's self-contradiction. At a wedding reception in Toronto, the guests become obsessed with recalling gallows-humor stories about a Kostelec hangman who forced condemned prisoners to shave, and shave again until the blood trickled from their chins as they mustered to face their doom. Then he would shout: "Back to your cells, gentlemen. The execution is postponed!"

Meanwhile, the band strikes up. The bride smiles radiantly. The dance goes on, and even as he braces himself to insist that life is simply biology's *la ronde*, Danny—and certainly Skvorecky—joins in the dance.

What his personal history has cost Skvorecky, only he can measure. But in the process of recording his pain he lends a keen zest to the act of living and writing. So this is what the novel has been! So this is what the novel can still be! Readers for whom contemporary fiction has meant obligatory searches for self-fulfillment or another go-around at suburban malaise may never be the same.

—By Melvin Maddocks

Excerpt

"The architect also accommodated the wishes of the more radical students: instead of furniture, some of the lecture rooms will have bumps of various shapes on the floor. I, as professor, will sit on one of these bumps, and on and among the others, like Gulliver among the breasts of the Brobdingnagian women, will sit my students. It is supposed to help them relax . . . Not long ago Rocky McBeth made a final application to the dean to purchase some old Royal Canadian Air Force parachutes. He wanted to hang them from the classroom ceilings to cover the windows. The aim was to help nervous students let themselves go and concentrate more fully on the arts and sciences."


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Books

Compromiser

HUBERT HUMPHREY: A BIOGRAPHY
by Carl Solberg
Norton; 572 pages; $19.95

In 1945, shortly after Hubert Horatio Humphrey Jr. became mayor of Minneapolis, he got a call from his father. Hubert Sr. was shocked: his son had been seen dining with bankers. The small-town druggist delivered a warning against the lures of wealth, power and compromise.

That hardly seemed necessary at the time, or for a decade to come. As mayor and later U.S. Senator, Humphrey fought the good fight for civil rights, full employment and the whole postwar liberal agenda. But as Lyndon Johnson's Vice President, he became a cheerleader for the Viet Nam War, alienating many of his supporters, splitting the Democratic Party and losing his own 1968 presidential run. As Author Carl Solberg sadly but honestly notes, Humphrey had many liabilities: he talked too much, he thought too little, he let Johnson humiliate him. But perhaps his biggest mistake was to ignore his father's warning. Humphrey's life was a peculiarly American tragedy of a good man who made too many compromises.

The failing was evident back in South Dakota, where Humphrey grew up struggling to save the family pharmacy from the Depression. Despite an early conviction that he belonged in politics, he stayed on to help his father. And stayed. At 26, on the verge of nervous collapse, he finally left to study political science at the University of Minnesota, then to teach the subject at a local college. He put his reformist ideas into practice as an officer of the state's Democratic-Farmer-Labor

Senator Hubert Horatio Humphrey, 1972

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Party, but even then he was trimming his sails. The avowed leftist not only dined with bankers, he helped expel his former radical friends from the party as the cold war dawned.

Humphrey exploded onto the national scene with a powerful speech before the 1948 convention that put the Democrats irrevocably on the civil rights train. Winning a Senate seat that year, Humphrey continued brashly in Washington. He denounced the seniority system, accused his conservative colleagues of ties to special interests, introduced hundreds of progressive bills. He got nowhere. Something besides conviction was necessary, he decided, and he learned the Senate skill of log rolling. With it, he guided through nearly all the major liberal bills of the 1960s, some of which he had proposed years earlier: the 1963 nuclear test-ban treaty, the 1964 Civil Rights Act, Medicare, food stamps.

Politics, after all, is the art of compromise, and Humphrey was merely practicing the trade. The problem, says Solberg, a former TIME writer and visiting lecturer in history at Columbia University, is that Humphrey was still compromising as the tide of liberalism swept past him. Having failed to gain the Democratic vice-presidential nomination in 1956 and the presidential spot in 1960, he saw Johnson's 1964 invitation to join him on the ticket as his last hope. Humphrey wanted to be President so badly that he buried his aversion to the Viet Nam conflict. Johnson abused Humphrey shamelessly, sending him out to stir up support for the war and keeping him uninformed about matters of importance. For a politician, he was perhaps too loyal, too kind. "Wanting to be loved, he was unable to be cruel," says Solberg. "He could make neither his allies nor his adversaries fear that his anger would have long-term consequences for them."

Even so, Humphrey managed to leave behind a legacy of liberal legislation that has survived three Republican Administrations. In a 1977 poll of 1,000 leading Capitol Hill figures, he was named the top Senator of the past 75 years. (Humphrey, then fatally ill with cancer, responded to the news: "Jesus Christ, Lyndon Johnson's going to be sore as hell about this.") Solberg, whose biography is the first to benefit from Humphrey's papers at the Minnesota Historical Society, recounts his subject's career in impressive detail, but stumbles when he tries to explain Humphrey's self-defeating diffidence. The answer may lie in the other legacy Humphrey left behind: a certain sweetness, a corny, prairie-bred conviction that folks don't have to be mean and nasty to get what they want. That naiveté was his undoing but also his strength. Early in his career, the politician asserted, wide-eyed, "The proof that God exists is that all men are brothers." Hubert Horatio Humphrey never learned any different, or any better. —*By Donald Morrison*

JERRY BAUER

William Boyd

Beastly Affairs

ON THE YANKEE STATION
by William Boyd
Morrow; 217 pages; $12.95

William Boyd's leading men tend to be ham-fisted brutes in a state of eternal frustration. Their weighty (245 lbs.) prototype is Morgan Leafy, the splenetic diplomat at the center of Boyd's first novel, *A Good Man in Africa*. That account of coming of age in western Africa, published in the U.S. two years ago when Boyd was 30, certified him as a connoisseur of twits and cads. It also showcased Boyd's gift for spinning out old-fashioned tales that bounce along as smartly as a scriptwriter on holiday. Now, in his first collection of stories, the young author has edged a little closer to the genre of savage British satire written by such masters as Evelyn Waugh and Kingsley Amis.

Throughout *On the Yankee Station*, Boyd's aspiring lechers either vent or invent grievances all the way from California to France and from Africa to Viet Nam. Yet however exotic the horizon, the foreground is always grungy. The sea along the Côte d'Azur is "filled with weed and feces from an untreated sewage outlet"; Cameroon is "a stinking, sweaty country," of insects and imbroglios; California beaches are littered with derelicts and bums; and just about everywhere, there are washed-out blonds in greasy cafés or easy women who turn out to be hard.

Humanity itself is here an endangered species. One story introduces a cheap carnival girl whose "act" requires her to spend all day being licked by a bat; another implicitly compares the hero's lickerish mother to a pleasure-loving lizard; a third likens the members of a platoon to an anteater, a peafowl, a civet cat and other zoo dwellers.

To make so beastly a world bearable, an author should ensure that disgust is in his characters' minds and not in his own. At this Boyd does not invariably succeed. In the title story, for example, a G.I. in Saigon undresses a shy local whore only to find that her back has been grotesquely scarred by napalm; in another, a sexual innocent is initiated by a beefy drab with blue-veined thighs and blood on her fingers from the abattoir, where she sorts out tubs of "shivering, gelid, brown and purple guts."

Elsewhere, Boyd chooses to speak in the flat tones of people who seem quite foreign to him: the California pieces feel as if they have been patched together from David Hockney prints, late-night movies and a dictionary of American slang. Their sudden, destructive conclusions ultimately seem less forceful than forced.

In his best tales, however, Boyd places a safe comic distance between himself and his protagonists. Two stories involve the return of the indestructible Leafy, still itching, still conniving, still cursing with undiminished gusto. The others feature like-minded louts stranded in such all-male preserves as Army barracks and boarding schools. At the beginning of the finest of them, *Hardly Ever*, an adolescent notes gloomily that his rugby teammates are "asthmatics, fatsos, spastics every one" and forlornly lusts after the heroine in *The Rape of the Lock*. By the end, he is chastely wooing a schoolgirl, while maddening his chums with lubricious tales of his "conquest." The pleasure of such stories lies in their refusal of violent climaxes. Exasperations, after all, last far longer than explosions, while survivors tend to be funnier than casualties, and often much sadder. —*By Pico Iyer*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. ". . . And Ladies of the Club," *Santmyer (1)*
2. Lincoln, *Vidal (2)*
3. Full Circle, *Steel (3)*
4. The Walking Drum, *L'Amour (4)*
5. The Aquitaine Progression, *Ludlum (5)*
6. Gremlins Story Book, *Gipe (6)*
7. Deep Six, *Cussler (7)*
8. The Haj, *Uris (9)*
9. Heretics of Dune, *Herbert (8)*
10. The Butter Battle Book, *Dr. Seuss (10)*

NONFICTION

1. Eat to Win, *Haas (1)*
2. The Kennedys, *Collier and Horowitz*
3. Wired, *Woodward (2)*
4. In God's Name, *Yallop (3)*
5. Nothing Down, *Allen (4)*
6. Zig Ziglar's Secret of Closing the Sale, *Ziglar (5)*
7. Chef Paul Prudhomme's Louisiana Kitchen, *Prudhomme (8)*
8. The Nightmare Years, *Shirer (9)*
9. The Fire from Within, *Castaneda*
10. Making Money, *Ruff (10)*

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One Sings, the Other Doesn't

Two daring directors offer novel views of Shakespeare and Puccini

In Shakespeare's day, the play may have been the thing. Not any more. Today, especially in Europe, no self-respecting stage or opera director would think of missing an opportunity to re-evaluate, reinterpret or otherwise revise even the most pedigreed plays and operas. Bizet's *Carmen* cut to four singers and 82 minutes to recapture the gritty spirit of Mérimée's novella? Peter Brook undertook the radical surgery three years ago in Paris. Berg's *Wozzeck* set in a 19th century insane asylum? That was Hans Neugebauer and Achim Freyer's novel perspective in a Cologne production revived last season. Maxim Gorky's *Summer Folk* implausibly wed to a selection of Gershwin songs and renamed *Hang On to Me?* Peter Sellars performed the ceremony in May at the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis.

Sometimes the experiments achieve their goal of revitalizing familiar works; other times they are merely self-indulgent displays of temperament. But, win or lose, the director as hero has emerged as the most powerful force in the theater today. At the Olympic Arts Festival in Los Angeles this month, two repertory staples got the full treatment: the Piccolo Teatro di Milano presented a visionary version of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* in Italian, directed by Giorgio Strehler, while London's Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in its U.S. debut offered the premiere of Andrei Serban's wrongheaded setting of Puccini's *Turandot*.

Many things can go wrong with a new opera production, and most of them did with the Royal's *Turandot*. The casting, for instance. In the title role, veteran Soprano Gwyneth Jones still has a preternaturally loud voice, but her control over it has long since departed, and her wobbly singing is now merely painfully impressive. Tenor Placido Domingo is one of the finest of operatic actors, but even his persuasive characterization of Calaf, the unknown prince who overcomes the ice princess's sexual misanthropy, could not disguise the fact that the part lies uncomfortably high for him. In the pit, Conductor Colin Davis, leading the opera for the first time, delivered a limp, unidiomatic account of the score that reduced its most thrilling moments to polenta.

Indeed, about the only thing that could have saved this *Turandot* was an effective stage concept. But Serban, 41, the Rumanian-born theater director, who last season at the New York City Opera was responsible for a muddled, pseudo-avant-garde interpretation of Handel's *Alcina*, could never arrive at a consistent point of view. He crudely combined elements as disparate as Greek drama, Brechtian alienation (bare spotlights, plainly visible to the audience, illuminated the unit set) and—oddly in an opera that takes place in mythical China—conventions from the Japanese Kabuki and Noh theaters. Smaller details were just as mystifying. When the chorus pleaded for the moon to rise in the first act, it instead descended into what appeared to be an unlikely cross between a Chinese coachyard and the interior of the Globe Theater. And at the opera's conclusion, while Turandot and Calaf sang their love duet, Serban wheeled on the corpse of Liù aboard a bier, needlessly embellishing the point that *Turandot* is a Darwinianly brutal piece of work. Serban has been praised for his bold ideas in such plays as Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* in Cambridge, Mass., and Beaumarchais's *The Marriage of Figaro* in Minneapolis, but so far opera has not proved to be his métier.

By contrast, Strehler's *La Tempesta*, which goes to the Center for the Arts at the State University of New York, Purchase, this week, is a model of its kind, a meditation on artifice and reality that posits the magician Prospero (Tino Carraro) as a director whose powers seem supernatural only to his innocent daughter Miranda (Fabiana Udenio) and his fellow characters. The sexless sprite Ariel flies suspended from a deliberately evident pulley; like some monstrous, crabbed spider, Caliban emerges from an undisguised trap door. When, at the end of the play, Prospero's charms are all o'erthrown, the simple set shatters, and Ariel, freed, runs into the audience and away.

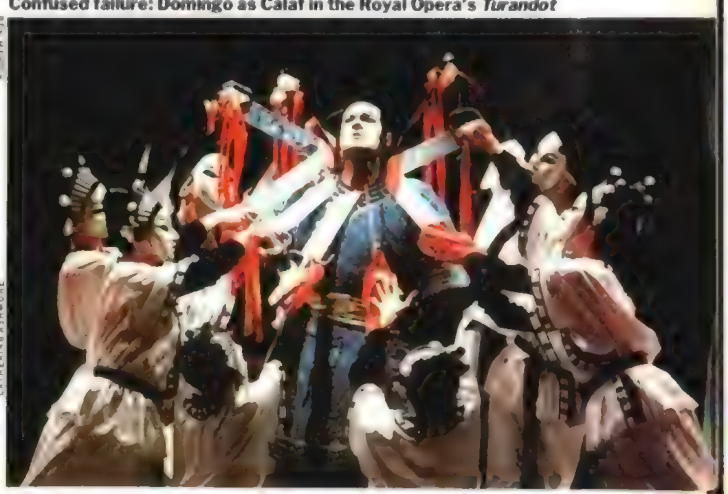
Strehler, 62, a co-founder of the Piccolo Teatro and a highly regarded opera director whose credits include Verdi and Mozart at La Scala, Paris and Salzburg, achieves several coups: in the opening storm, violent crashes of thunder and the roaring of waves accompany his stunning use of billowing fabric and collapsing spars to create a vivid picture of a ship's foundering; later, when Ariel is transformed into a screeching harpy who terrorizes King Alonso and his courtiers, the stage suddenly blackens, obscuring everything but the hovering spirit and the tantalizing banquet that torments the starving men. Elsewhere, a weak sun, low on the horizon, struggles to burn through a stubborn mist, and wan, lonely music (by Fiorenzo Carpi) moodily conjures up the desolation of the enchanted island.

Like Serban, Strehler introduces anachronisms into his production—the *commedia dell'arte* for the comic duo of Trinculo and Stephano, for example, and a hint of Peking opera mannerism for Ariel—but they effectively underscore the contrasts between the spirit and human worlds, making the confrontation even more pointed. This is a *Tempest* of clarity, strength and purpose—exactly what was lacking in the Royal Opera's *Turandot*. The cross-cultural irony is inescapable: the English company presenting the Italian opera had failed, but the Italians staging an English classic had made a glorious success.

—*By Michael Walsh*

Magical triumph: Udenio and Carraro in *La Tempesta*

Confused failure: Domingo as Calaf in the Royal Opera's *Turandot*



"We live in a world in which strength on the part of peace-loving nations is still the greatest deterrent to aggression."

President Harry S. Truman
Annual Address to Congress—January 6, 1947

A strong national defense has always been the most certain guarantee of peace and freedom.

While the definition of necessary levels of defense may be debated, knowledgeable men and women hold the fundamental need for national security to be self-evident.

It is apparent that an adequate national defense cannot be achieved without the resources to develop the most advanced military technology. An intelligent defense must also include a balanced supply of the equipment that is most necessary to turn aside any hostile force.

We are fortunate in that we can—with confidence—depend on America's armed forces to defend our freedom. However, these dedicated men and women do need our support. Grass roots patriotism, which is never out of fashion, is an important part of America's inner strength.

Lockheed

People

AP

Tarnished crown: Williams after her victory, with Runner-Up Charles

CASTELLO—SYGMA

And baby makes three: proud Kinski and Aljosha Nakzynski

The words "There she is, Miss America" may never be the same. Nor the punctiliously proper pageant itself, for that matter. **Vanessa Williams,** 21, electrified the contest and exhilarated many black women last September when she became the first of her race to win the title. Last week she became the first Miss America to be asked to resign. The request came after a meeting of the pageant board, hastily called in response to an announcement by *Penthouse* Publisher **Bob Guccione,** 53, that Williams will be featured in nude, extremely explicit love scenes with another woman on ten pages of the skin mag's September issue. According to the beauty queen's mother, Freelance Photographer Tom Chiapel took the black-and-white pictures two summers ago while Williams was working as a makeup artist and receptionist at a model agency. She reportedly signed a release and made little or no money from the photo session. Why the pictures surfaced now, just two months before the end of her reign, remained unexplained, but Guccione stated that Chiapel got "the most we ever paid for a layout." Williams had scant warning of the magazine's plan to publish. "She is shocked," said her lawyer, though he could hardly deny that it was she in the pictures. Williams will announce this week whether she will give up the crown. If she does, **Suzette Charles,** 21, the first runner-up, who is also black, is next in line for the title. For the next pageant, in September, the finalists from five states and the District of Columbia are black, the largest number ever.

■

"Mr. President, would you like to go skiing with me?" Truthfully, Italian President **Sandro Pertini,** 87, does not like skiing much. But the caller was an old and persuasive friend, **Pope John Paul II,** 64. So last week, by government jet and helicopter, the two were off for a brief ski trip and, said the Pope, "a little fresh air" on the slopes of the Adamello mountain range (which had been considerately cleared of other tourists). Sportily dressed in blue pants and windbreaker, sunglasses and red boots, John Paul made his first known ski outing since becoming Pope six years ago, though he skied regularly when he lived in Poland. A sweater-clad Pertini followed in a snowmobile, puffing on his pipe and crying, *"Santità* [Holiness], you whirl about like a swallow." Stopping at a mountain lodge for a lunch of pasta, beef and wine, John Paul toasted "a true friendship and an authentic human sentiment." Pertini then headed back to Rome, but the Pope stayed on the slopes for another day of enthusiastic downhilling. Reported Alpine Guide Franco Zani: "He skied at a level you could call intermediate—calm, slowly, turning well." Most important, Zani noted, "he did not fall."

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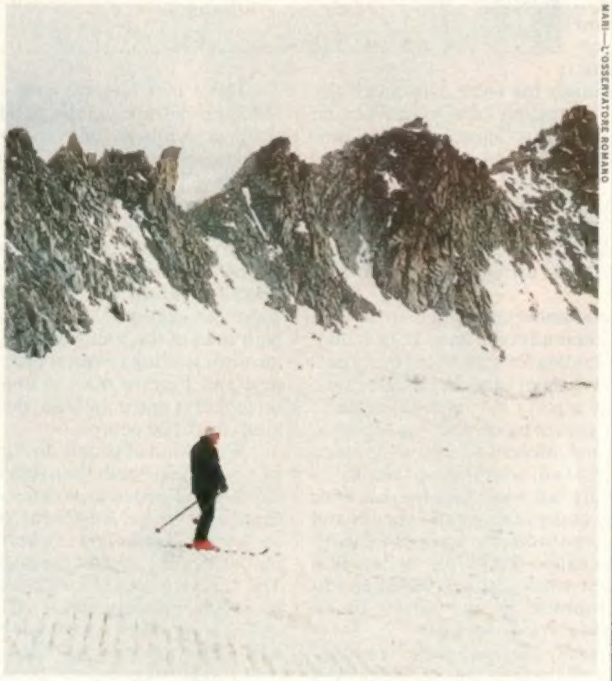

MARI—L'OSSERVATORE ROMANO

No towlines: John Paul II schussing in the Adamello mountain range

He is the apple of his glowing mother's eye, but **Nastassja Kinski's** black-haired baby has the looks of the actress's Egyptian lover, **Ibrahim Moussa,** 37. Delivered by caesarean section in a Rome clinic three weeks ago, **Aljosha Nakzynski** will soon travel with his mother to join Moussa in Monte Carlo, where the talent agent and film producer has just switched careers and is learning the ropes as an international representative for the Bulgari jewelry company. They plan to be married eventually, though no date has been set, and will live mostly in the Bahamas. Motherhood seems to agree gloriously with Kinski, 23, who notes, "When you love to do something, it is not trying or difficult." She will limit her acting career to one movie a year. "I am not saying I'm going to give it up," says Kinski. "In fact, I think that now I can do really good work because it will be with a different attitude—full of life and joy and spirit." *—By Guy D. Garcia*

Essay

All Right, What Kind of People *Are* We?

Once a reporter asked the evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson to describe the man she envisioned as the perfect husband. Her ideal, she said, would be over six feet tall. He would be a handsome man, a preacher, and he would be able to play the trombone.

Walter Mondale does not play the trombone. The rhetorical music that issues from him on the stage sometimes sounds like the comedian Pat Paulsen playing a candidate, or like Hubert Humphrey on the verge of tears. Even the delegates who cheered Mondale most ardently at Moscone Center would admit that, whatever his strengths, he is not entirely the candidate of their dreams. But who would be? Jimmy Carter? George McGovern? Lyndon Johnson? John Kennedy? There may be something in the last. The Democrats' model of the perfect candidate, a Platonic form buried somewhere in the subconscious of the party, may indeed be John Kennedy, the slain prince. Gary Hart seemed to think as much during the campaign. He quoted and even impersonated Kennedy, trying to tap into underground wells of memory and longing in the souls of the baby-boom generation.

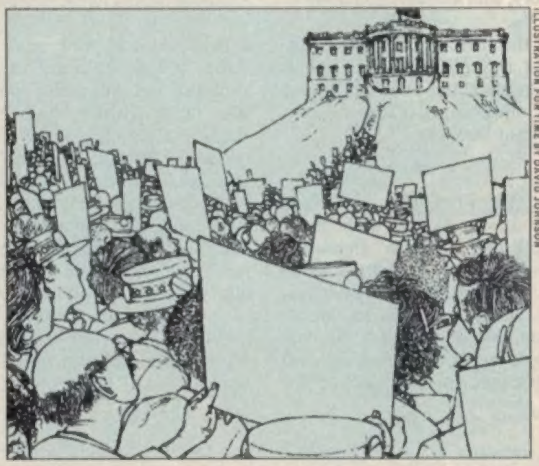

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY DOUG JONES

Certain expectations, models of an almost Freudian kind, do ghost around just below the surface of political consciousness. Why is Ronald Reagan so popular? Why is he, as some say, coated with Teflon, so that his blunders don't stick to him? One reason (impossible to prove but worth considering) is that Reagan strikes many Americans, almost without their knowing it, as the perfect idealized father. He is that strong, amiable guy who never raises his voice, is wonderfully sure of himself and makes self-deprecating jokes even when he gets shot. And if he does mine harbors in Central America now and then, well, that is just something Daddy does at the office. Never you mind.

A fatherly certitude is crucial to Reagan's appeal. He believes in something. He seems to make decisions while standing upon the solid ground of his beliefs. Even Americans who disagree with Reagan's decisions may be attracted by the (apparent) firmness of his point of view.

If Walter Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro are to have a chance of winning the election, their advisers have been telling them, they will have to work at standing for something fairly definite themselves. That may involve them in a complicated task of self-definition. They represent a party that is an alliance of many fractious tribes—"from Yuppie to lunch pail," as Mondale said in San Francisco. The ideas and interests of, say, white steelworkers coexist rather sullenly, if at all, with those of blacks, or of feminists. In the pageant of unity last week, one speaker after another recited a Whitmanesque litany of races and classes and minorities and interests and occupations—or unemployments. Some speakers, in fact, made the nation sound like an immense ingathering of victims—terrorized senior citizens, forsaken minorities, Dickensian children—warmed by the party's Frank Capra version of America: Say, it's a wonderful life!

Representing the idea of diversity may not prove very productive for Mondale. He suffered all through the primaries from the charge that he was the captive of assorted special-interest groups. Besides, when an Administration makes a point of rewarding diversity, it usually winds up being forced to lay out an enormous amount of money.

The election, Keynote Speaker Mario Cuomo told the delegates, "will answer the question of what kind of people we want to be." The Democrats knew what kind of people the Reaganites wanted to be. They portrayed Reagan's faith as a crass and selfish individualism. The Democratic way, as described in San Francisco, is a compassionate sharing, a mutuality, the nation seen as a family, each member precious and worthy of care.

Which kind of people do we wish to be? Both kinds. An energetic and sometimes ruthless individualism has always coexisted in the U.S. with the communal and compassionate impulse. Yin and yang.

It may be, however, that the Democrats in San Francisco misplaced their emphasis. They accused "the Reagan Gang" of pillaging the American economy and environment. But the Democratic rhetoric sometimes fell oddly on the ear. For all the talk of compassion, there was in the Democrats' words and attitudes an insistently selfish sense of entitlement. If, in the Democratic version, the Reagan Republican is a sleek, smug, oblivious Darwinian, the Democrats left themselves open to being regarded as a collection of tribes endlessly brawling over things for themselves. Even the feminists demanding the nomination of a woman vice-presidential candidate acted for reasons that were selfish—as well as perfectly valid and historically necessary.

There is a higher order of political involvement that the Mondale-Ferraro campaign might consider. In all the rhetoric at the convention, there was little mention of sacrifice. Ferraro at one point echoed John Kennedy by saying, "The issue is not what America can do for women, but what women can do for America." But she was talking about passage of the Equal Rights Amendment—again, self-interest, not sacrifice.

It is, of course, fatuous or cruel to call upon the poor to make sacrifices. They don't have much that they can squander in that direction. But in the broad American middle class, and in the enormous generation that came of age in the '60s, that fought on both sides of the Viet Nam question, there is a reservoir of latent idealism waiting to be tapped. Gary Hart almost found it. Mondale and Ferraro may be able to do so if they are sufficiently imaginative and creative to devise the forms into which that idealism might be poured.

What kind of people do Americans want to be? They want to be a great deal better than they are—not only better paid or better clothed, but better. Not merely passive recipients of favors from the governmental All-Daddy, or, on the other side, shrewd looters cooking the books and snickering through the loopholes. The potential idealists inhabit the middle between those two caricatures. They crave material well-being, certainly. But they also want to be, saying it plainly, active participants in the larger enterprise of their nation. They want to do some good, to make changes. The candidates who stir this energy will have discovered fire. Mondale and Ferraro may not be able to do that. But if they do, the results could be astonishing.

—By Lance Morrow

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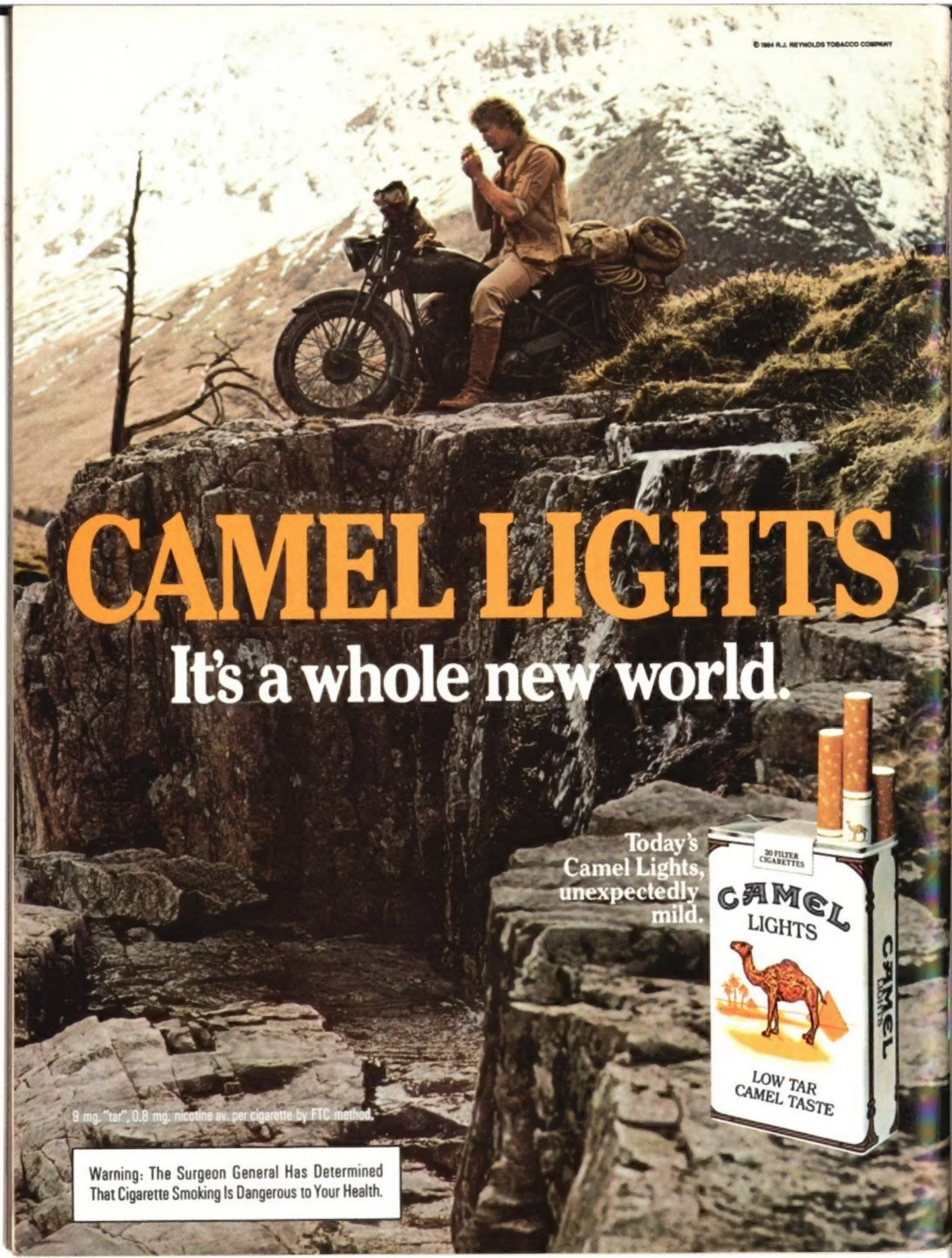
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